The Saturday Evening
POST
December 10, 1960 — 15¢

HOW NEW YORK POLICE HANDLED THE DICTATORS

WALT DISNEY MAKES A NEW MOVIE

1412 ONEO 9S P JAN 61
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Sometimes it is more convenient to put them all together. Ask your General Motors dealer about financing your car, your car insurance, even creditor-life insurance, on the GMAC Plan.

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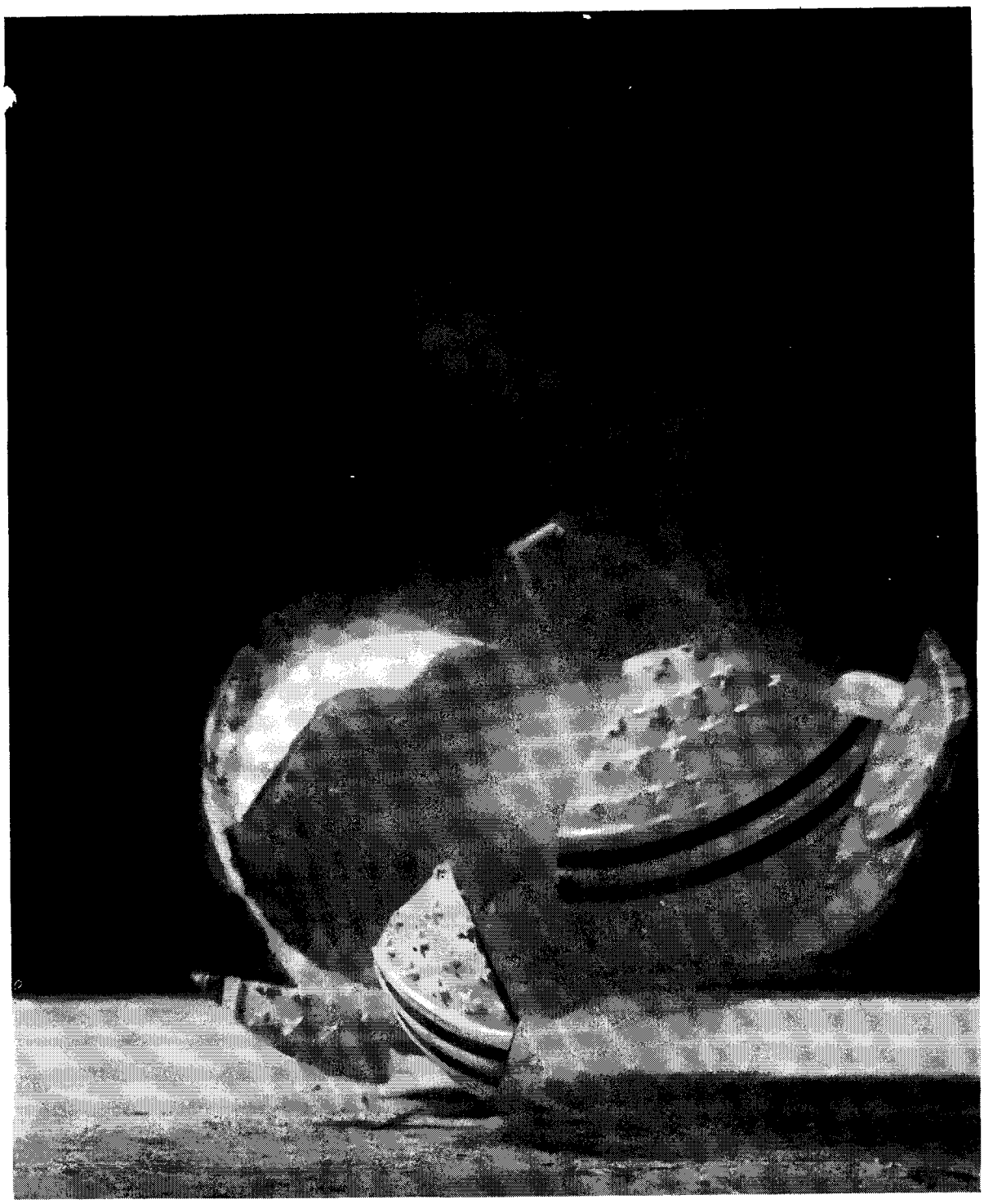
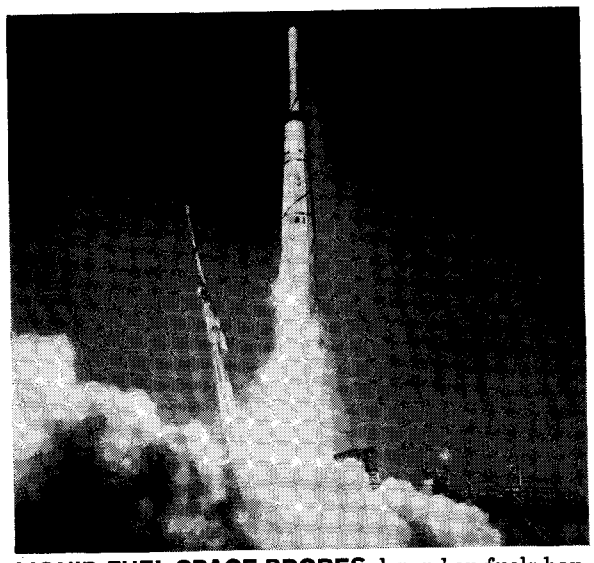
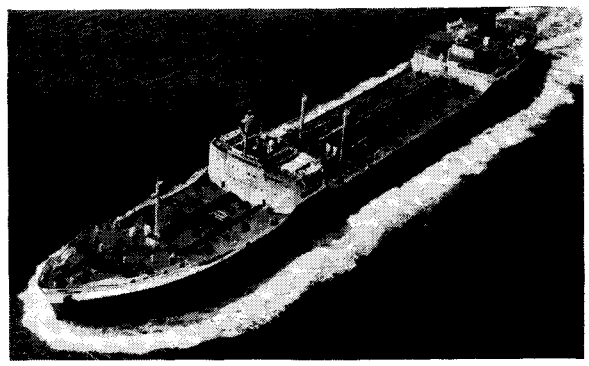


RUBBER BALL SHATTERS LIKE POTTERY when frozen in liquefied nitrogen at temperature of 320° below zero, F. In this super-cold world, most materials become brittle, can be shattered easily.



LIQUID FUEL SPACE PROBES depend on fuels handled under super-cold conditions as low as —454°F.

OXYGEN PIPED INTO HOSPITAL ROOMS from central storage tank that stores oxygen in liquefied form at —298°F. One small tank holds enough to supply entire hospital.



NATURAL GAS WILL BE SHIPPED AS LIQUID to fuel-short areas at —258°F. Huge supplies of natural gas can be liquefied to occupy relatively small space.

THE STRANGE SUPER-COLD WORLD OF CRYOGENICS

Steel with Inco Nickel in it is needed to withstand the crippling cold!

←**5000-POUND BALL SMASHES DOWN** on insulated 9% Nickel steel tank filled with liquefied nitrogen. Tank, chilled to —320°F, withstood the repeated crushing blows.

A rubber ball becomes brittle and shatters like a clay flower pot! This hard-to-believe sight occurs in a strange new world of sub, sub-zero temperatures. It's the world of cryogenics—a new science that uses super-cold to perform wonders for mankind never before possible.

At 258 degrees below zero, F, so cold it makes liquefied air boil like water, huge supplies of natural gas can be shipped to fuel-short areas in their space-saving liquid form. And at lower temperatures, at —298°F, medical oxygen — enough for an entire hospital — can be stored as liquid in a tank the size of your hot water heater. Rockets for outer-space probes also depend on super-cold liquid fuels. Temperature? As low as —454°F!

The benefits of cryogenics are great. Also great, unfortunately, are the problems caused by its low temperatures. They make most materials brittle... *so how do you store the super-cold liquids safely?*

Inco Research has an economical answer ready and waiting—a steel toughened by Nickel to withstand the crippling cold—a *9% Nickel* steel, economical enough for widespread use!

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Developing metals and testing them for new and unusual uses is one way Inco helps bring you and industry the benefits of metal progress.

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The International Nickel Company, Inc.
New York 5, N. Y.

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MAKES METALS PERFORM BETTER LONGER

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

The small face between those large garments suggests that little pitchers' eyes are as big as their ears. Does that face look familiar? It should, for it belongs to Gordon Howard, aged nine, an Arlington, Vermont, neighbor of artist George Hughes. Gordon posed for the post-Christmas scene on our January-ninth cover. That week his mother was ordering him to express his appreciation—in writing—for the loot his Uncle Vic sent him. Our guess is he plans to compose his thank-you-Uncle-Vic in advance this time; so when that football is officially his, he'll be able to kick it instead of writing notes about it. We admire such foresight, and at the risk of enraging the parents in our audience we would remind our young readers that there are less than twenty snooping days until Christmas.

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Letters

Is it Rash to Be Romantic?

Dear Sirs:

Every now and then I say "No more magazines. When they run out, no more renewals." Yet, after reading Frank Pakit's LET'S STOP BEING SO PRACTICAL (Nov. 5) I realize I can never be without *The Post*. What a great satisfaction—a real thrill—it is to see one's thoughts put into words by someone who really knows how.

MARY E. GOEBEL
Fort Smith, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

Most welcome reading. . . . Long live romanticism!

ROBERT R. CROMER
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I almost felt like crying at the line: "The romantic submits that it is better to lift up our eyes unto the hills than to scrabble in the contents of the garbage can at our feet." God bless Mr. Pakit.

MARTHA C. MARVIN
Lockport, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

["O Rare Ben Johnson!" quotes Pakit.] O Rare Ben *Johnson* indeed! This is much rarer than even "Rare Ben Jonson," but I prefer the latter, for romantic reasons, of course.

PAUL AZEVEDO
Walnut Creek, Calif.

● *So does Pakit. His manuscript said "Jonson," and a typesetter here supplied the "h."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Who is Frank Pakit, please, besides my blood brother? I am tenaciously a romantic of the same school, and he expresses completely what has been in my mind and sinking heart for long years!

ELEANOR D. REED
Hartford, Conn.

● *Pakit (see photo below) was born in England and came to the United States at the age of nine. He is confidential secretary to Judge Bernard Botein of the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. He lives on Long Island with his wife and two young children, writes in his spare time and is organist of St. Boniface's Episcopal Church in Lindenhurst. The article is his first in* The Post. —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Combat materialism with romanticism? I think not. . . .

Insofar as it encourages the individual's creative and appreciative capacities, the romantic approach to life truly can be the refining and civilizing influence that Mr. Pakit says it is.

Insofar as it also exhibits a distressing tendency to glorify the subjective and emotional to the virtual exclusion of sweet reason, romanticism becomes a handle-with-care intellectual discipline. In our reasonable revolt against materialism let us avoid any temptation to establish a new and equally unreasonable opposite extreme. . . .

"Bread and circuses" should not be our destiny; but neither should we make careers of violets and moonbeams.

IDELLE C. WEIERBACH
Coatesville, Pa.

Latins and Lingerie

Dear Sirs:

The article re the success achieved by Sears, Roebuck in Mexico and South America [YANKEE DON'T GO HOME, by Harold H. Martin, Nov. 5] is most interesting.

Incidentally, it seems to me that blasé Americans can take a lesson in modesty from those Latin Americans, who insist on models being clothed in leotards when

Corset showing in Colombia.

exhibiting lingerie. I believe if our nation doesn't get back to elementary decency and away from smut, scum, nakedness and immorality, we shall fall of our own weight without being conquered.

A. W. NICHOLAS
Forty Fort, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I spent twenty-three months as a member of a railroad consultation mission in Colombia. . . .

My experience has led me to believe that . . . a North American business organization can do much more to promote good will and to contribute to the economic well-being of an underdeveloped Latin-American country than [U.S. Government] grants made with a great deal of fanfare about preventing the infiltration of Communism. . . .

Your article has made a valuable contribution toward closer relations between the Americas.

JOHN L. DAVIDSON
Tarrytown, N.Y.

Advertisement Amok

Dear Sirs:

I must bring to your attention an inaccuracy that appeared in your ad in the Baltimore papers concerning the story on Gene Lipscomb, who plays tackle for the Baltimore Colts [I'M STILL SCARED, by Eugene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb as told to Robert G. Deindorfer, Nov. 12]. I refer to the part of the ad which read: "Learn why the Colts once paid him $2000 for a single game—then took it out of his salary for the next year." This is completely wrong. I believe that it refers to

(Continued on Page 6)

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How to toss a PIZZA PARTY

Everywhere in U.S. and Canada

Complete in one box

Just be sure it's a Chef Boy-Ar-Dee pizza. It's out of the box and into the oven in 15 minutes. And all the fixings for a man-size pizza are complete in one box. Complete with grated cheese.

There's nothing else to buy. Collect compliments for saucier sauce, flakier crust—peppier pizza all around. All for just pennies a serving.

Fun idea: use some of the cheese to sprinkle a message on your pizza.

For more fun ideas with pizza get the Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Party Book. It's full of recipes, games and fun!

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outsells any other mix by two to one

American Home Foods, P.O. Box 46, Morris Plains, N. J.

I have enclosed 10¢ plus the box top from a package of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza. Please send me the Pizza Party Book.

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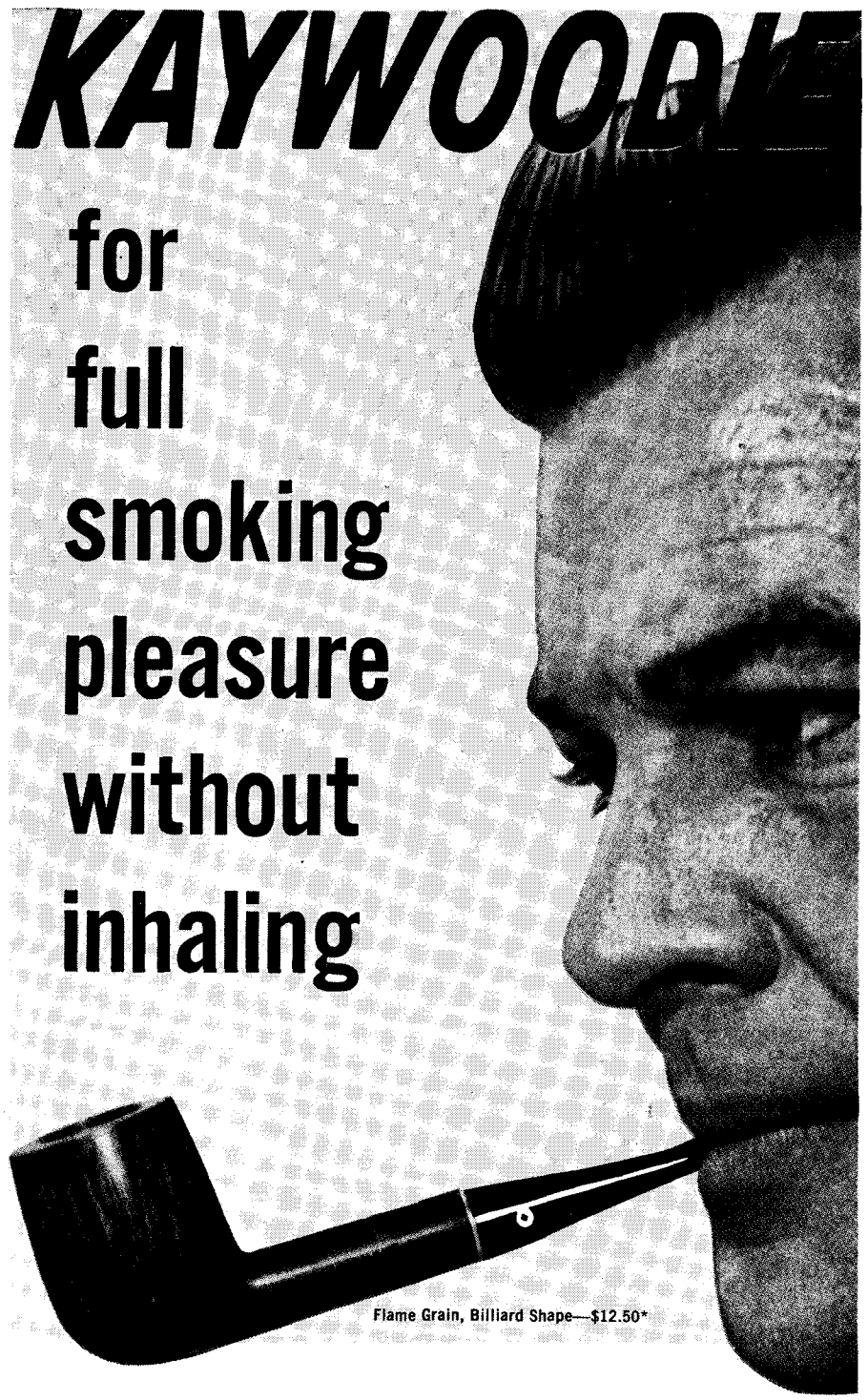

Flame Grain, Billiard Shape—$12.50*

What does smoking pleasure mean to you? Flavor? Mildness? Relaxation? You get all three in Kaywoodie—*without inhaling*. Big promise? Here's how we keep it.

Kaywoodie briar is aged, cured, mellowed, hand-worked, and inspected till only one block in 200 survives. For only when briar is Kaywoodie-perfect does it impart its special cool-smoking flavor.

Inside, there's our exclusive Drinkless Fitment. It screens tars, juices and irritants for Kaywoodie's clean, dry smoke.

Try Kaywoodie for full smoking pleasure *without inhaling*. It's a great smoking idea . . . a smart gift idea too!

*Flame Grain Meerschaum-Inlaid—$15.00

Connoisseur, Bent Bulldog Shape
$15.00

Custom Grain, Apple Shape
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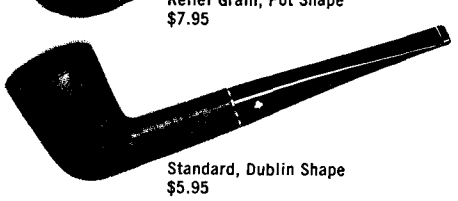
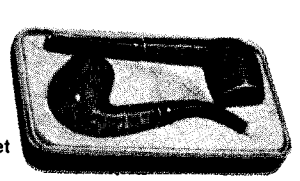
Relief Grain, Pot Shape
$7.95



Standard, Dublin Shape
$5.95



Super Grain
Companion Set
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Send 25¢ to Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., Dept. P23, New York 22, N.Y. for catalog illustrating KAYWOODIE pipes and sets from $4.95 to $2,500.00—also the new, registered one-of-a-kind "Originals."

KAYWOODIE

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

an incident that took place with the Los Angeles Rams and not the Colts.

DONALD S. KELLETT
Executive Vice President, Baltimore Colts
Baltimore, Md.

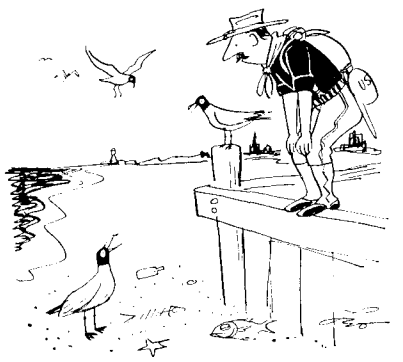
● *We stand corrected for an absurd error in our advertising.—ED.*

Dry Wit

Dear Sirs:

Re your FACE OF AMERICA: FIRST LOOK AT THE SEA [Oct. 29] about the Midwestern folks and their first sight of the ocean, I am reminded of an incident that occurred in 1898. This was a dry year in California, and it was so dry everybody was talking about it, and it was also the year of the Spanish-American War.

When some of the boys from the Midwest who were on their way to the Philippines saw the ocean for the first time from Oakland pier, the tide was in. Next



morning when they got up the tide was out, and one of them exclaimed, "This *must* be a helluva dry year. Look how much the lake has gone down!"

J. H. RUSSELL
Camarillo, Calif.

Self-Control (con't)

Dear Sirs:

I don't know whether or not you were being subtle, but I laughed out loud when I read your editor's note under the letters entitled BIRTH CONTROL THROUGH SELF-CONTROL [LETTERS, Nov. 5]. You drily said that of the forty-one letters you received advocating self-control [as the only moral means of] birth control, thirty-five were from women and six from men.

Hmmmm. Well, that blows the self-control bit, doesn't it?

NAME WITHHELD
Ridley Park, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

It would be interesting indeed to see how many, if any, husbands of these thirty-five women would agree with the opinions expressed by their respective mates.

KAREN DYER
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

When people are married and very much in love, why should they sleep together in frustration? I say marriage is a communion of bodies as well as souls.

My husband and I practice birth control not because we want only "one child, two cars, two television sets, a part-time maid, a baby sitter several nights a week, etc.," as one of your readers suggested, but because we feel that our three small children will be better taken care of and educated than if there were six or seven in the family.

If all these "self-controlled" writers could find out that sex using a contraceptive is not a "sensual orgy"—as another letter writer remarked—but love fulfilled without the fear of an unwanted pregnancy, then there might be many more happy marriages.

NANCY DOWNING
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

One letter stated that without self-control we are stripping "this sublime act of all meaning and reducing it to a sensual orgy." Aren't you doing the same thing when you practice "self-control" until you are very certain you can't conceive?

THELMA MC ILVAIN
Brookings, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Who really believes that the fifteen-child family is a product of . . . unions of which the intent is the begetting of a child?

B. P. JACKSON JR.
Vidalia, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

The Roman Catholic Church in times past was forced to reverse itself on "infallible truths." This it will do concerning birth control. When birth control is accepted as a social necessity, when it is universally practiced as such, then the Church will "reveal" its acceptability in the eyes of the Lord.

THEODORE A. PAULSON
Hyde Park, N.Y.

"Sizzle"?

Dear Sirs:

Walter Lippmann's counsel that AMERICA MUST GROW [by Walter Lippmann in consultation with Francis Bator, Nov. 5] was timely, wise and constructive. If we do not want talk about America's decline to recur, here is a positive approach to the problem.

DAVE BLOOM
Bayside, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

As usual, Lippmann is full of hogwash on "growthmanship." . . . I challenge him to come out from behind his statistics and say right out what it will cost in spending and taxes to maintain his utopia. Lippmann has sold sizzle for years without knowing in the least what he is talking about.

JAMES DONALD BROWNE
Washington, D.C.

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Reading across pages, then down:

4—Anonymous; Frank Ross. • 19—Jack Stager (Globe); United Press International. 20—Stuart Smith (Globe); Sergio Larrain (Magnum); Jack Stager (Globe); Gilles Merlet (Pix); Gus Manos (Magnum). • 22, 23—Bernard D'Andrea. • 24—Frank Ross. 25—Four Frank Ross; Gene Lester. • 26, 27—Earl Mayan. • 28—Ollie Atkins. • 30—Mark Miller. • 31—Bill Shrout; United Press International; Wide World; United Press International. • 32, 33—Frank Ross. • 34, 35—Robert McGinnis. • 36—Bill Weith. 37—Larry Kritcher. • 38, 39—Frank Ross. • 42—Mac Conner. • 116—Guy Gillette; Frank Ross; George Lacks.

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New additions to the family!

Here they are: two new phones that illustrate the way Gen Tel constantly strives to make the telephone an even more convenient and helpful tool of modern life.

The Starlite*—a new compact phone that's half the size of a standard desk phone. Available in 5 decorator colors with a PANELESCENT® dial that glows in the dark, it's as pretty as it is practical.

The Space-Maker* telephone—a handsome new utility phone that can be hung anywhere—on posts, in tight corners and in other limited space. Both dial and handset can be adjusted in order to permit installation where ordinary phones would not fit.

Both of these new phones for the home are designed and manufactured by our subsidiary, Automatic Electric, largest supplier of telephone equipment to America's Independent telephone industry.

They are but two examples of how General Telephone & Electronics works to improve equipment and advance communications in all phases of our nation's life—homes, industries and national defense.

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 730 Third Avenue, New York 17

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GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

GENERAL SYSTEM

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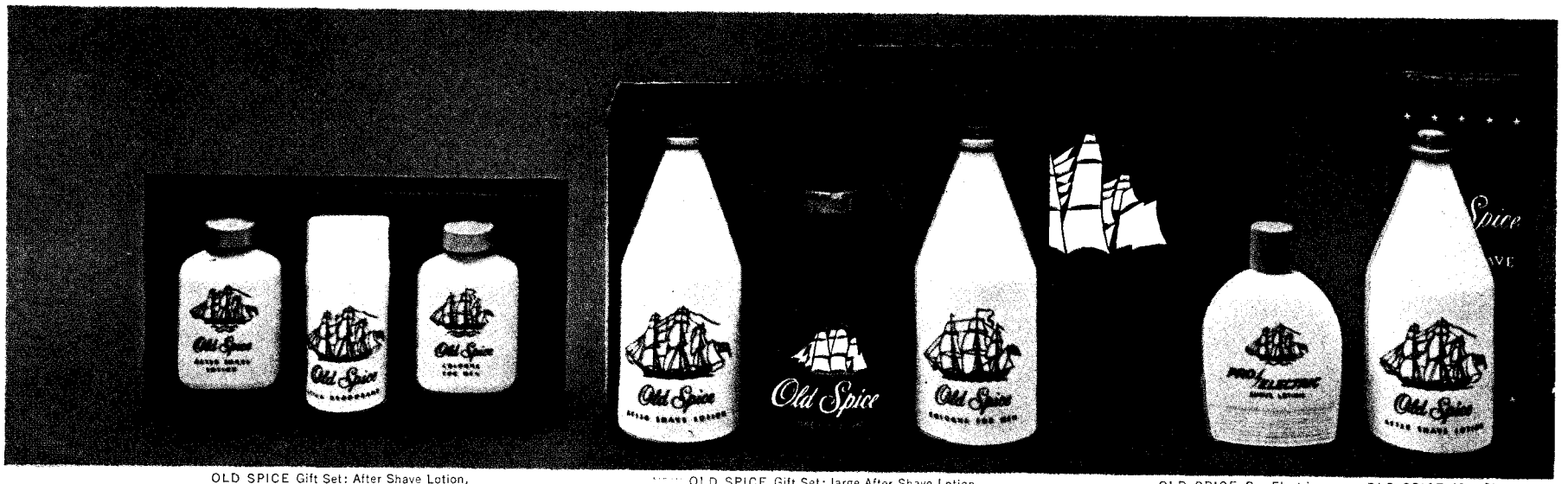
OLD SPICE Deluxe Gift Set: Shampoo, Body Talcum, Hair Tonic, large After Shave Lotion, Stick Deodorant, large Cologne, deluxe Soaps 10.0

New... new... new gift ideas



OLD SPICE Gift Set: After Shave Lotion, Stick Deodorant, Men's Cologne 2.00

OLD SPICE Gift Set: large After Shave Lotion, Body Talcum, large Men's Cologne 4.50

OLD SPICE Pro-Electric Shave Lotion 1.00 and .60

OLD SPICE After Shave Lotio 1.75 and 1.0

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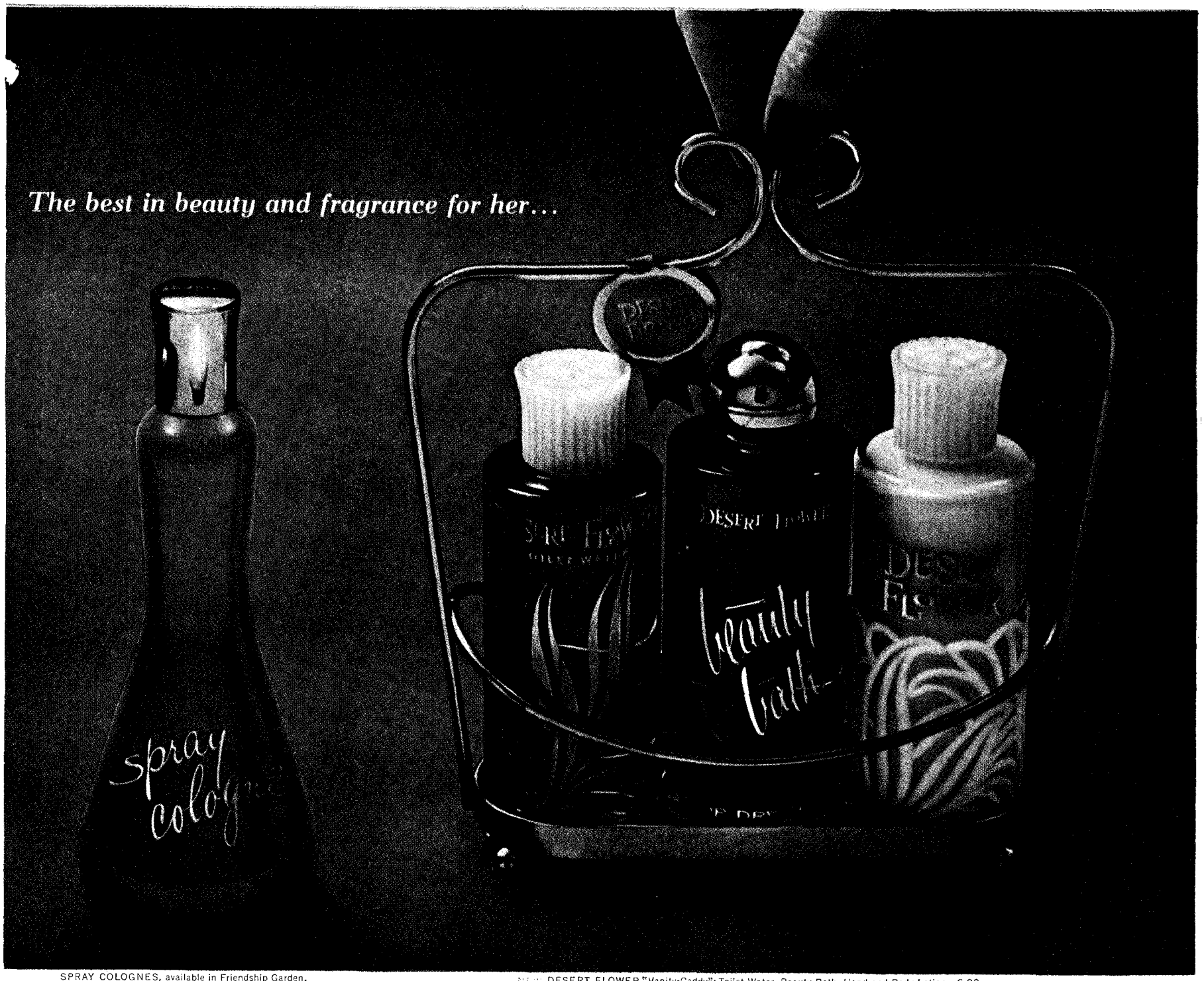

SPRAY COLOGNES, available in Friendship Garden, Desert Flower, Early American Old Spice, Escapade 2.50

NEW DESERT FLOWER "Vanity-Caddy": Toilet Water, Beauty Bath, Hand and Body Lotion 6.00

by SHULTON

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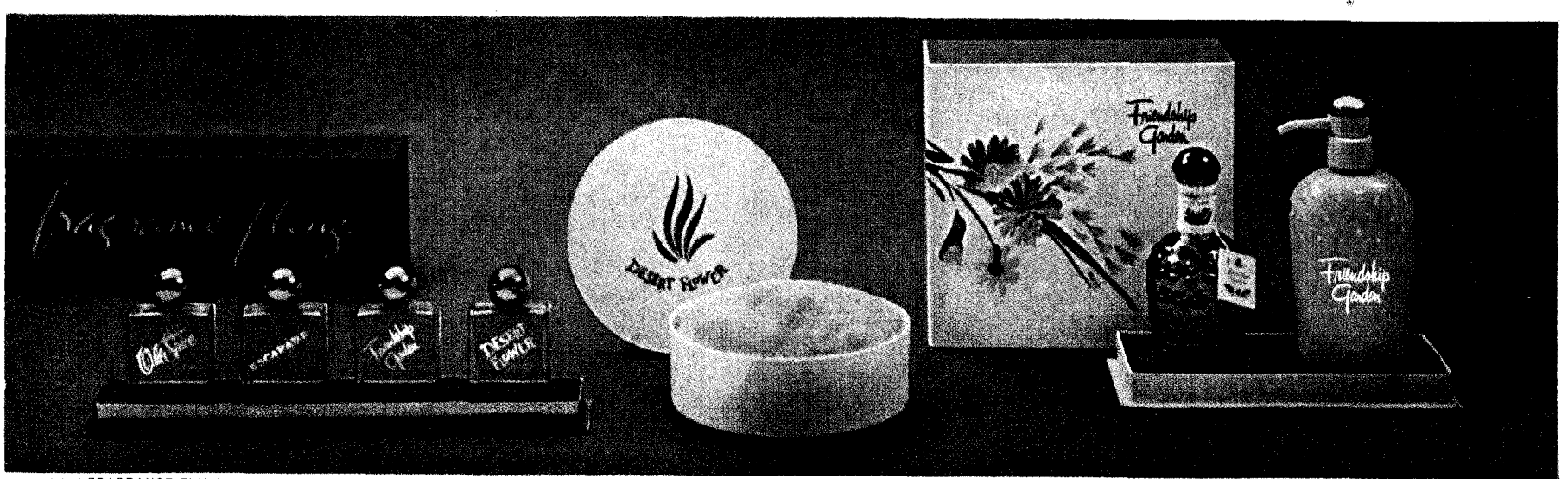

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Editorials

How Will the New President Square His Campaign Promises With Hard Reality?

In the national Presidential campaign of 1960, *The Post* supported Vice President Nixon as the candidate best fitted by experience, character and temperament to lead the nation during the critical years ahead. The verdict of the voters—by one of the narrowest margins in history—was otherwise, and, of course, all sensible Americans accept it and will prayerfully wish the President-elect success in the hard tasks which confront him.

Nevertheless, it would be futile to minimize the misgivings which arise because of the fantastically extravagant proposals in the Democratic Party's platform—proposals which were underscored time after time by the statements and promises made by Senator Kennedy himself during the campaign. During the struggle much was said about "greatness" and "courage," qualities which are perhaps more frequently praised than encountered these days. The new President will have occasion to call on these virtues to the fullest extent when he is compelled to square campaign oratory with the realities of administration.

It will take courage to make it plain to his more impatient supporters that the frighteningly expensive welfare-state promises of the Democratic platform can be honored only by adding substantially to the already back-breaking tax burden which the ordinary American now endures, or by deficit financing which inevitably would further cheapen the dollar and thus rob all of us by means of spiraling prices. If the latter happens, the worst sufferers, of course, would be the great mass of people on salaries—which in a period of inflation always lag far behind the rapidly rising cost of living—and the pensioners and others who are living on fixed incomes. Senator Kennedy vows to protect the value of the dollar, but it remains to be seen how he will accomplish this feat and at the same time give everything to everybody which, in the frantic effort to get votes, was promised during the campaign.

It is reported that the new Administration will attempt on the first day of the new Congress to change the House rules in order to make it possible to bypass the Committee on Rules, which controls the flow of proposed legislation and can hold up a bill at least until the country—and Congress—has a chance to find out what is in it. If such a move should succeed, a lot of ill-considered bills could become law. It is to be hoped, however, that the closeness of the popular vote, and the addition of a score of new G.O.P. members, will convince the average member of Congress that the President-elect has no overwhelming mandate to change our whole system of lawmaking in order to jam through extravagant and hasty legislation. In the past the American people have done a pretty good job of reaching "new frontiers" by their own skill and enterprise, and there certainly is no domestic emergency now—such as we had when Franklin D. Roosevelt came to power in 1933—which requires a drastic program of snap legislation.

When Senator Kennedy faces the rest of the world after January twentieth, the survival of America and the Free World will still be the controlling issue, as it has been during President Eisenhower's two terms in the White House. Kennedy's virtual invitation—during one of the debates with Mr. Nixon—to the Chinese Communists to invade the offshore islands near Formosa disquieted many Americans who were forced to wonder whether the young senator possessed the balance and the sense of responsibility necessary in dealing with the Communists. As to Cuba and Latin America, where the present Administration has been admittedly vulnerable, the Kennedy remedy seems to consist largely of more financial aid, which may or may not be appropriate, but is no substitute for vigor and determination in meeting the threat of a Communist beachhead already established close to our southern coast. Meeting these challenges will make an exacting call on "greatness."

Courage will be required also if the President-elect is to ignore the "soft" views of some of his more "liberal" associates on such critical matters as the resumption of nuclear tests and the fight to expose internal subversion. Powerful lobbies against both of these vitally important protective measures will be in there pitching harder than ever.

The country respects President-elect Kennedy's sincerity and patriotism. Everyone will hope that wisdom, maturity and understanding will be more fully revealed as his Administration develops than they were during the heat of a bitter campaign. The greater caution indicated in some of the senator's postelection utterances suggests that this hope may not be groundless.

Many Cities Find Their Parks Threatened With Extinction by Urban "Improvements"

For more than a century American cities have been proud of their parks. But unless somebody wakes up soon, most of those quiet green spaces amid the tall buildings will be only memories. The big land rush which has been gobbling up the suburbs around the cities is now threatening irreplaceable park lands inside the cities themselves.

Worcester, Massachusetts, a city which was one of the first to set up a park system, is a good example of what is going on. In the past eighteen months Worcester citizens have uneasily watched large chunks taken out of three of their main parks. Newton Hill, granted to the city under a will which specified that no building would ever be erected on it, will shortly have fifteen or twenty acres chewed up by the bulldozers in preparation for a new high school. Burncoat Park, a little gem of a spot with a bridge and a quiet pool, will be virtually wiped out by a six-lane superhighway which, a little farther on, will slice the city's largest park, Green Hill, just about in two.

This sort of thing is happening all over the country. According to an article by Alfred Balk in *National Civic Review*, thousands of acres of park land have already been lost forever to concrete and blacktop. Schools, post offices and other public buildings have taken thousands of additional acres. San Diego's famed Balboa Park, for instance, has been reduced in size by 20 per cent by "improvements" of one sort or other. It has been estimated that the interstate-highway program alone will eventually consume some 2,000,000 park acres. It is doubtful if as much as 10 per cent of that park land will ever be replaced. The trees, the quiet pebbled walks, the cool ponds with their ducks and geese, the rolling green hills, will be demolished forever.

There was a time when such desecration of park lands would have aroused massive opposition. Even today, public-spirited citizens and officials have blocked the bulldozers and the dynamiters from such outstanding park areas as Cook County's forest preserve in Illinois, Antioch College's Glen Helen park at Yellow Springs, Ohio, and San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. But in hundreds of other places civic zeal has wilted in the face of the glib and irrelevant cliché that "you can't stop progress." But is it progress to obliterate a park that has given pleasure to generations and would do so for generations to come, in order to build a concrete cloverleaf for an expressway?

The 1960 census figures show that most of our cities lost population to the suburbs during the past decade. But the cities will hardly enhance their attractiveness by destroying the few beauty spots they still have.

Given the choice of taking a row of tenements or slicing a chunk off a park, most engineers and politicians will reach for the park. Tenement dwellers squawk. Park enthusiasts do not squawk quite so loudly. But the thing to remember is that new housing can easily be built. New parks cannot. If our cities continue to sacrifice their park lands, they will become concrete jungles without much beauty or ability to check the flight to the suburbs.

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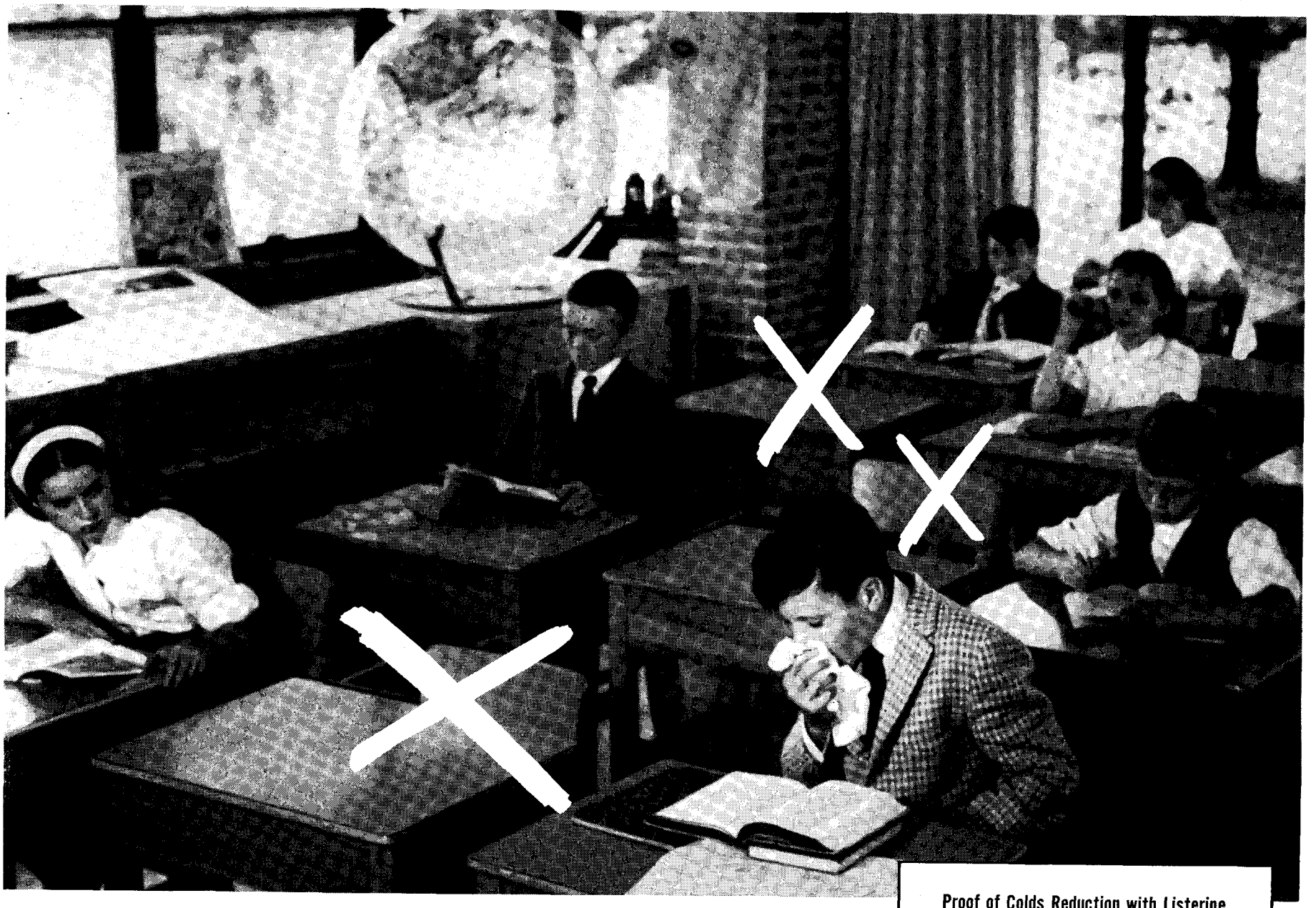
Your child's school is no different...

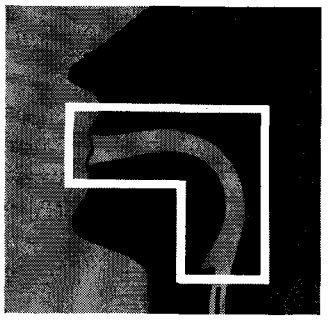
Colds Germs Don't Miss a Day!



Mothers! Read how the Listerine way* can give your family *Protection-in-Depth,*

Kill Germs Before They Attack

Today's germ-killing Listerine is scientifically formulated to penetrate into tiniest crevices of the mouth, deep into the throat. You can get the benefits of this *Protection-in-Depth* the Listerine way*, the recommended way.



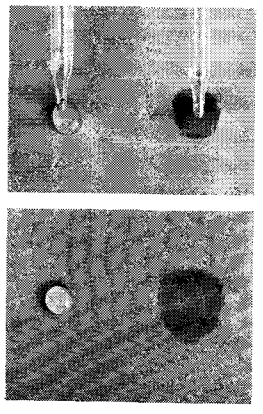
**See directions on label.*

Listerine *Protection-in-Depth* kills germs by millions instantly——on contact. Reaches where ordinary mouth-rinsing can't.

Penetrates where even water doesn't reach!

Listerine is *twice* as "wet" as water, reaches deep into crevices where bacteria lurk. Kills mouth bacteria modern "wonder" drugs can't stop!

Simple test illustrates—top: Water and Listerine dropped onto note paper. Bottom: Seconds later, Listerine has reached deep into the microscopic surface openings. In 5 minutes, water is *still* on surface.



Proof of Colds Reduction with Listerine

12-year tests with 3,000 people proved those who gargled twice daily with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer, milder, shorter colds than those who did not (see chart below). Don't you owe your family this Listerine *Protection-in-Depth?*

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

- **89%** more severe colds than those who did
- **85%** longer colds, measured in days
- **73%** more sore throats
- **51%** more "ordinary" colds

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GET "PROTECTION-IN-DEPTH"—TODAY!

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What is distinctive about METRECAL™ the new concept for weight control?

Metrecal, the original brand of dietary for weight control, helps you lose weight safely, without resorting to complicated diets or complex calorie counting. Developed to meet exacting medical standards, Metrecal is supported by long-term clinical validation.

Metrecal was introduced a little more than a year ago. Its aim: to provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience. Our continuing admonition: consult your physician concerning the problems of weight control.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of caloric intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing program; *and* Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight loss, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. Metrecal is a most useful aid in the long-range maintenance of desirable weight, as part of a well-balanced diet. To lose weight more gradually, or to maintain a desired weight, the amount of Metrecal used may be increased, it may be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days.

Why Metrecal is distinctive

Many factors set Metrecal apart. These include:

The new concept—The measured calories of Metrecal provide for the first time in one product a complete formulation designed expressly for weight reduction. Hence, Metrecal supplies: the means to achieve effective weight loss through accurate control of caloric intake on a program that is nutritionally sound, appetite satisfying, and convenient.

Clinical validation—Before Metrecal was introduced, its effectiveness was proved in extensive, long-term clinical studies, all conducted under strict medical supervision. Continuing studies are providing ever-increasing evidence of the value and versatility of Metrecal.

Quality of product—The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to exacting pharmaceutical standards. Metrecal powder, for example, is subjected to a total of 396 separate quality control tests.

Range of choice—Metrecal is available nationally in both powder and liquid form, in a selection of sizes and flavors tailored to the needs of your taste, method of use, and purse.

What Metrecal can do

Overweight persons lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they lose weight safely without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. Users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger. The appetite is satisfied.

Clinical studies under the careful supervision of physicians have shown that at the 900-calorie level, the use of Metrecal resulted in highly satisfactory weight loss.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. For example, it cannot provide the necessary will power for weight reduction and maintenance. However, it is not difficult to stay on such a diet with Metrecal since little, if any, hunger occurs after the first day or two.

How Metrecal is available

Metrecal is available nationally both as a liquid and as a powder. The liquid is in handy eight-ounce cans, ready to drink. Each can of liquid provides an individual 225-calorie meal.

The powder is in ½-pound cans and economy-size 3½-pound cans. One-half pound of powder, when mixed with water, provides the total daily diet in the 900-calorie program.

Metrecal comes in a variety of delicious flavors: chocolate, vanilla, butterscotch, and the new orange.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, persons with diseases of the heart, blood vessels or kidneys, and persons with other medical disturbances such as diabetes or liver disease, should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight-reducing program.

Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.

MEAD JOHNSON & COMPANY, EVANSVILLE 21, INDIANA

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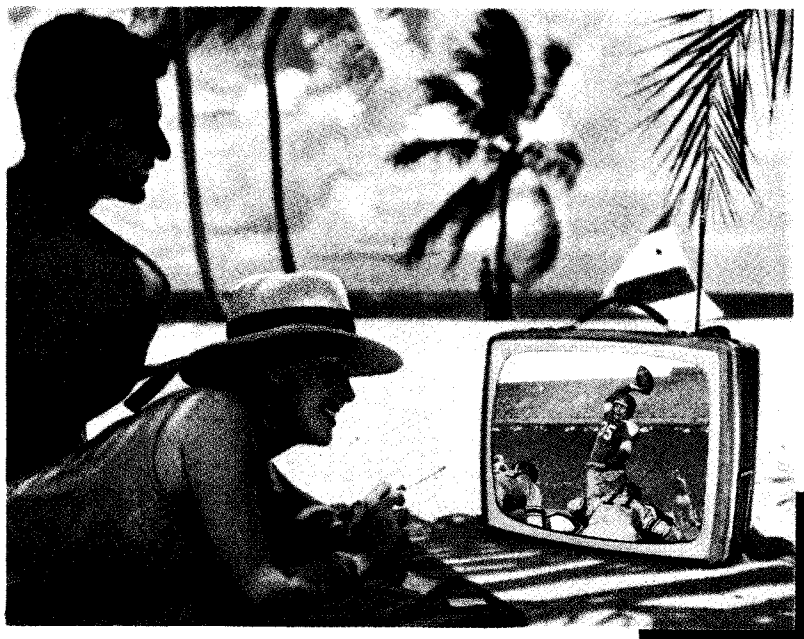


The gift nobody could give before

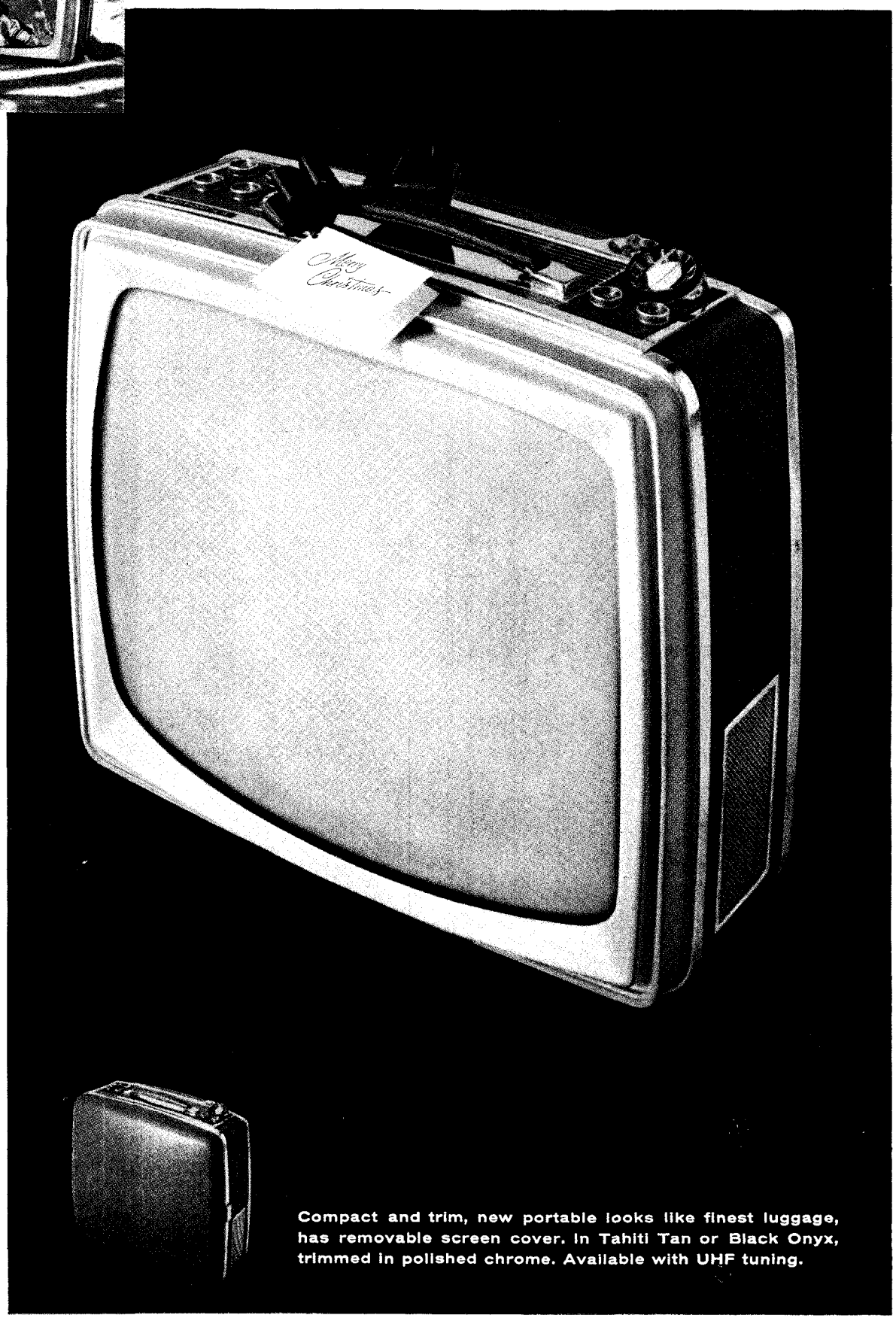
First big-screen all-transistor portable you don't have to plug in

This is the new Motorola portable—forerunner of all TV to come and gift idea of a lifetime.

It plays anywhere there's a signal: indoors on ordinary house current; outdoors on its amazing *rechargeable* energy cell. Its face is practically all picture—thanks to the new 19-inch Picture Frame Screen (over-all diag. meas.; 172 sq. in. viewing area).

The result of five years' research and development, it has no tubes. Instead it uses transistors (the miracle of the missile age) that last indefinitely to establish new standards in TV performance and reliability.

Choose (or hint for) the first Portable TV truly designed to be a portable. It will be liked as long as it's looked at—for years to come! Available exclusively at your Motorola dealer's.



Compact and trim, new portable looks like finest luggage, has removable screen cover. In Tahiti Tan or Black Onyx, trimmed in polished chrome. Available with UHF tuning.

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This CHRISTMAS...

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SEWING MACHINES FROM $59.50

SLANT-O-MATIC* Machine . . . most talented zig-zag machine you can buy. Just "tune" the knob and do straight stitching, fancy embroidery, mending, button-sewing. Portable or cabinet styles. This machine and its sister, the SLANT-O-MATIC Special, are the only zig-zag machines for home sewing made in America by American craftsmen.

SLANT-O-MATIC Special has many features of the SLANT-O-MATIC machine at a lower price. Easy threading, slant-needle, front bobbin. FASHION* Discs for fancy stitching. Cabinet or portable.

SLANT-NEEDLE Deluxe. Unsurpassed for smooth, "no-stall" straight stitching. Gear-motor drive . . . SINGER exclusive slant-needle. Comes with zig-zag attachment. Portable or cabinet.

SINGER "Young Budget" sewing machine comes with set of attachments. Sews beautifully. Backtacks. Comes in portable case or cabinet. Famous SINGER sewing course is included free.

The SPARTAN* . . . handy economy model with essential features of machines selling for twice as much. Backtack lever, drop-in top bobbin, calibrated stitch control. Made by SINGER.

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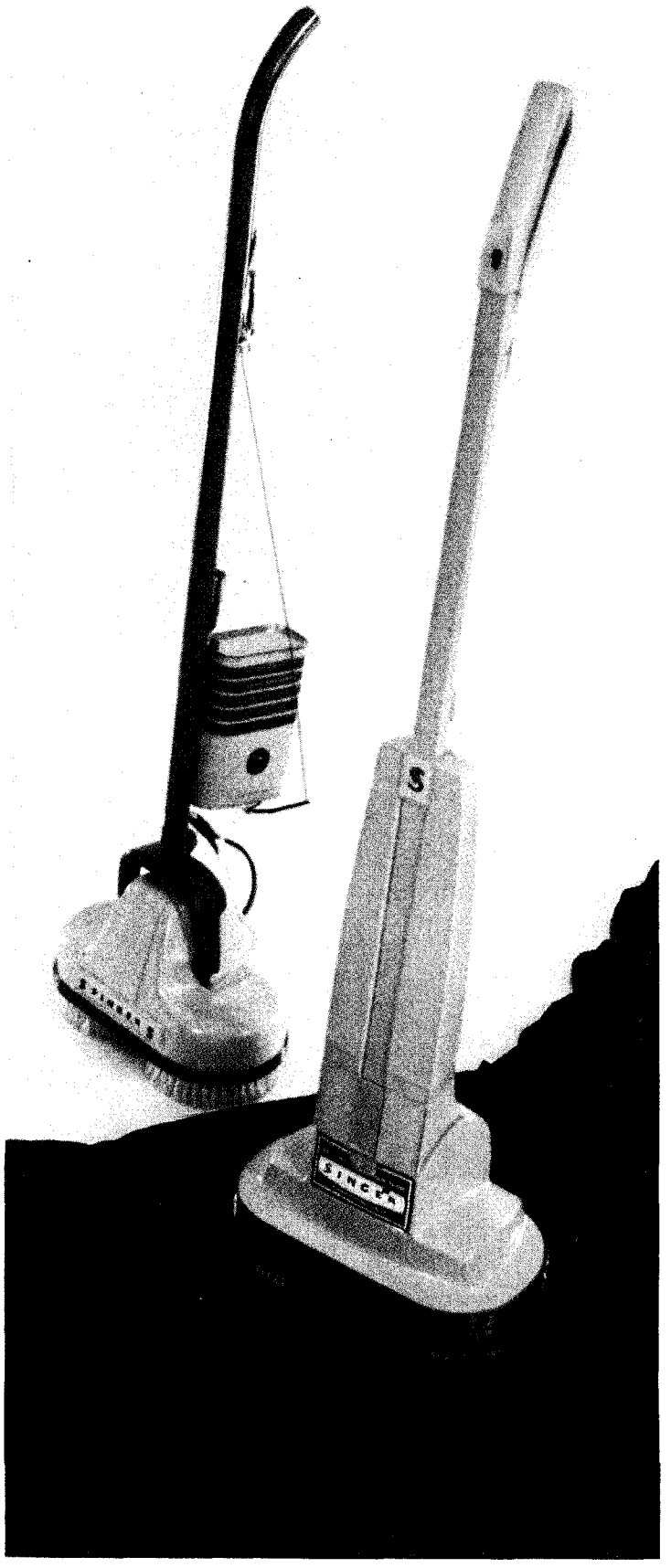

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"Roll-A-Magic" . . . cleaning power equal to many vacuums costing twice as much. Rolls along with you while you work. Comes complete with attachments for only $49.50.

"Magic Carpet" . . . for gentle but extra-thorough cleaning of fine carpets. Adjusts itself to any nap or to bare floor. Reaches w-a-y under low furniture, hangs flat to store.

"Magic Mite" packs an astonishing amount of cleaning power into a compact five pounds. Perfect hand cleaner for touch-ups in home, car or hobby workshop. Only $29.95.

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New Economy Rug-Cleaning Floor Polisher . . . scrubs, waxes and polishes floors . . . and shampoos rugs, too! Like the deluxe model, it releases liquids through dispenser. Only $29.95.

New SINGER* Deluxe Model . . . comes with extra set of brushes for scrubbing, steel wool and lamb's wool pads. Has built-in liquid spreader sponge. $59.95 complete with all attachments.

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...FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS, FAMILY-STYLE! There are holly-bright Hanes gifts for all. For infants and tots, the tender loving wear of Hanes sleepwear, underwear, and socks . . . at tiny prices. For everybody . . . popular pajama styles in snug knits or well-tailored broadcloth, about $5.00 . . . underwear (including Hanes Thermal and Insul-Knit® longies) with famous Hanes comfort features, from 79¢ to $4.00 . . . plus a whole new "family" of Hanes Red Label® Socks, just 39¢ to $1.50

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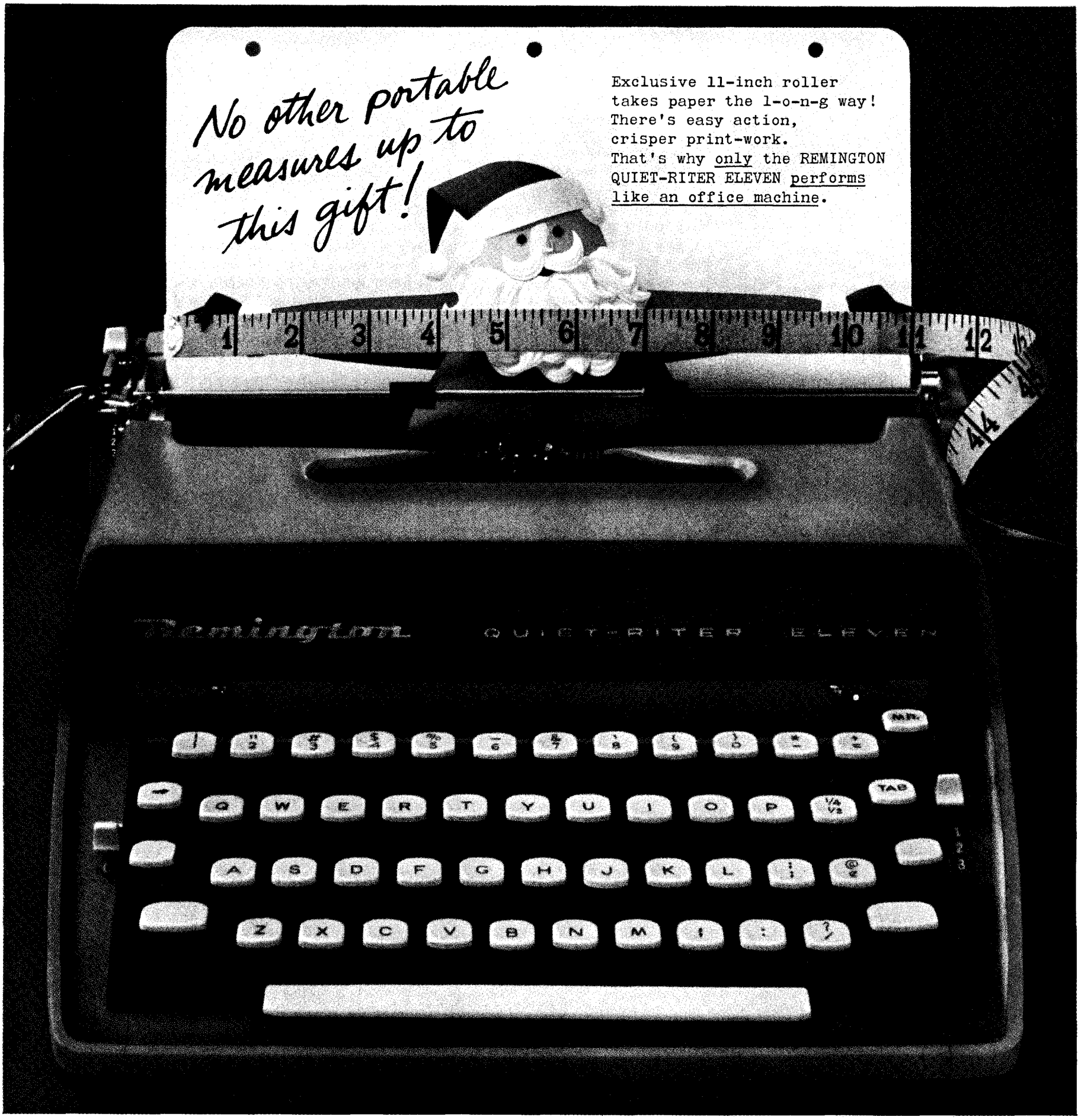
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Exclusive 11-inch roller takes paper the l-o-n-g way! There's easy action, crisper print-work. That's why only the REMINGTON QUIET-RITER ELEVEN performs like an office machine.
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A portable under your tree means better grades in school—neater, easier correspondence—time saved on shopping lists and recipes. It's a great gift for all the family and you're looking at the greatest . . . *Remington's Quiet-Riter® Eleven.* • Here is the only portable with a roller eleven inches long—the only one that takes paper sideways. It handles *all* typing jobs—wide graphs, charts, outlines. And this larger, longer roller gives you more usable space per line, makes print-work crisper and cleaner. • If this *Remington* weren't so compact, you could mistake it for an office typewriter an expert would use. Same keyboard . . . same performance . . . same dependability. And its sturdy body is made of remarkable Cycolac—to stand up to toughest punishment. • Any way you measure it, the typewriter to give is *Remington.* Don't settle for less, because *Remington* costs you no more. And, the time to shop is *now.* Your dealer has a complete selection. 4 models, 6 colors, low prices from $49.95—budget terms, too.

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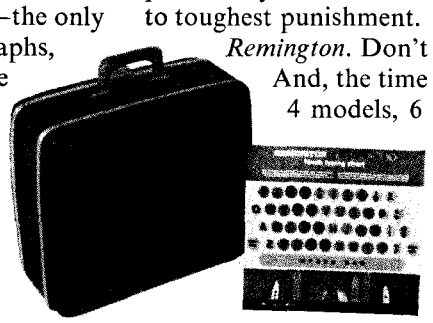

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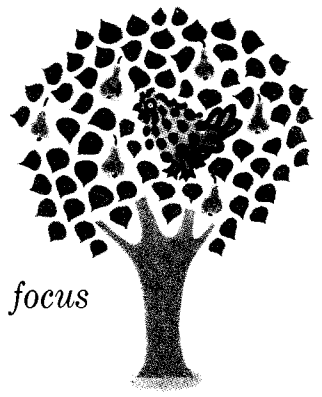

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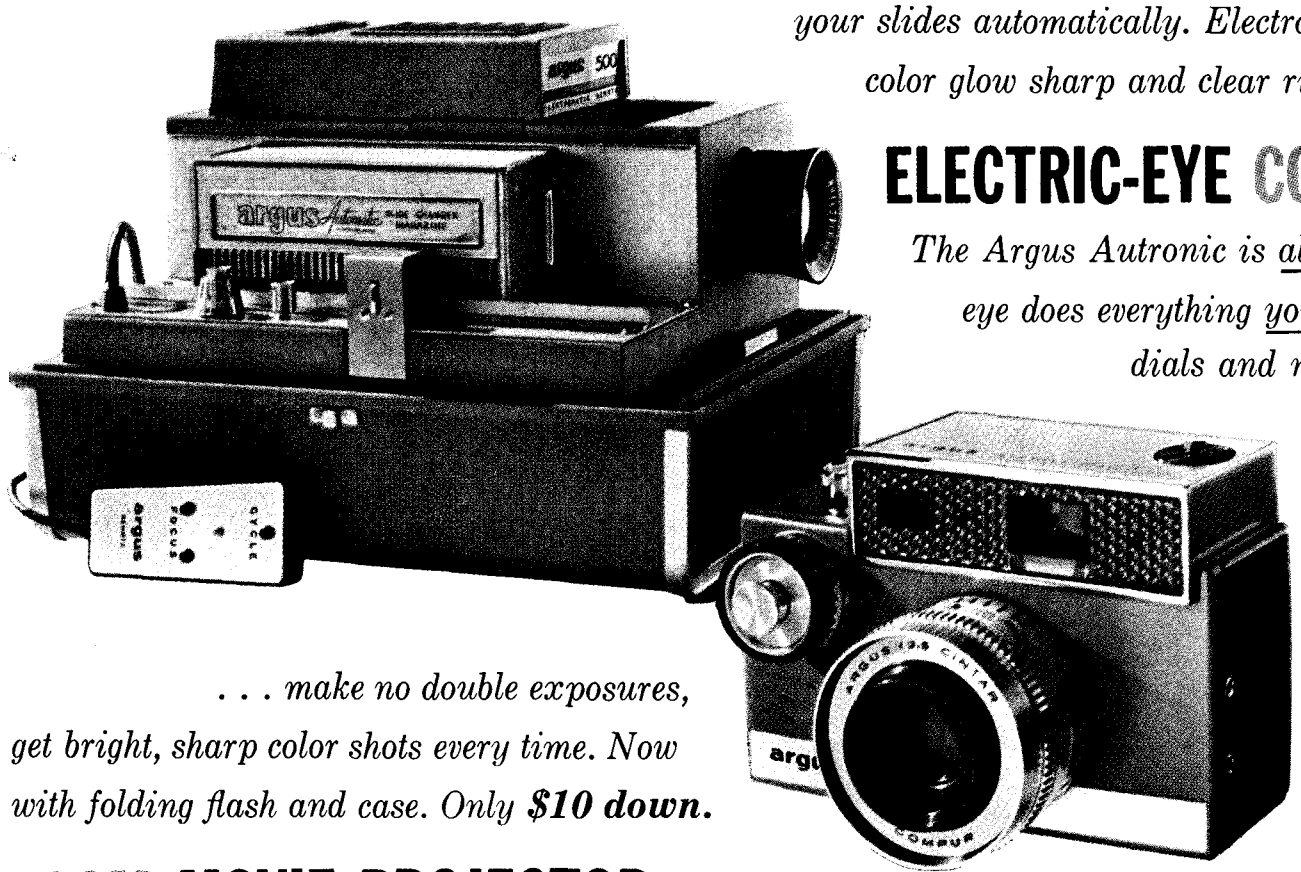
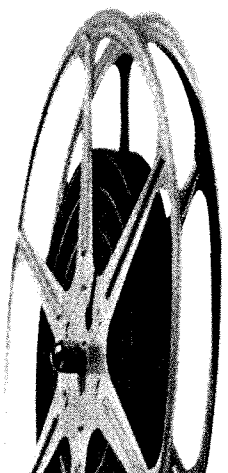
New Argus Electromatic lets you focus slides right from where you sit . . . change them, too. And there's a timer you can set to show your slides automatically. Electromatic is 500 watts bright, makes color glow sharp and clear right out to the edges. ***$11 down.***



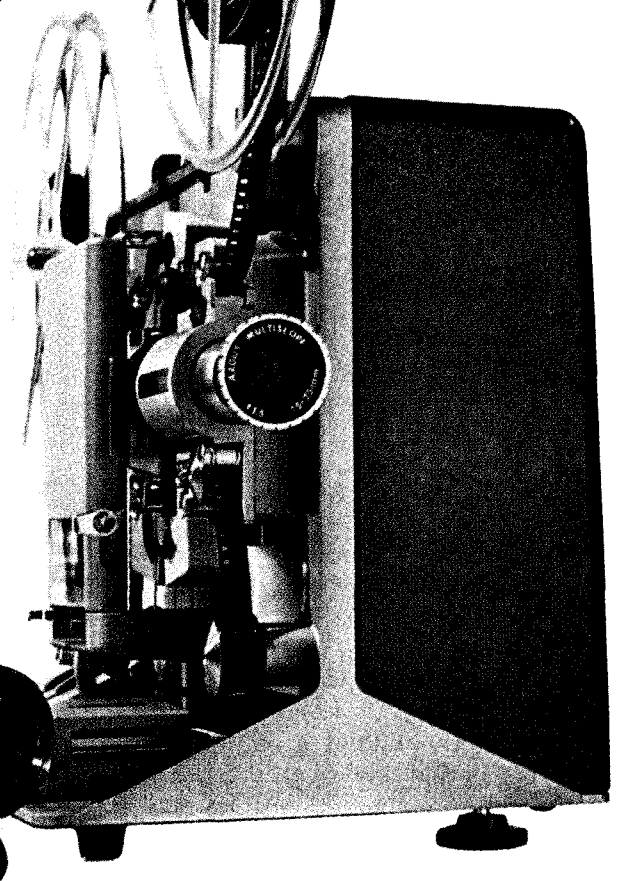
ELECTRIC-EYE COLOR-SLIDE CAMERA

The Argus Autronic is all automatic. Its educated electric eye does everything you used to have to do with meters, dials and numbers. You'll miss no pictures . . . make no double exposures, get bright, sharp color shots every time. Now with folding flash and case. Only ***$10 down.***



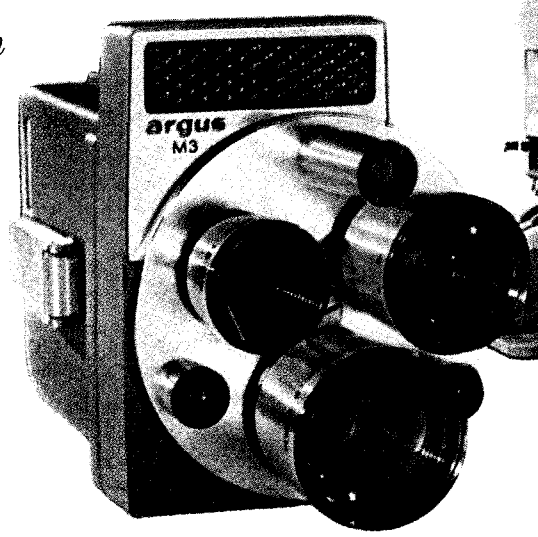
ZOOM MOVIE PROJECTOR

New Argus Showmaster lets you fit the picture to your screen just by twisting the new zoom lens instead of moving projector or screen. Shows half-hour movies 750 watts bright, threads itself in seconds, has variable speed, lets you reverse the action and show stills. Comes with automatic work light and splicer. ***$15 down.***



ELECTRIC-EYE TURRET MOVIE CAMERA

The Argus Cinetronic sets itself for correct exposure even if the sun goes under a cloud while you're shooting. Take big screen-filling close-ups, clear long shots, smooth flicker-free action with the three lenses . . . each with its own accurate, matching viewfinder. ***$12 down.***



Take your pick and start hinting . . . keeping in mind, of course, that there are many Argus cameras and projectors to choose from at your Argus Dealer.

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The Saturday Evening POST

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

Benj. Franklin

Horses were used effectively by the New York police to hold back crowds threatening to break through police lines at the UN plaza.

New York's Police:
THEIR GREATEST ORDEAL

A *Post* editor tells how 8000 New York policemen protected Khrushchev, Castro and other dictators from possible assassination during the stormy sessions of the UN General Assembly this fall.

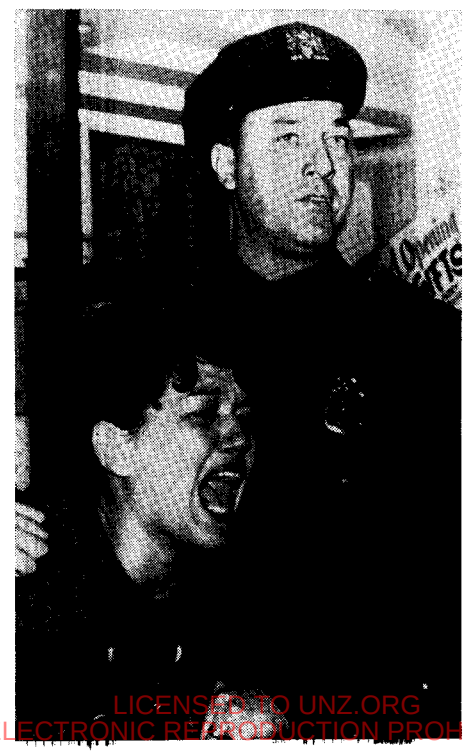
By HAROLD H. MARTIN

A few weeks ago on a sunny side street in Manhattan an elderly police horse named Apache heaved a blubbery sigh of utter weariness, leaned up against a shade tree and went sound asleep. Standing by the curb, the big bay gelding's rider, a mounted patrolman named Kelly, gently rubbed the snoozing Apache's nose. He was about as weary as his horse. For twenty-five days, without a full day off for rest, the two of them had been guarding Mr. Khrushchev, protecting him from bodily harm. Along with more than 23,000 other men of New York's "finest," they had kept under almost absolute control a situation potentially more explosive than any this police force had faced since the wild draft riots of 1863.

Their problem had been simply this: In a city of 8,000,000 people the political and ethnic hatreds of all the world had come suddenly into sharp and bitter focus along the East River water front where the General Assembly of the United Nations was holding its fifteenth session. Many of the most powerful—and the most hated—political leaders of our time had come to attend these meetings. Their angry debates, their threats and their desk-pounding protests in the brawling UN sessions had a fearful fascination for the watching world. But antics were of no interest to the cops. Their job was simply to move these men—Khrushchev, Castro, Kadar, Tito and the others—safely through the streets, shielding them twenty-four hours a day from the unknown thousands of *émigrés* bearing the scars of Soviet tyranny on their bodies and their spirits, who would be happy to assassinate them if given half a chance.

It was also their job to keep the peace, by whatever force was necessary, between the many partisan factions—each with its own burning cause—which had thronged into Manhattan from all along the Eastern seaboard and as far west as Chicago. There were a dozen or more of these—the Albanians who hated Greeks; the Croats, Slovenes and Serbs who hated Yugoslavs; the volatile and dangerous pro- and anti-Castro groups; the Spaniards who hated Franco; the Muslim cadre of African nationalists which despised all whites; the pro- and anti-Gomulka Poles, and the Hungarians with their deep, abiding hatred of all Russians. From any of these organizations, nursing angers rooted deep in Europe's history and made sharper by the cold war, trouble could come.

Calm bluecoat restrains a demonstrator in front of the Harlem hotel where Cuba's Fidel Castro stayed. Of all the visiting dictators, Castro was the most liable to attack.



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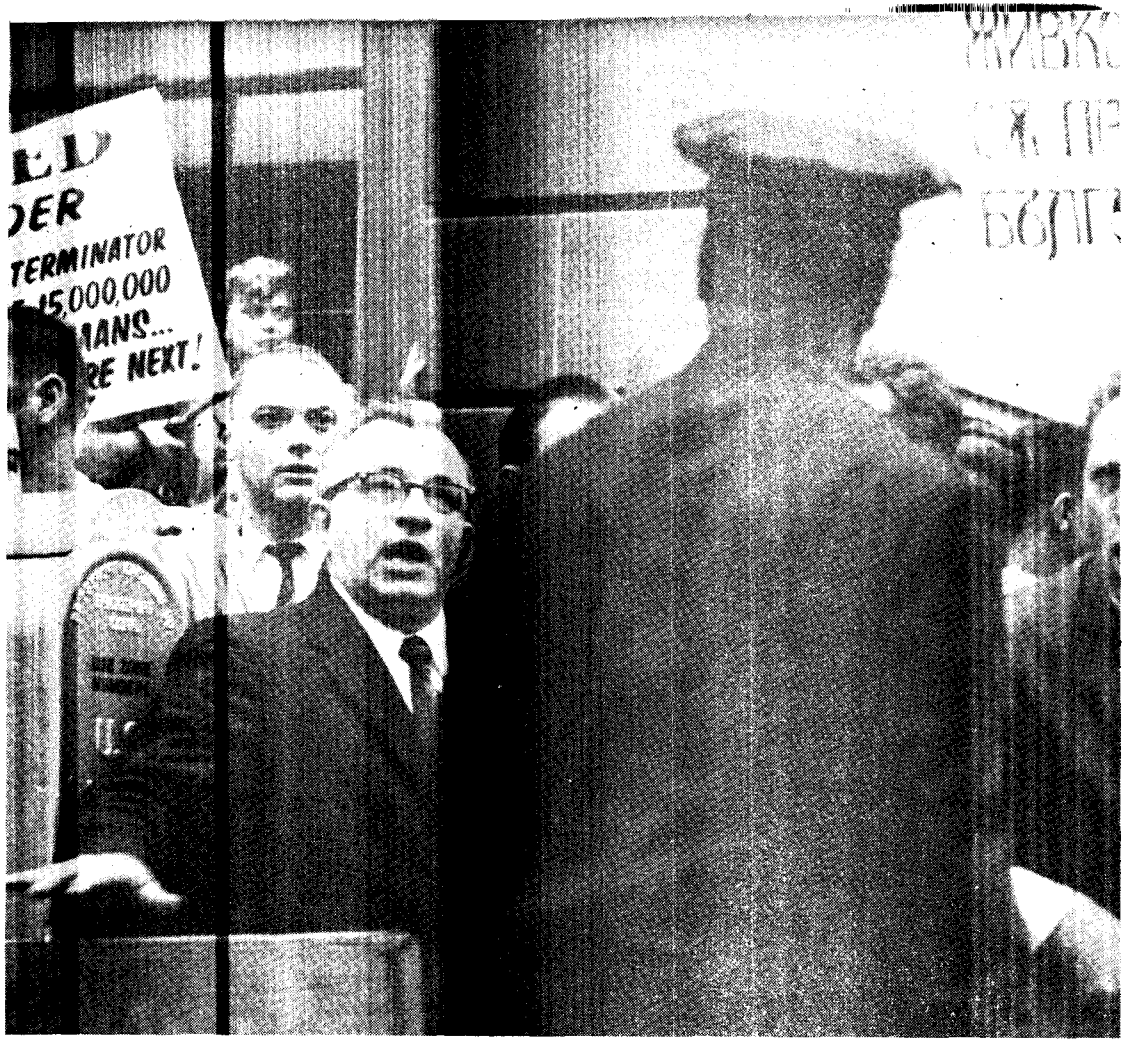
From agents of the FBI and the State Department, and from the detectives of their own Bureau of Special Services, policemen who a few days before had been patrolling quiet residential beats in Brooklyn, Queens or Richmond had to learn quickly to identify these potential troublemakers. These cops had to comprehend the defiant messages written in crude English on the signs the partisans carried and to understand the savage insults they shouted at one another in many languages. The police had to understand because their mission was to shuffle these people around, sort them out and keep them behind barriers where they could do no harm.

The policemen themselves were of many ethnic backgrounds, but no matter where their sympathies might lie, their attitude had to be one of strict neutrality. Their job was to keep the peace, to act with restraint, but to rap skulls and make arrests with fine impartiality, when necessary.

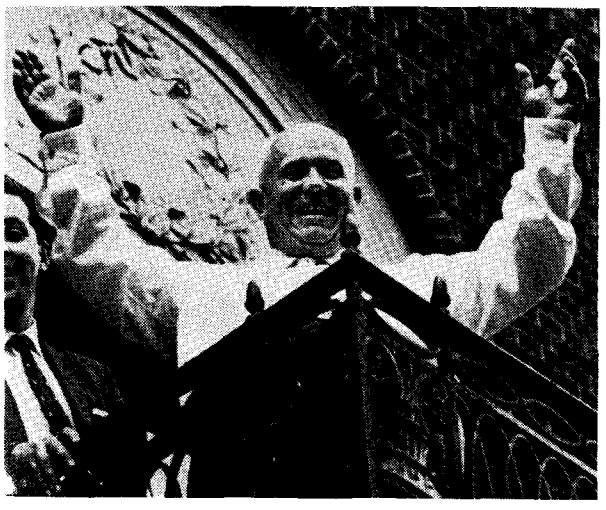
"If all they wanted to do was shout insults at each other," an Irish sergeant said, "that was a matter of small concern, though the noise did get a bit wearing now and then. If it was fighting they preferred, we did what was necessary to calm them down. And if they were so ill-advised as to hit a cop, then we took them down and booked them for felonious assault."

Even in the last few days, when they were growing bored and tired, and short of temper from the weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the cops avoided a show of force whenever diplomacy could handle the situation. In some of their crowd-controlling methods, in fact, there were elements of humor. When an egg was thrown, for example, they moved among the throwers and frisked them roughly. Ostensibly they were seeking guns and knives, but actually they were breaking the eggs the pickets had on their persons.

The cops showed remarkable restraint even under extreme provocation. In Harlem, when a foot patrolman was hit by an orange, he made no move, for the temper of the crowd at the moment was such that an attempt to make an arrest might have started a free-for-all. Two hours later, though, when the crowd had begun to break up and drift away, the man who had thrown the orange felt hard hands gripping his arms. Two detectives marched him away so quickly and so quietly that nobody in the crowd noticed the arrest.



Above: A demonstration near the Russians' Park Avenue headquarters [illegible] Khrushchev lived. Khrushchev asked the New York police to remove these anti-Communist pickets, but his request was refused.



Park Avenue balcony scene: Khrushchev repeatedly made himself an easy target—and thereby gave the police the jitters.

Castro's erratic dartings about the city kept police on the move. Above, surrounded by a shield of police, the Cuban works his way through a crowd outside his hotel.

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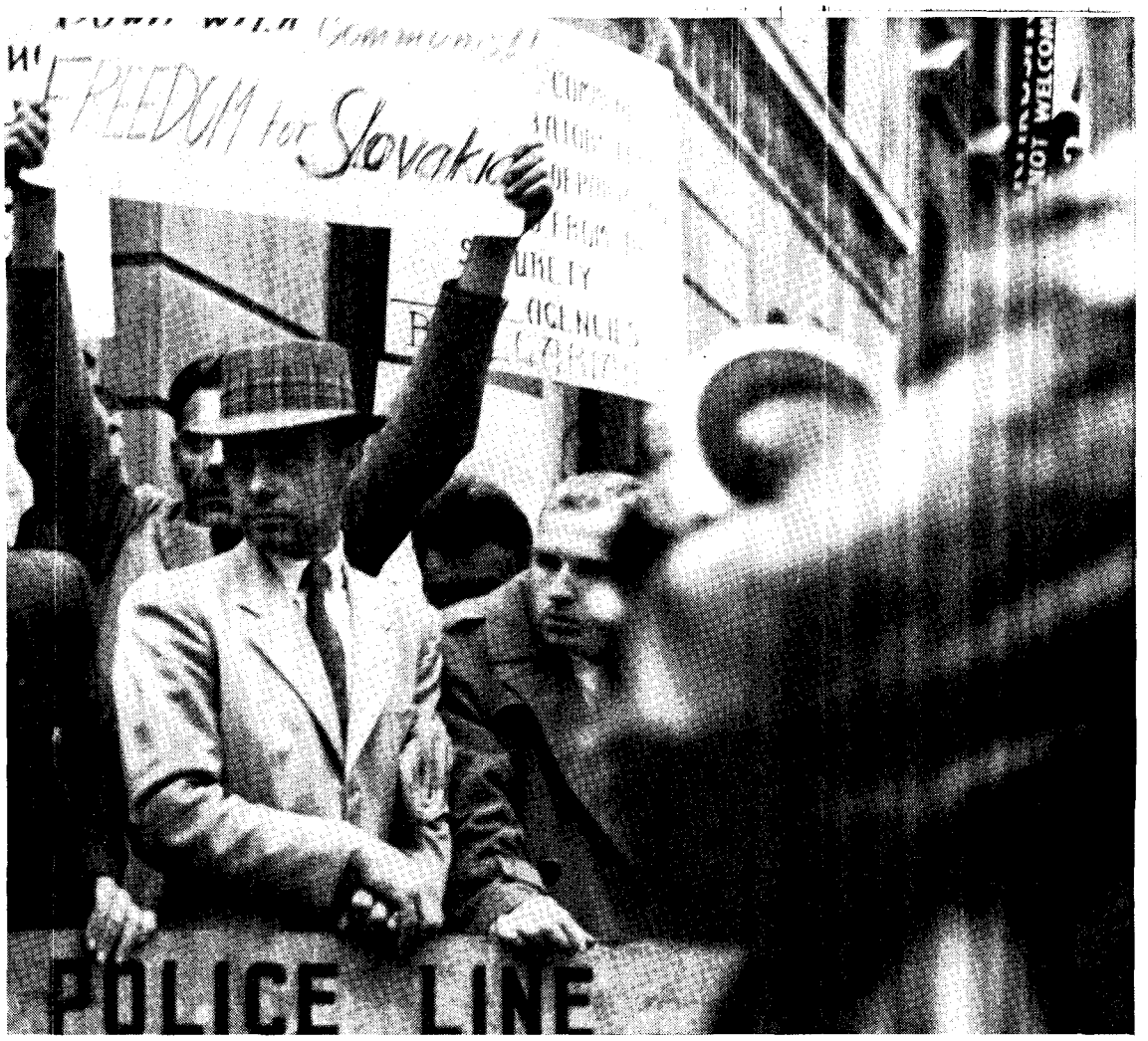
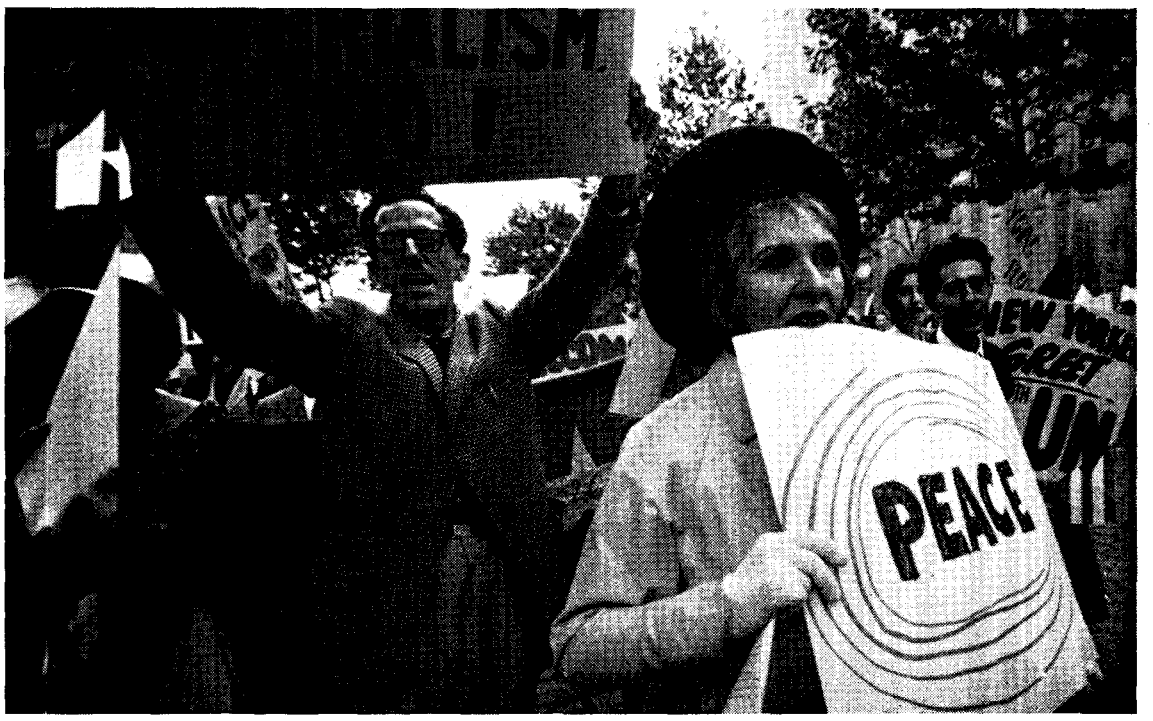


Below: Pro-Castro pickets at the UN plaza. A flurry of fights occurred at this trouble spot the day Premier Castro arrived in New York. The police did not interfere until demonstrators became violent.



The horses, too, did noble work whenever a crowd threatened to break from behind the simple wooden barriers that marked the "frozen zone" which they were forbidden to enter. There were 248 horsemen on call, more than the Canadian Mounted uses today. With their rubber-shod hoofs thumping hard on the asphalt, the big bays moved sideways with a little dance step, herding the crowd wherever the rider wanted them to go.

"The thing we had to be alert for," a mounted patrolman said, "was the man who might prod the horse with something sharp. Then the horse would plunge suddenly, knocking people down, and pictures would go all over the world showing the New York police as a bunch of Cossacks. We could not let that happen."

This did not happen because the mounted patrolman carries a long baton of hard hickory or locust wood which he is quick to use for wrist-cracking purposes when a hand reaches out toward his horse. It helped, too, that pickets were forbidden to carry their banners on sticks or poles, for a sharp nail in the end of a stick can cause great anguish to a horse.

"In sum," said a captain, "the cops used horse sense, the horses used cop sense, and through the mercy of God things worked out all right."

When, shortly before midnight on October thirteenth, the great strain was suddenly over and Khrushchev and his dour companions took off from Idlewild for home, a State Department security agent named Elmer Hipsley stepped up to Stephen P. Kennedy, New York's commissioner of police. "Mr. Commissioner," he said, "let me congratulate you on the finest job ever performed by any police department anywhere."

Kennedy, hollow-eyed from tension and lack of sleep, was staring into the darkness where the winking light of Khrushchev's plane had disappeared. A modest man, for all his brusque, blunt ways, he made a motion with his hands as if playing *Hearts and Flowers* on a violin.

"No, I mean it," Hipsley insisted. "We all know what might have happened. But the fact is, nothing did."

No one who knew the job the cops had done would take issue with Hipsley. Out of the welter of political passions that had found full voice in the streets of New York for nearly a month, only one (Continued on Page 67)

Noncontroversial leader: There were few problems in guarding Prime Minister Nehru, shown greeting New York with an Indian *Namaskar* salute.

attention: POST readers

The Post* this year will combine its issues of December 24 and December 31 into a single, expanded edition. This bigger-than-normal *Post* will be distributed on December 20 and will feature a report on one of the most controversial issues of our time. Details later.** ***THE EDITORS

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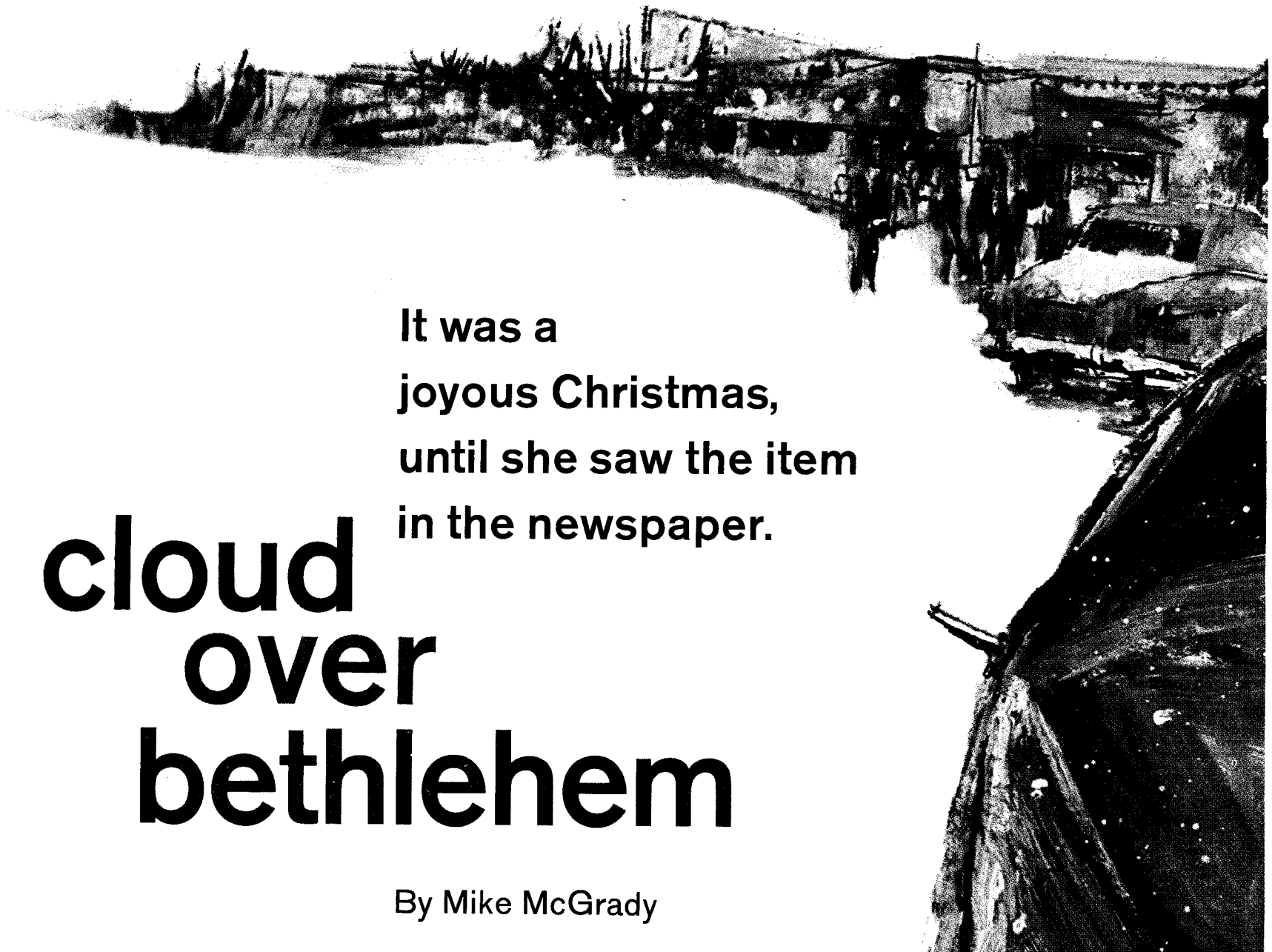

It was a joyous Christmas, until she saw the item in the newspaper.

cloud over bethlehem

By Mike McGrady

Holly Wilson, cloth-coat-poor the first time in her life, welcomed Christmas with a child's enthusiasm.

Other years, past years, she had jetted through split-family holidays at Austrian ski resorts and Florida beaches. An ermine coat with a red-velvet lining, a toy-blue sports car with an FM radio, a coming-out party in the world's finest hotel—this once had been Christmas. Gifts too large to unwrap beneath a tree, even when the tree was an aluminized spire towering above the hotel mezzanine and carrying the Fire Underwriters' seal of approval.

But this year Holly Wilson had been taken to wife by the poor son of a poor carpenter; by a public-school teacher who patched torn shoe soles with cardboard before walking twenty-three blocks to work; by a man who had planted the seed of his family and his future within her.

As Holly Wilson walked to the schoolyard and the day-end meeting with her husband, she described Christmas to her unborn child. She spoke of their new home growing as slowly as a Douglas fir on the top of Laurel Hill. A home for Christmas. A home for a child aborning and never mind the sacrifices. Never mind the past—it was too cold for a convertible and too warm for furs. Never mind the present with its fifty-cent price limit on the gifts between man and wife. Unborn child, may all your Christmases come in a home upon a hill.

Walking up Main Street, Holly savored the fruitcake richness of this, her first real Christmas. The cabled electric stars arching overhead. Three gingerbread Wise Men following a frosted cooky star across a bakery-store window. Iambic-pentameter greeting cards ribboned throughout the stationery store. Santa Claus blowing on his cold hands and ringing a great copper bell in front of the five-and-ten.

And the signs. MERRY CHRISTMAS. SEASON'S GREETINGS. PEACE ON EARTH. ONLY TWENTY MORE SHOPPING DAYS.

Christmas everywhere, even in the mahogany silence of the town library. Mistletoe sprigs tacked to bookshelves. Tinted cellophane transforming the windows into stained-glass portraits of the Madonna and Child, courtesy of Miss James's third-grade art class.

The current magazines were alive with red-and-green illustrations. A family praying over a table bending beneath the turkey. A kitten sleeping in a stocking hanging under the mantelpiece.

Even the newspapers told a story of joy on earth. A class being graduated from a Santa Claus school. A recipe for plum pudding. The President lighting a giant tree on the south lawn of the White House.

"This is Christmas," Holly explained aloud to her unborn child. "All this is Christmas."

The purse-lipped librarian looked up over steel-rimmed spectacles. Seeing the pregnant woman with the little girl's face, her hand-stitched mouth softened into a smile. Indeed, all this *is* Christmas.

Holly Wilson turned the pages of the newspaper. She stopped at one wreathed in printed holly. At the top of the page a stenciled bell. On the bell five solemn words: ADOPT A FAMILY FOR CHRISTMAS. Can this, too, be Christmas?

A church choir needed an organ for the holiday concert. A widow wanted to (Continued on Page 105)

"Tell me about it as we walk home," he said gently.

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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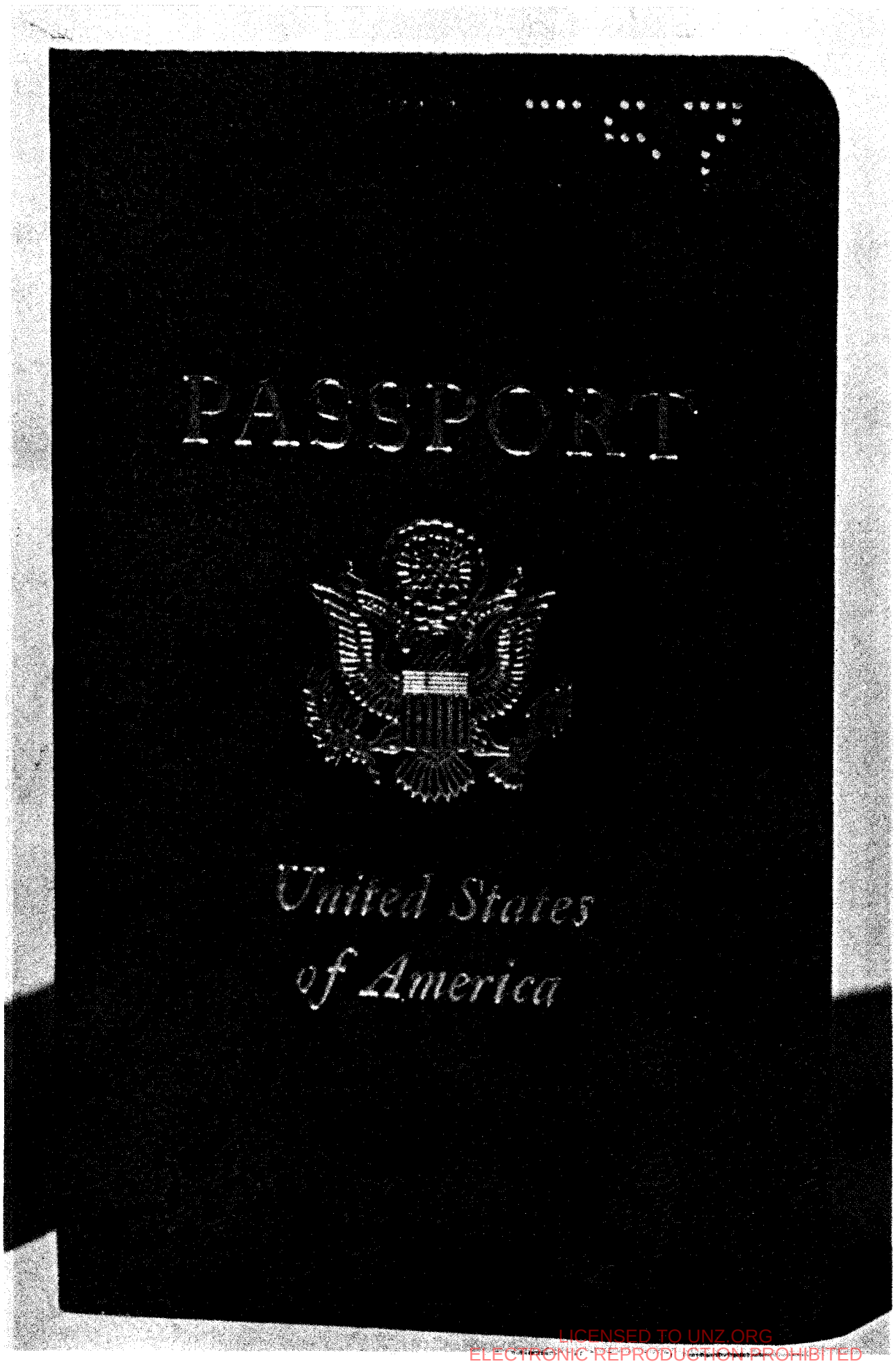
Frances Wages War on the Bureaucrats

She has her own way of doing things, and not everyone in Washington likes it. But Frances Knight has made it possible to obtain a passport without much pain.

By Paul F. Healy

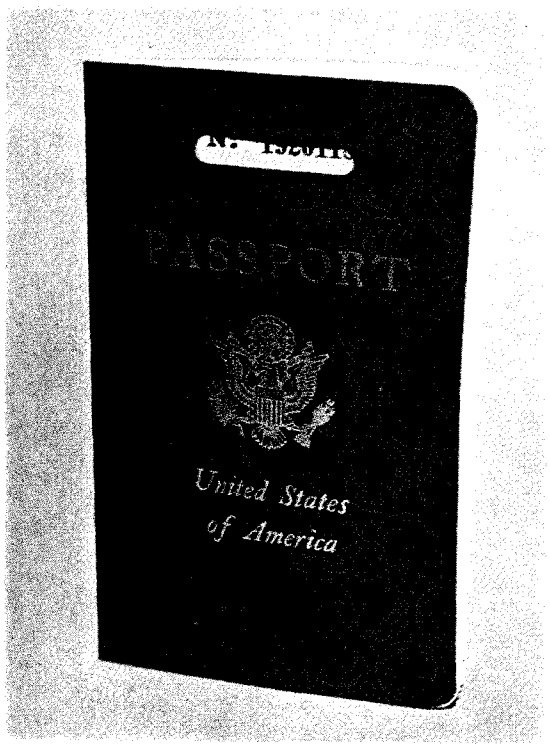
Here is the first color photograph of the new U. S. passport for tourists, to be issued starting next month.



United States passports will have a snappy new look on the day after New Year's when the green, clothbound model, in use since 1941, will be retired. New passports will be covered in plastic and they will come in three colors—blue for tourists, black for diplomats and maroon for persons traveling on Government business. In a further overhaul, the document has been made more readable, more durable and harder to duplicate.

The dozen changes in the design add up to the most radical revamping the United States passport has undergone since it first assumed booklet form in 1924. Along with the passport, the Passport Service itself has been remodeled by its director, Miss Frances Gladys Knight. In five and a half years at the post, Miss Knight has laid about her like a fussy housekeeper attacking cobwebs, introducing feminine efficiency to the decidedly male labyrinth of big government. The results include everything from a brightening of drab bureaucratic walls to a speedup of the whole procedure of processing passports.

Miss Knight is an innovator, a tinkerer, a schemer and a rebel against bureaucracy, which she regards as timid and wasteful. At times the State Department has found her almost as unpredictable as Nikita S. Khrushchev. Loy Henderson, Deputy Under Secretary



Since 1941, Americans have used this passport and have got their hands stained when moisture affected its cover.

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Passport Service chief Frances Knight mulled over all these designs before deciding on the three passports she is holding here.

The volatile Miss Knight usually ignores red tape. She was refused draperies because only the highest State Department officials rate them, so she bought her own and put them up herself.

of State for Administration, once remarked to her in pleading tones, "Frances, do you have any other ideas? If so, let's get them over with." Miss Knight kept going, "Well, now that you mention it. . . ."

Among others whom Miss Knight puzzles is her husband of twenty-five years, Wayne Parrish, a highly successful publisher of trade magazines. "She's hell on wheels when she gets going," he says. "I still don't know what drives her."

In any case, Parrish is glad that his wife works off her energies on the State Department—rather than at home.

Miss Knight is a slender, tall—five-seven—redhead who looks much younger than her fifty-five years. There is an impish glint in her blue eyes when she discusses set-tos with her bosses. Instead of resorting to tears or shrill tones, she relies on cool charm and tenacity to get her way.

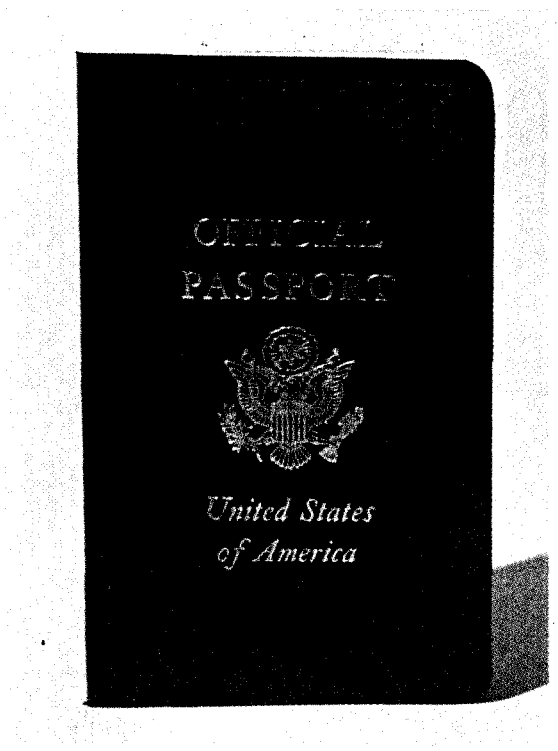
"I have a very active 'pending' file," she says. "When I have a project going and memos don't get answered, I keep nagging until something is done."

Indeed, Miss Knight is the State Department's "biggest headache" in the opinion of Rep. John Rooney, Brooklyn Democrat, who is the tough chairman of the House subcommittee handling the department's appropriations (THE MAN WHO FRIGHTENS BUREAUCRATS, *The Saturday Evening Post*, January 31, 1959).

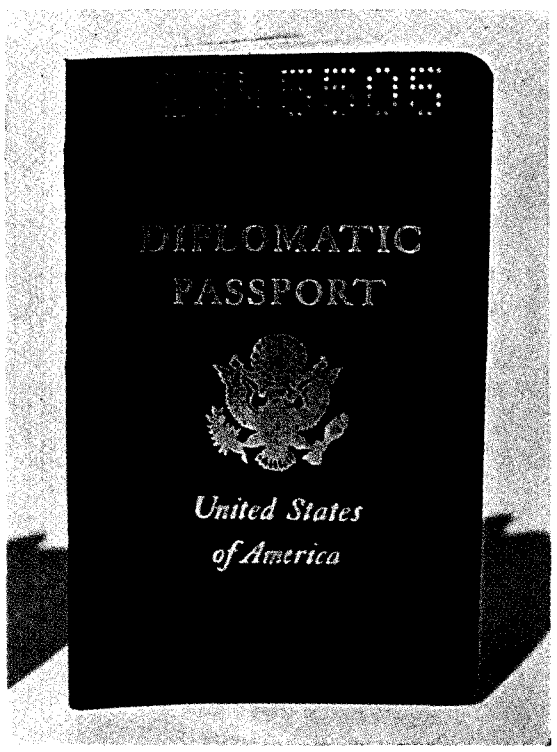
"Nobody likes to tangle with a smart woman," explains Rooney, who tangles with Miss Knight on sight. "She's wily and clever, but I don't like her tactics."

Another view is taken by John W. Hanes Jr., administrator of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs, which has jurisdiction over the Passport Service. He says that Miss Knight has done an excellent job. Before she took over, he says, "Passport had fallen into bureaucratic disrepair and needed a strong jolt to bring it out.

"This has entailed some pain," Hanes goes on, "because Frances has a chip on her shoulder. She finds enemies where none exist; she goads people. But I (Continued on Page 101)



Employees of the Government traveling officially, including congressmen, are to receive this maroon model.



Foreign-service officers and representatives of the President and Secretary of State will carry black passports.

Over 700,000 U. S. passports were issued in 1959. Here a Belgian official examines one at Brussels Airport.

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A BAD DAY FOR O'BANION

By DANIEL KNAPP

In the game played with assassins, the stakes are always life and death.

Detective Capt. Michael O'Banion sat on the edge of his bed and groped for his slippers. He found the right one and put it on, but after almost a minute of searching he gave up on the left one. He had the vague feeling that it was going to be a bad day.

Mike started to stand up, hesitated, turned around and gave his wife Noreen a gentle nudge. She opened her eyes sleepily and smiled. Noreen started to say something, the beginning of a word forming on her lips, but then she decided not to. Mike wondered what it was, but then he shrugged it off when Noreen said, "You go ahead and shave, Michael. I'll have your breakfast ready by the time you're finished."

Mike padded through the living room, one slipper on and one off, and snapped on the bathroom light. That was one thing, he thought. No matter how bad a day turned out, just waking up next to Noreen every morning made up for almost anything. Mike soaked his face with hot water and applied lather. He tried to remember a morning on which Noreen had awakened without smiling. There had been a few, he was sure, but he could not remember them.

As Mike began shaving, first down with the grain and then up to get every last bristle of the blue-black beard, the feeling of apprehension touched at his stomach again. He stopped and studied his meaty face momentarily. *Could it be something I've forgotten to do?* he asked himself. *Or something Noreen was going to remind me of when she woke up?* Mike shrugged again and continued shaving, and the inevitable happened. He nicked himself under the ear. By the time he had stopped the bleeding his eggs were cold. It was definitely going to be a bad day.

"I'm sorry," Noreen said.

"They're not too bad," Mike said, lying. "Besides, it was my fault."

Mike finished the eggs and washed down a piece of toast with coffee. Noreen poured him another cup, and that made things a little better. He got up and walked to his closet and finished dressing.

"I'll be out a good part of the afternoon, Michael," Noreen said. "So you won't be able to call me."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Grace is taking me to her beautician."

"That's nice," Mike said, strapping on his revolver. "Say hello to my sister for me. Say she spends a lot of dough when she has her hair done up. At least that's what my complaining brother-in-law tells me."

"He can afford it."

"You're right there, but can I?"

"It won't be *that* much, Michael."

Mike put on his jacket and looked at his watch. "You'll call me then?"

"Yes, dear." There was a trace of disappointment in her voice, but Mike failed to notice it. "Will you be at the downtown number all day?"

"If I'm not, I'll leave word where you can reach me."

Mike kissed Noreen and turned for the door. He was just about to close it behind him when he remembered that it was their wedding anniversary.

Mike smiled to himself, and walked back into the hallway to the kitchen door. "Come here," he said softly. He kissed her again, this time a long one that was not meant for breakfast affection. "I love you," he said. "Don't you ever forget that." He turned as Noreen smiled knowingly, comfortable in their little ritual of silence.

Michael O'Banion walked down the three flights thinking about how they never said, "Happy anniversary," until they were alone together in the evening and they could do more than just say something about it. He stepped through the front door onto University Avenue, thinking, *Maybe it won't be such a bad day after all.*

But that was as far as the thought got. Sitting directly in front of his apartment house was an unmarked police car, and seated at the wheel was his assistant, Dick Barber.

"Must be something hot to get a free ride downtown," Mike said, getting in beside him.

"You know as much as I do," Barber said. "I got a call this morning from the commissioner. Told me to pick you up and drive to Gracie Mansion."

"The mayor's place?" Mike said. "It must be something pretty bad. Well, thanks for not calling. Noreen worries easily."

As Barber wove through traffic on the Major Deegan Expressway with the siren on full, Mike could not help remembering that only twice in fourteen years had he been able to spend his wedding anniversary with Noreen. And those two times they hadn't had enough money to do the day justice.

(Continued on Page 70)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

"Very admirable attempt to stop us," he said to O'Banion. "But not quite good enough."

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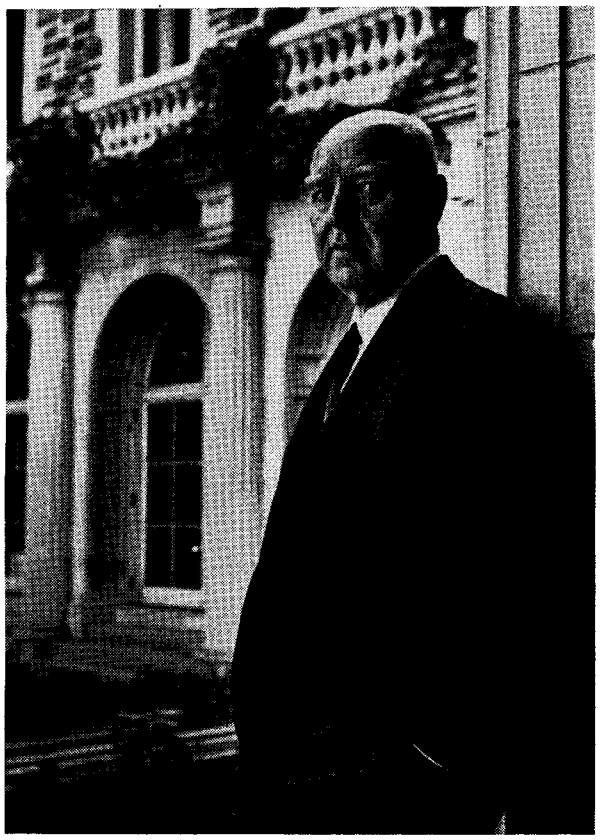
ADVENTURES
of the MIND

The Challenge

By HENRY M. WRISTON



About the Author

Henry Merritt Wriston is president emeritus of Brown University, president of the Council on Foreign Relations and president of the American Assembly at Columbia, a group formed to study national problems. Doctor Wriston was educated at Wesleyan University and Harvard. After teaching history at Wesleyan, he became president of Lawrence College in Appleton, Wisconsin, in 1925. Doctor Wriston was president of Brown from 1937 to 1955. Last February President Eisenhower appointed Doctor Wriston chairman of his Commission on National Goals. This article is excerpted from the commission report and represents solely the views of the author. Prentice-Hall will publish the report on December twelfth (at $3.50 in hard covers, $1.00 in paperback) under the title, *Goals for Americans*.

The acid test of successful democratic government is the degree of effective liberty it makes available to the individual. That criterion establishes an order of values. Self-fulfillment is placed at the summit. All other goods are relegated to lower orders of priority; even security and comfort must have less consideration.

The principle is easy to state. Its application requires a continuous exercise of judgment and will. For there is a perpetual tension between the particular and the general, between individual tastes and social necessities. Indeed, that is characteristic of life itself. Centuries ago Aristotle observed that man is a social animal. Each person has both particular and general interests, individual wants and social needs. When the general interest is overaccented, freedom declines and may disappear; first controls, then paternalism supervene. On the other hand, if individual interest utterly neglects social needs, anarchy is the end result. The consequence of either extreme is loss of liberty.

There has been a kind of uneven historical rhythm in the degree to which the state managed the lives of its subjects, sometimes leaving them alone to a great extent, at other times intervening in even trivial matters.

For some brief periods in history it has seemed that tensions between the state and the individual were slight. One can say relatively slight, but never absent; *laissez faire* was not a policy; it never existed even as a tenable theory. It is a fantasy. The nearest responsible men came to that concept was in the aphorism, "That government is best which governs least." Even that statement was cast in relative, not absolute, terms. It was fully applicable only in brief moments when all good things—freedom, security, comfort—seemed to exist concur-

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# of Being Free

America's most important task, says this distinguished educator, is to create a climate of freedom in which the individual can flourish.

rently. Such eras in history have been rare and short-lived. Normally the tensions between liberty and other values we cherish are more acute. Often they rise to the point of conflict. In a society so completely and complexly organized as ours, in a world so interdependent and so disturbed, the choice between individual desires and social necessities becomes difficult.

It is made needlessly difficult when the basic value of freedom—human dignity—becomes confused with either wealth on the one hand or hardship on the other. Neither comfort nor hardship measures human dignity. Economic determinism belongs to the Communists; let them have it. Dignity does not consist in being well housed, well clothed and well fed. Gandhi never lost dignity. In the deepest sense of the word he never lost security when he lived in prison, was clothed with a loincloth and subsisted on goat's milk. Other men of "royal" blood have lived in luxury, yet had no shred of self-respect and deserved no respect from others. Dignity does not derive from a man's economic situation, nor from his vocation. It does not require a white-collar job or any other status symbol. It rests exclusively upon the lively faith that individuals are beings of infinite value.

Abraham Lincoln had great insight in these matters. He had experienced abject poverty. He had worked as a common laborer. His education was the product of his own untutored determination. And he said, "It is difficult to make a man miserable while he feels he is worthy of himself and claims kindred to the great God who made him." In our reconsideration of the "great truths" of the Declaration of Independence, we need to be reminded of these things, lest our perspective should become distorted.

Because of the increasing pressures of man against man in this shrunken and crowded world, there has been an increasing number of compulsions upon the individual, designed to require him to do things for the general welfare as well as his own benefit. The most inevitable is taxes—usually joined with death as the only absolutely unavoidable occurrence. The power to tax involves the power to destroy. In less extreme forms it is the power to redistribute wealth and reshape society, either to protect the individual or destroy his incentive and impair his initiative.

One of the commonest compulsions is school attendance. Its purpose is to develop the individual and protect society. Compulsory vaccination is a health measure—with like dual purpose. Social security is calculated to protect the individual in his old age, or his survivors if he dies, and by making him share the cost, shields society from his possible dependence. Many other examples could be cited. Each is defensible when it does not inhibit essential free choices and when nonperformance would involve danger, needless cost or disadvantage to others. Those are the tests of the boundary between liberty and license; one man's freedom should involve no trespass upon others' rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They also mark the boundaries between freedom of the individual and paternalism on the part of the state.

At any given moment the decision regarding how far the state should intervene turns upon the current—and dominant—estimate of man's capacity to accept the bitter with the sweet. If the judgment accentuates his courage and strength, liberty will summon all his energies—physical, mental, moral—to wrestle with inescapable, and often intractable, problems. If opinion stresses his weakness, there will be a demand that government make choices for him and care for him. That process, carried too far, puts comfort before freedom, government above the individual. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 46*

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The Progressive Approach

By DICK ASHBAUGH

This father put his foot down when a pretty English teacher let his daughter write an essay on sex.

The late May weather had warmed so abruptly that Steve McBride left the air base around noon and drove home to change into lighter clothes and pick up his sunglasses.

One of the apartment janitors was putting up window screens on the pleasant red-and-white colonial façade as he pulled into the curb. Someplace down the tree-lined street a power mower popped into action, and a flight of robins, startled by the clatter, flashed through the clear, golden air. *This is Midwestern suburbia*, he thought, and found it a pleasant contrast to the masonry canyons of New York.

He picked up the mail and went on down the hallway to the rear door of his apartment. Philomena sat on a high stool in the glittering kitchen, her dark, serene face shining over the immaculate silkiness of her maid's uniform. She was listening intently to a small transistor radio propped on the stainless-steel counter and peeling a bowl of bright red Jonathan apples.

Steve picked out the company envelope with the New York postmark and tossed the rest of the mail on the counter. "Where do you get those swanky uniforms, Philomena? Do I buy them for you?"

Her teeth flashed in a smile, and she turned down the strident volume on the tiny set. "No, sir, Mr. McBride. They come in the package deal. I used to work for an advertising dentist in Harlem, and when he didn't pay off I swung with the uniforms. Why you home at this hour?"

"It's hot at the base," he said. "Hot and dusty. That construction office is like a Finnish sauna. Did Karen get off to school O.K.?"

"At pistol point. Are you going to talk to that girl, or am I?" (Continued on Page 76)

"I'm for modern education," he said, "but this is going too far!"

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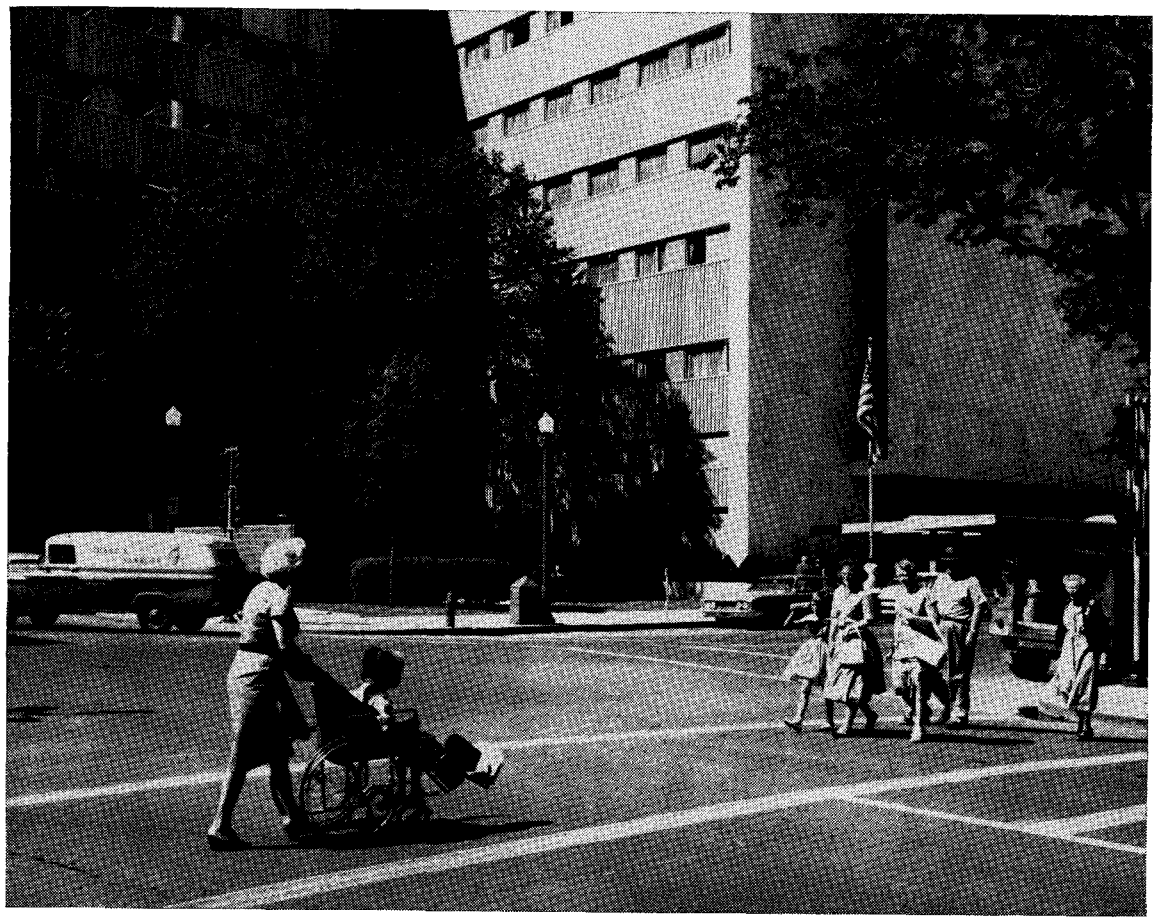


The clinic: About 2500 patients have appointments on an average day. Diagnosis indicates surgery for one in seven.

Patients have included many celebrities. The "It Girl," Clara Bow, was treated at the clinic in 1940.

THE MARVELOUS MAYOS By VICTOR COHN

Why Patients Seek Out the Clinic

More than 100,000 persons flock to Rochester, Minnesota, each year. A dedicated corps of specialists awaits each patient, regardless of his ability to pay.

CONCLUSION

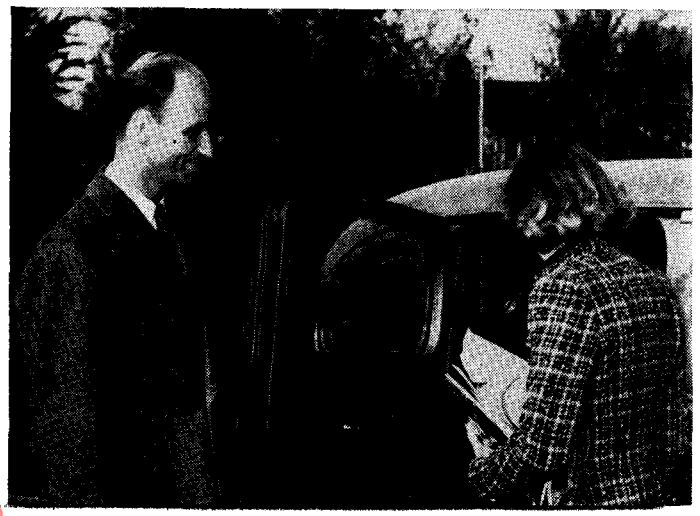
Rochester, Minnesota, is the world's largest city to be built up around the needs of medical patients and their families. The city's permanent population is 40,000. Its visitors number 350,000 a year, most of them drawn to Rochester by its world-famous Mayo Clinic.

One newly arrived woman, the story goes, told a taxi driver to take her to the clinic. "No," he said, "you're too sick," and he took her to a hospital—staffed, of course, by Mayo doctors. Every so often a patient keels over on a downtown sidewalk; someone always helps, and there is no fussing. Rochester hotel men are accustomed to dealing with worried families, even with elderly people who have never before traveled from home.

Sixty-five per cent of the patients come by automobile. Roads are good, and will be better; within a few years, a four-lane expressway will run much of the way between Rochester and Minneapolis-St. Paul, eighty-five miles away. Train service is only fair, but the town is served by four bus lines and three airlines with twenty-two flights a day. An air-ambulance service reaches all over the country. The Mayo Association, holder of clinic properties, put up the money for a modern airport in the '30's. Now a new $4,500,000 jet-age field is being completed, with $500,000 in Mayo help.

On the streets, license plates represent every state and occasionally foreign countries. The town has (Continued on Page 81)

Prince Faisal of Saudi Arabia also came to Rochester for treatment. He waited his turn like all the rest.



Right: James Roosevelt, leaving the clinic with his first wife Betsey after a 1938 operation. He later married his Rochester nurse.

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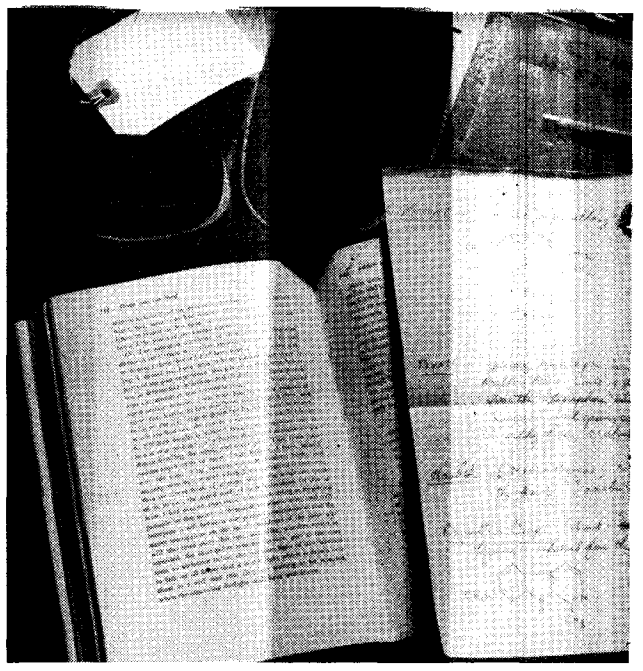
Drug addiction among teen-agers has become epidemic and is spreading into the "fortunate" suburbs. An anguished father tells of the most shocking experience of his life:



Drug-pusher Charles Messina, a student, studied narcotics in a book, hid drugs in drawing kit and shoes.

MY SON WAS

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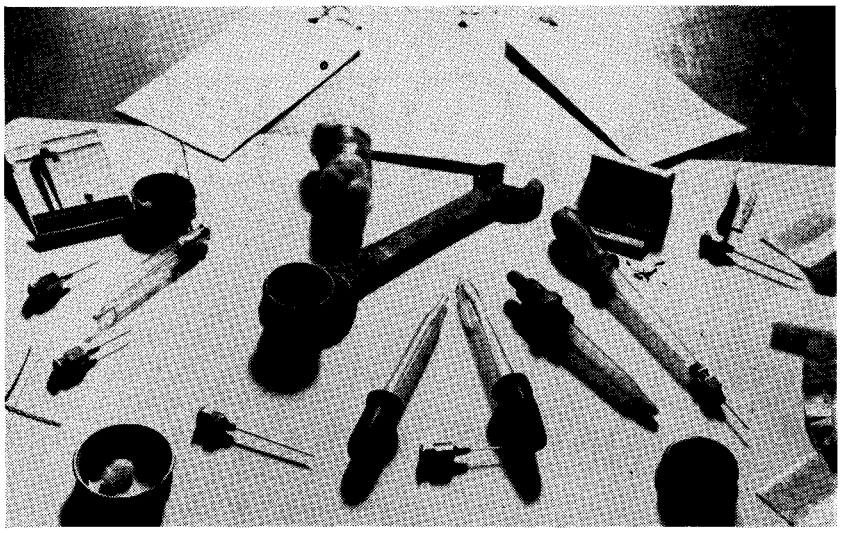
Westchester County officials Thomas Facelle Jr., Joseph Gagliardi and John Hoy broke up the local narcotics ring but gave young drug users another chance.



High-school addicts used improvised hypodermic syringes. The bottlecap mixing pots were held over the flame with the wrench.

CAUGHT USING NARCOTICS

ANONYMOUS, as told to Hartzell Spence

If anyone had told me a year ago that my eighteen-year-old son Howard used narcotics, I could not have believed it. Such a thing could not happen in my family or in my neighborhood. Today I know better. Unbelievable as it may be, I have seen my son victimized by heroin. He tried to quit high school. He lost an athletic scholarship to a fine college. He has difficulty putting his mind to anything. I lie sleepless at night wondering what will become of him. He says he is cured. I can only pray that this is true.

Mine is by no means an isolated case, or my son a lone wolf in his weakness. My boy is one of 151 youngsters between the ages of thirteen and nineteen who were discovered to be marijuana or heroin users during an investigation by county authorities. This revelation is the more appalling because Westchester County, New York, in which we live, is one of the wealthiest per capita neighborhoods in the world. It has more organized social activities, more public and private beaches, swimming pools, golf courses, parks and other recreational facilities to keep teen-agers out of mischief than almost any other community in America.

The drug problem is popularly thought to be primarily a scourge of the slum and the underprivileged. Here in Westchester it has attacked the overprivileged. It has invaded families which have given their children everything that money can buy, every opportunity that schools, churches, and social welfare can provide. Consequently, none of the parents involved, so far as I can determine, had even a glimmer of what was going on. Our kids taking dope? Don't be silly—it couldn't happen.

The first shock hit the county on March 18, 1960. Four persons, including a sixteen-year-old boy, were arrested and accused of selling heroin or marijuana to teen-agers. The then district attorney, Joseph F. Gagliardi, who is now a county judge, announced that "more than a hundred" youngsters had been victimized. There was much public indignation, and many editorials appeared in county newspapers on the theme, "It can't happen here—but it has." Few parents, however, seemed concerned that their own youngsters might be involved. I paid the sensation very little attention. I didn't even ask my three children if they were aware of the situation.

For a few days the newspapers were full of articles about the effects of dope and how to spot users. Many schools, parent-teacher organizations, guidance clinics and churches scheduled narcotics orientation meetings for interested parents, and they were well attended. Sheriff John E. Hoy addressed more than 10,000 high-school students at assemblies, warning them of the danger of narcotic addiction. None of this concerned me. After all, Westchester is a big county, with more than 140,000 youngsters in public high schools alone, not counting many parochial and private schools. There seemed to me to be more fuss than a few wayward kids and four pushers justified.

I had forgotten the incident completely when, nearly a month later, two detectives appeared at my door one Friday morning just as I set out for work. They said the district attorney wanted to see me at his office in White Plains the following Monday at nine A.M., and that I was to take my son Howard with me. At that time Howard was seventeen years old.

"Oh, come now," I said. "I'm a workingman. If Howard's been in some prank, let's settle it over the weekend." I assumed that at worst Howard had been drag racing in his car. Probably the matter wasn't even that serious; it was springtime, when teen-age boys feel their oats and get into all kinds of unpredictable scrapes. I thought of a few of my own escapades at that age and smiled.

But the police were not buying this attitude. "No," said the detective sergeant firmly, "you be there, and you take Howard."

Naturally, I asked the boy's mother whether she knew what the trouble might be. "Oh, it's probably some kid stuff," she replied, not at all alarmed. "The police have no sense of humor about adolescent behavior these days." This did not satisfy (Continued on Page 112)

Two Westchester County deputies show how they frisk teen-agers. During the three-month investigation they made six arrests at this location.

Photographs by Frank Ross

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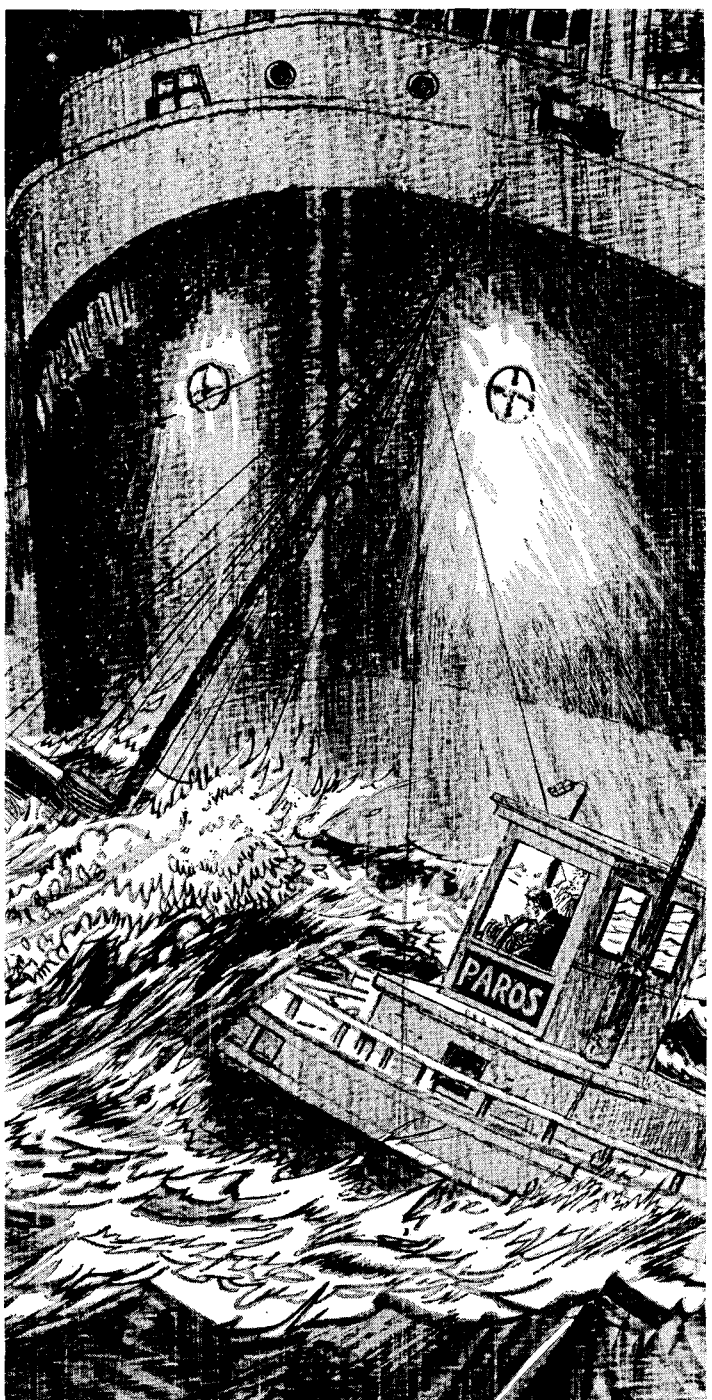
MORESBY'S GODDESS

BY ERIC HATCH

THEY FOUND AN ESCAPE ROUTE THAT LED STRAIGHT TO DISASTER.

Henry Parsons of the American Athenian Bank asked his friend Paul Moresby to find out why a movie extravaganza, financed by the bank, was costing a fortune. Moresby discovered the reasons: racketeer Sal Rocco was cutting himself in on the payroll, and thousands of disgruntled extras were causing costly production slowdowns.

After Rocco tricked producer Wally Waltham into going to Athens, the gangster's men kidnaped Moresby and the film's two stars, Niles Gregory and the beautiful French actress Marianne. In Athens, Rocco tried to extort $100,000 from Henry Parsons for the release of Gregory and Marianne. But Parsons refused to pay.



Looming mountainous above them, the steamer bore down on the tiny boat.

V

Wally Waltham sat alone in his Athens hotel room. As always in the evening lately, he had a bottle, ice and glasses at his side. In the modern air-conditioned anonymity of the hotel room he felt lost and alone. He was used to hotels, but always he had a suite and a stream of people coming to see him for jobs, or to sell him stories that he might make into movies or, if no one else, the small corps of yes men and maybe men who are part of the normal retinue of the successful Hollywood producer. If he happened to be alone for an hour between appointments, he always had scripts to read. Now he had nothing.

After dinner Martha Peak and Jerry Milzner had set out for the movies, and he had bought a paperback novel and gone upstairs. He hadn't been able to read the book. He had been reading movie scripts and outlines, all written in the present tense, for so many years that the description of action in the book, written in the past tense, made him feel as if he were reading history. He had flung the book into a corner and sent for the bourbon and ice.

He had been alone for over an hour, growing more miserable by the minute, wishing the whisky would take hold and drive away the hateful hurting thoughts that kept circling in his mind. He had had three drinks and he barely felt them. He was pouring a fourth when his door chime sounded. Hopefully he went to open it. Martha Peak was standing in the hall. He frowned.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Movie no good? Who made it?"

"I didn't even notice," said Martha. "I got to worrying about you, Wally. May I come in?"

"Yes. I was going screwy here all by myself."

She came into the room, tossed her bag onto one of the twin beds, walked over to the dresser and fluffed her well-groomed chestnut hair. She spoke to Wally over her shoulder.

"Worrying about the boss is something new for me. You can fix me a drink if you'd like. I could use one."

She crossed to the bed, opened her purse, took out lipstick and powder and went back to the mirror. Wally Waltham watched her, enjoying the clean lines of her figure in the dark blue suit and the intimacy of the picture she made there at the mirror, but enjoying it impersonally—like a scene in a movie—because of its artistic value. He poured a drink for her.

"Why should you all of a sudden worry about me, Martha?"

She waited until she had rebuilt her lips, then turned. Waltham was sitting at a table set in a bay window that overlooked the city. She sat down opposite him.

"In the bank this afternoon—with that awful Parsons, when Sal Rocco came in—all of a sudden I got the feeling, 'Wally's afraid of him! Wally's afraid he's going to tip Parsons off to something he doesn't want Parsons to know about.' Creepsville," said Martha, "that's where it made me feel I was. I wouldn't have believed you could ever be afraid of anybody, Wally. But you were, weren't you?"

In spite of the air conditioning, a dew of sweat had broken out on Waltham's upper lip and forehead. He ran his tongue in and out over his lips nervously, took a self-conscious swallow of his drink.

"I'd like to know, Wally," said Martha, "just in case I can help. I've always been for you, Wally. I guess you know that."

"Yes," said Waltham. There was a silence, broken only by the muted humming of the air conditioner in the window.

"Is that all, Wally? Just 'Yes'?"

"That's all," said Waltham.

Martha laughed, but not happily. "So you won't talk, eh?" she said out of the side of her mouth. "Then I'll talk a little more. I think you didn't want Parsons to find out too much about what was going on over there on location in Crete. That's just a hunch. I don't have any real reason for thinking so, but it ties in. Am I right?"

"I just didn't like Moresby being sent there. I don't like anybody snooping into my business," said Waltham. "Tax people or bank people or anybody."

She crossed her legs, stared down at one foot, turned and looked Waltham square in the eyes. "Come off it, Wally," she said. "You can't kid Peak. After all, she's worked just about in your pocket for five years. Come clean, boss. What didn't you want Parsons to find out?"

Waltham's mouth worked nervously. He took a big swallow of his drink.

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"All right," he said. "I didn't want him to find out that I told Rocco I wouldn't mind if Moresby was put on ice for a couple of weeks—until we finished shooting on Crete. I knew Sal had a brother, and between them they had some kind of a racket in this neck of the woods. Sal told me about him once. Said he had an import-export business, with him taking care of the American end. I figured they could export Moresby for a while."

Martha Peak swirled the ice in her glass. "I guess they import money," she said. "If the brother's like Sal, I don't even like to think of what they export." She nodded and went on. "And Rocco, in the best Ratsville tradition, lured you over here, double-crossed you and exported Marianne and Niles too. Is that it?"

Waltham shrugged. "How would I know? Maybe his brother thought that up."

"But little Sal's trying to get a hundred thousand dollars on the deal. Can he prove you asked about Moresby?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Just that if he can—and if anything happens to Paul Moresby—do you realize the position it would put you in?"

Waltham was not a stupid man. He was only, like most men, stupid every now and then. When Martha Peak's words sank home he turned as white as a bleached sheet, and his hands began to tremble. Martha Peak got up, turned her back and pretended to look out at the city. She knew that every so often idols turn up with clay feet. She didn't want to see her own private idol's feet turning to clay in front of her eyes. She waited until he had had time to pull himself together. Then she spoke very softly.

"Boss, I think you'd better tell Peak just what it is Rocco's got on you."

"He hasn't ——"

She interrupted him. "Look, Wally, you're a smart man. For years you've been making money even faster than the Government could take it away from you. No guy that smart would let Rocco get away with the graft he's been getting away with ever since we came to Crete—unless he couldn't help himself."

She turned and looked down. Wally Waltham was sitting with his elbows on the table, his chin in his hands as though he were too tired to hold up his head. His eyes looked dull, beaten. His big Irish face looked as sad as a clown's face.

"Martha," his voice was heavy and thick, "a long time ago there was a girl—an extra—working in a picture. She—she had a child, a boy. I've taken care of them. I've done everything I could. I'd have sworn nobody knew anything about it. Then one day six months ago, when we were laying out this picture, Rocco came to me and asked me to shoot it in Crete and to let him handle all the native-labor contracts. I told him he was nuts. Then it came out. Somehow or other he'd found out about the boy. I let him have the contract, Martha. It's been sheer hell. But if that story ever got out in Hollywood—if my wife ——"

Martha Peak had gone to the bed and taken a tiny handkerchief from her purse. She was audibly sniffing into it and dabbing at her eyes.

"A man's a fool to think he can get away with something," said Waltham, "when he knows that God's got His eye on him every minute! That girl—that was a little thing, I suppose. It seemed like a little thing at the time—the kind of thing that happens, that's all. But it was wrong. Now it's led to Rocco's being in a position to blackmail me for the rest of my life!" He turned and saw for the first time that she was crying. "Why—why, Martha, why are you crying?"

She crossed to him and put her arms around him in a gesture of motherly comfort. "Because, you dear, beloved dope, the whole damn business and what you've gone through never needed to happen."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean almost everybody in Hollywood has known the details of that story for years. The only reason you didn't know they knew it is that you're one of the few guys out there who's been so decent nobody wants to hurt you by bringing it up. Nobody, that is, except that rat Rocco!"

Wally Waltham took a long deep breath. It was as though it had been months since he had dared to breathe and could not get enough fresh air into (Continued on Page 88)

"Niles, come here!" Moresby exclaimed. "I think I've found it!"

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Ohio State's Icy All-American

By MYRON COPE

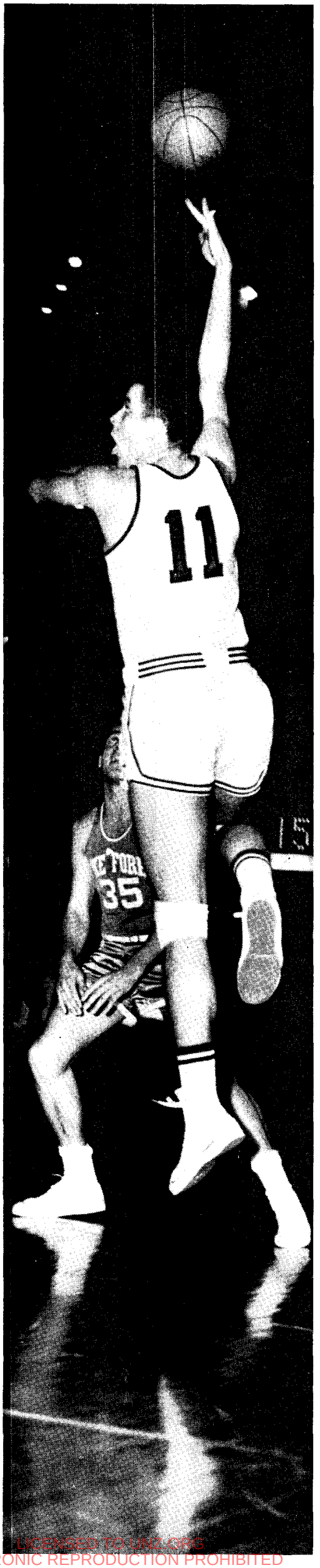
Jerry Lucas of the Buckeyes plays basketball with the precision of a machine. But beneath the frigid facade, says his coach, he churns with anxiety.

Jerry Ray Lucas, an Ohio State junior who has become the most formidable talent in college basketball, is a 230-pound, brown-eyed giant with soft features, a black-fuzz coiffure and heavy eyebrows. He has the slope-shouldered posture that uncommonly tall athletes acquire from standing in ill-designed shower cubicles, eating airplane meals off their laps and listening politely to the opinionated questions of sawed-off sportswriters. All in all, his appearance smacks of a kindly Saint Bernard. Yet fans who have watched him are more likely to think of him as an emotionless robot.

One night three seasons ago Jerry demonstrated almost inhuman impassiveness when, in the last game of his high-school basketball career in Middletown, Ohio, his team went down to a heartsickening setback. He had led Middletown to seventy-six consecutive victories. He had never known defeat. Yet when his team finally lost—by a single point—he merely strolled off the floor without as much as shaking his head.

"Once it's done," he said later, "it's done."

Such stoicism is the anchor that has kept Jerry Lucas on an even keel. This isn't easy for a boy who grows up as the most sought-after basketball prospect in the country. Since the age of fifteen Jerry has been idolized by small children and fawned upon by his elders. He had to disguise himself as an adult long before he became one. As a result, he appeared to be taking his basketball success very calmly. Actually he had a fear of failure so deep-seated that it literally came to plague his dreams.



Jerry with Treva Geib, who became Mrs. Lucas last September. With two seasons still left to play, he is the hottest box-office draw in college basketball.

There was only the briefest hint of this when Lucas started out in college competition last season as a sophomore at Ohio State. His presence was expected to transform the Buckeyes from also-rans into a powerhouse—and in the end that was exactly how it worked out. Ohio State not only won the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship tournament but led the nation in scoring with an attack that averaged 90.4 points per game.

Big Jerry, whom coach Fred Taylor often addresses as "Horse," scored at the rate of 26.3 points per game. There were six other major-college players who tallied even more, but Lucas often made Taylor bite his lip by passing off to a teammate when he himself had a good shot. This was a highly questionable procedure, because no player in the country came close to matching Jerry's marksmanship. His shooting percentage was .637, sixty-one points higher than that of his closest rival, Paul Hogue of Cincinnati. All-American honors came to Lucas as a matter of course and were accepted with a platform ease that belied his nineteen years.

Away from basketball, Lucas similarly gives the impression that he has 40-weight oil running through his veins. During his first week of college he reported to a class in American history conducted by assistant professor Edwin T. Layton. Jerry seated himself in the last row. Professor Layton looked directly at him and declared, "Any athlete who comes into my class and sits in the back row and expects to do nothing is in for a severe shock."

Jerry looked the professor in the eye, but with no sign of embarrassment or anger. He did not change his seat. When Professor Layton returned the class's first test papers, he exclaimed, "Well, surprise, surprise! Look who got the highest grade!"

(Continued on Page 84)

Jerry scoring his first varsity goal in the 1959 opener against Wake Forest. Of his debut he says, "I was convinced I was the greatest disappointment in college basketball."

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By RONALD SERCOMBE

MYSTERY MALADY

How does a doctor treat an illness that isn't in any of the books?

The air-conditioning system in Jacksonville Medical Hospital was functioning inadequately, and as he leaned over the operating table, large beads of perspiration formed on the forehead of Dr. Dennis Sullivan, chief resident in surgery. A nurse in a green gown moved in swiftly and dabbed his brow with a sterile towel.

The patient lay on crisp green linen. The brilliant lights created a weird contrast because the baby was blue. For a moment the doctor's somber blue eyes bored into those of the anesthetist, an exchange student from Korea named Kook Hwai Lee. Doctor Lee nodded, glanced quickly at the dials on the oxygen tank.

Doctor Sullivan turned to Bette, his wife, night supervisor of nurses; and, as always in emergencies, she was ready. She handed him a long, thin knife and spoke encouragement with her eyes.

The doctor worked rapidly, his large hands moving with the rhythmic skill of a harpist. He removed rib ends from the front of the chest wall, exposing the tiny heart. So complete was his concentration he barely seemed to breathe. He transposed and reimplanted several blood vessels. The hands of Doctor Whittaker, his assistant, were busy too, keeping the infant alive by removing blood from the pericardium.

"Sutures," Doctor Sullivan said hoarsely. "Subclavian artery to pulmonary artery."

Doctor Whittaker grunted and nodded as Doctor Sullivan massaged the heart. Doctor Whittaker worked skillfully with needle and strands of silk. Then they all saw the miracle—a paling of the dark blue of cyanosis.

The baby's skin changed from blue to pink, then red. Her veins lost their distended appearance. The dreadful rasping in the throat ceased. The tension in the operating room lifted like ground fog drawn by hot sunshine. Deftly Doctor Sullivan closed the chest. He glanced at the clock. It was five minutes before midnight.

"Thank you, Al," he said softly to Doctor Whittaker, and his mask edged up a little as he smiled. To Doctor Lee he added, "Very nice work, doctor." Doctor Lee beamed above his mask.

Ten minutes later, thoroughly scrubbed and wearing a fresh smock, Doctor Sullivan stepped out to the corridor. He took a deep breath. The air, as usual, reeked of iodoform, alcohol, ether and tile wax, but it was fresher than that of the operating room. Bette was waiting. She lighted a cigarette for him.

Bette spoke huskily. "Your first blue baby. You were splendid, Dennis." Her eyes, the color of the Gulf Stream on a golden day, were glowing. As he removed the cigarette from his lips, she observed that his hand was shaking.

"Catch some sack time," Bette urged. "You need it desperately. Mr. Abbott is waiting in Reception. I'll handle him."

(Continued on Page 54)

"My daughter, Joan. She — she just collapsed," Williamson said.

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WALT DISNEY Shoots the Works

It took $5,000,000, an "impossible" shipwreck and much ingenuity to film the classic story of *The Swiss Family Robinson* after the Disney cameras journeyed to Tobago.

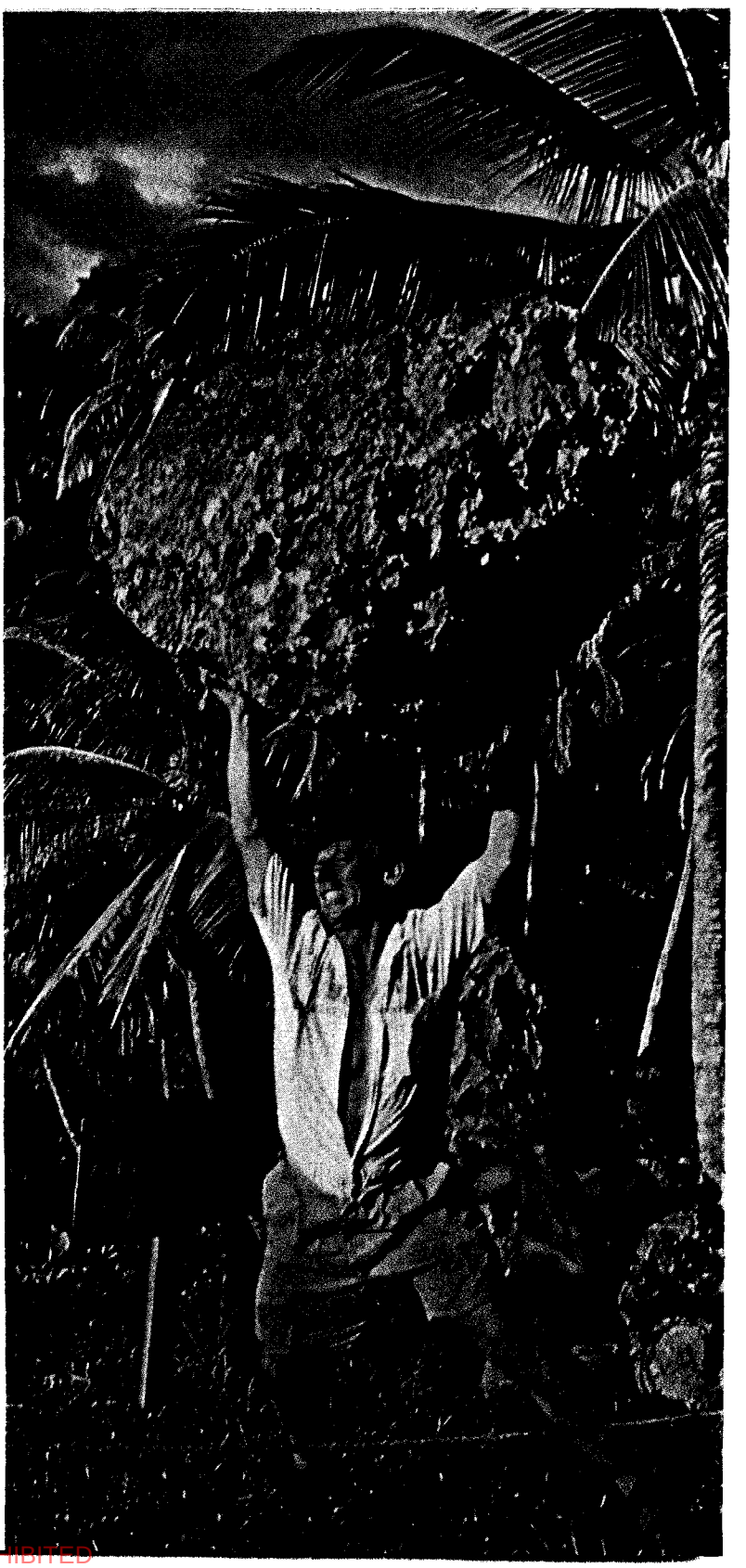
By PETE MARTIN

In the now somewhat remote days when I was a jug-eared moppet in Charlottesville, Virginia, one of the most popular books in the Methodist Sunday School lending library was *The Swiss Family Robinson*. The fact that the story was rather baldly stolen from that earlier classic, *Robinson Crusoe*, didn't bother us kids in the slightest. It was a story of high and improbable adventure, and we ate it up.

Nowadays, I am sure, *The Swiss Family Robinson* is less widely read than it was forty or fifty years ago. Yet that dreary fact did not deter Walt Disney, who has just spent $5,000,000 to re-create the story in a full-color film which will be released later this month. The entire picture was made on Tobago, the last island of the Lesser Antilles before the curving scimitar of that archipelago reaches out to Trinidad and South America. And because I had heard of some fearful and wondrous goings-

The make-believe family in front of their tree house. From left are Janet Munro, Dorothy McGuire, Kevin Corcoran and Tommy Kirk; (second row) John Mills and Jimmy MacArthur.

In one battle scene the actors used styrofoam rocks. Here strong-man William Meaney fakes a mighty effort as he lifts a nearly weightless "boulder."



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on down there, I journeyed to Tobago while the picture was in the making—to see for myself.

But for the benefit of those unfortunates who have never read *The Swiss Family Robinson*, perhaps I should start out by giving you Walt Disney's version of the story line. It is about a family which sought refuge from European religious oppression by fleeing on a ship to the Colony of New Guinea. To escape a pirate attack, the ship took its chances with a storm and ended up on a reef. Abandoned by the crew, the family—consisting of mother, father and three sons—salvaged what it could from the wreck and landed on a nearby deserted island.

From there on adventures multiply. The castaways build a tree house and a rock fortress to protect themselves against the pirates, who still lurk nearby. They encounter many wild animals and make friends with some of them. The two older sons rescue a pretty, teen-age girl, Roberta—who, of course, is the granddaughter of a rich merchant—from the ever-present pirates, and romance thereby enters the plot.

In the end the pirates attack again in force, and at the last, almost unbearable, moment the family is saved by the timely intervention of Roberta's rich grandfather, who arrives aboard his armed merchantman. Son Fritz gets the lovely Roberta. Ernst returns to Switzerland to be educated, but the others decide to stay on the island and live happily ever after. As you can see, it is a story which keeps you on the edge of your chair.

In Disney's film, father is played by the British actor John Mills; mother by Hollywood's Dorothy McGuire. The parts of the three sons—Fritz, Ernst and Francis—are taken by James MacArthur, Tommy Kirk and Kevin (Moochie) (Continued on Page 106)

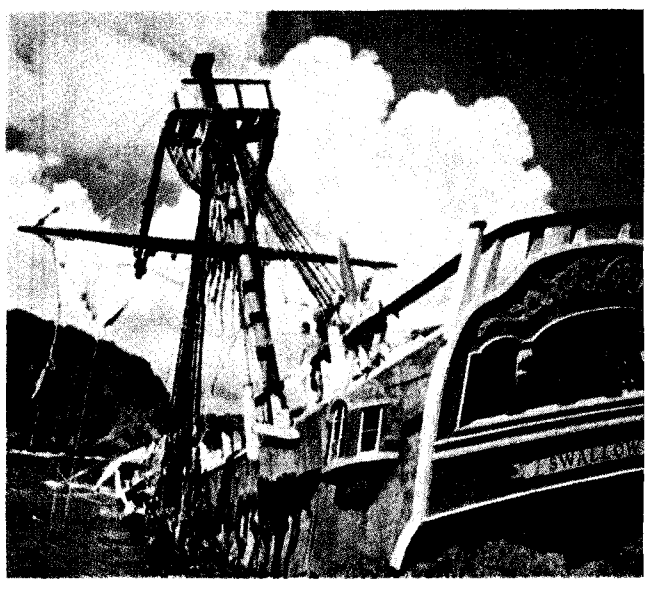
Photographs by Frank Ross

The blazing tropical sun was another problem. Here a native worker holds a protecting umbrella over Director Ken Annakin and Dorothy McGuire.

Turbulent seas brought danger and expensive delays to the crew. At one point, a raftload of actors was swept overboard. The staff men above finally had to give up this attempt to launch an outrigger canoe.

A make-up girl prepares Sessue Hayakawa for a fight scene. The Japanese actor plays the chief of the pirates who threaten the castaway family.

An ad asking for "the ugliest men on the island" brought an abundance of natives from Trinidad and Tobago to the filmmakers' camp. Above are some of the 100 extras hired to act as pirates in the movie.



One of the most hazardous jobs was anchoring this mock shipwreck twenty feet below the rough water.

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Post Scripts

Letters You'd Better Write Right Now

Ivy Hall
Dec 3

Stu boy!

What a drag this semester's been but was I bugged when I opened my beady little eyes yesterday to the fact that your birthday has "came and went"! The crumb of the world, that's me! However a small "token of my esteem" is on the way— a real dirty rhythm disk with Bobo Brown's combo— I mean it's utter wow— and I may give you a chance to thank me in person when I see you over the holidays!!....

BETTER-BILT BIRDHOUSE CO.
BETTER BUY BETTER-BILT!
42 Fourth Street
Portland 1, Oregon

Office of the President

Dec. 3

Dear Son:

Excuse bum typing as Miss Harris doesn't come in on Saturdays now & I thought I had betterget this check off for tuition & transp. home, please take the bus. Glad to hear you licked State again, they had it coming. Your Mother & I will be glad to see you for the holidays. Better go easy on Xmas presents this year son as this check will have to ~~pppp/pp~~ do and your Mother just got herself a new outfit, suit, hat etc. and I don't know what all, and I personally don't need a thing.....

490 Lomo Verde
Palo Alto, Calif

[illegible] Dept.
[illegible]

Dear [illegible],

Last year you printed some holiday buffet [illegible] which I hoped you would print again a little later than. You had a chicken dish which [illegible] for $3.90 (it contained either noodles or [illegible]) and there was a pecan cake which [illegible] in it. I am enclosing a stamped [illegible] and will you please....

Dec. 3

House o' Fun Shappy Novelties Co.
2918 O St. N.W.
Box 4018 Wash. D.C.

Dear Sirs,

Please send 1 Skull and Crossbones ring with Flashing Jessal Eyes 49¢ gift wrapped and 1 Hot Shot Electric Shocker 1.49 gift-wrapped and 1 Mystic Vanishing Cabinet for Cutting Lady in Half 2.79 not gift-wrapped and 1 Humorous Joke Set with Realistic Plastic Boils, Slobber Glass and Sneeze Powder 99¢ gift-wrapped. I am enclosing a ~~Bank~~ Postle Money order for $6.75 which includes 25¢ mailing charge and 15¢ for gift wrapping. Plese send them to

Bobby Barnes
Box 247
Carmel Valley, Cal.

and hurry, as there is not much time before.....

O. M. PEAVEY
GENERAL MGR.

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December 3, 1960

Jones & Johnson, Business Gifts Inc.
430 Wacker Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Att: Tom Hallman, Midwest Rept.

Dear Tom:

In re Airjet's company gifts this year, believe we'd better huddle and change signals. Sometimes a rocket fizzles, that's all, and there's a rumble that ours did last year, as most of the boys already had desk clocks and the girls were all dieting, so scratch the candy. My thinking is - and I'll just toss this into the pond and see if it swims - maybe grog for the men, like some American-made vodka, and a houseplant for the girls, say a nice poinsettia. Will you take this under advisement, Tom, and advise on prices, handling, etc., and soon, as there isn't much time left before.....

C H R I S T M A S B A Z A A R C O M M I T T E E

Last Call to All Members of the Women's Auxiliary!

Don't forget your handicraft contributions to make this the biggest Bazaar ever!! We do not repeat do not need any more potholders, bookmarks or handknit bootees but can use a few more art wastebaskets, art tissue boxes, men's argyles, and padded coat-hangers. Please bring all mdse. to the gym (side door) by December 10 so it can be tagged.

REMINDER: Bring all home-baked goods BEFORE 10 A.M. Dec. 17. Are running heavy on fruitcakes, chocolate chip cookies and divinity so please think of something else if you can. Remeber, all food to be cellophane-or-foil wrapped and .....

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Once a day... every day...enjoy good hot *Campbell's Soup*

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The Soldier

For the second time Farralon had a hand in saving the general's skin.

By RICHARD POWELL

Maj. Gen. Harley McGuire assigned Lt. Col. William Farralon to supervise evacuation of besieged American troops on Moon Island. But when Farralon arrived, he found the commanding officer dead and evacuation impossible because of Japanese shelling.

Farralon took command and decided to gamble on attack. After capturing the Jap artillery by stratagem, Farralon's men gained control of most of the island.

During mopping-up operations a PBY landed in the lagoon. A thin figure in faded sun-tans jumped out and waded ashore, holding a carbine high above the water. It was General McGuire.

VI

"Sorry I didn't know you were coming, sir," Farralon said, "or I'd have had a boat ready to pick you up from the plane."

McGuire stared into space and said, "Who'd've thought it? He can talk. That's more words than he's sent me since he landed on this island."

"Didn't you get all my messages, sir?"

McGuire spat. "Messages!" he said. "Message Number One. The hell with your plans for evacuation, general. I'm gonna do something else—like maybe attack, and you can guess how and why and with what. Message Number Two, I just took the island for you, you dope. Oh, I forgot one. Kindly promote some damned sergeant to a damned lieutenant. I'm sitting there bleeding for news, and you promote some bastard!"

The Old Man was in a touchy mood. Farralon had planned to watch for the right moment to probe gently into McGuire's reaction to his message of last night, but there wasn't likely to be a right moment. So he would pick this wrong one. "By the way, sir," he said, "I made a few little suggestions last night, merely as public-relations officer, as to ——"

McGuire jerked off his campaign hat and almost slammed it down on the beach. He caught himself, and instead began using it to slap water from his trousers. "Public-relations officer!" he cried. "I'm not that old and stupid, Farralon. You were telling me how the hell to run my command."

Farralon set his jaw. "Nobody else would have told you," he said.

McGuire twisted his campaign hat into a pretzel shape. He was either wringing out water or rehearsing to wring somebody's neck. "All right," he said finally. "At least now you're on the level about that. Now take me over this damned island and show me what happened. Wait a minute. I got a Signal Corps photographer on the plane. Let me get him here." He called back to the plane, and a soldier decked like a Christmas tree with cameras and light meter jumped out and splashed ashore. McGuire turned back to Farralon and said, "Let's go, let's go."

"All right, sir. I'll round up some men to go with us."

"Nuts to that. Let's go."

Farralon took a deep breath. They might as well settle one thing right now. "I'm sorry, general," he said. "I can't take you on a tour without proper security measures."

McGuire shoved his face close and said, "You know who you're talking to?"

"Yes, general."

"You went on patrol alone with me at Port Solo. Lost your nerve since then?"

"Sir, on that Port Solo patrol I wasn't commanding anything and wasn't responsible for your safety. I'm island commander here, unless and until you relieve me. Are you relieving me?"

"Oh, hell," McGuire said in disgust. "You know better than that. I'd look like an idiot and a heel if I bounced you."

"May I round up a few men, general?"

"Go ahead, damn it, go ahead."

Farralon nodded. They had settled who was island commander. He led the way to the C.P., picking up eight sailors along the route, and called to Kowalski to join them. He showed McGuire the airstrip. He pointed out several of the machine-gun nests that the former Jap battery had wiped out. He took McGuire to the area where the Japs had been assembling to repel the expected landing. There were lots of Japs, and nobody had had time to bury them. McGuire took in everything, thin brown face swinging this way and that, like a hawk hunting for prey. Next Farralon took the group up the hill and pointed out the O.P. and led them into the hollow where the four cannoneers and a detail of riflemen were camped. McGuire talked to several of the men.

They started down the reverse slope of the hill and approached the beginning of the scrub growth. Suddenly Kowalski swung his B.A.R., pivoting it at his hip, and fired three bursts into a clump of bushes fifty yards away.

"Oh, cut the drama," McGuire growled.

(Continued on Page 94)

Suddenly Kowalski swung his B.A.R. and fired three bursts into a clump of bushes fifty yards away.

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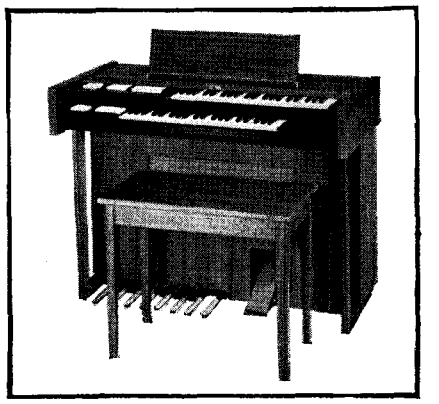

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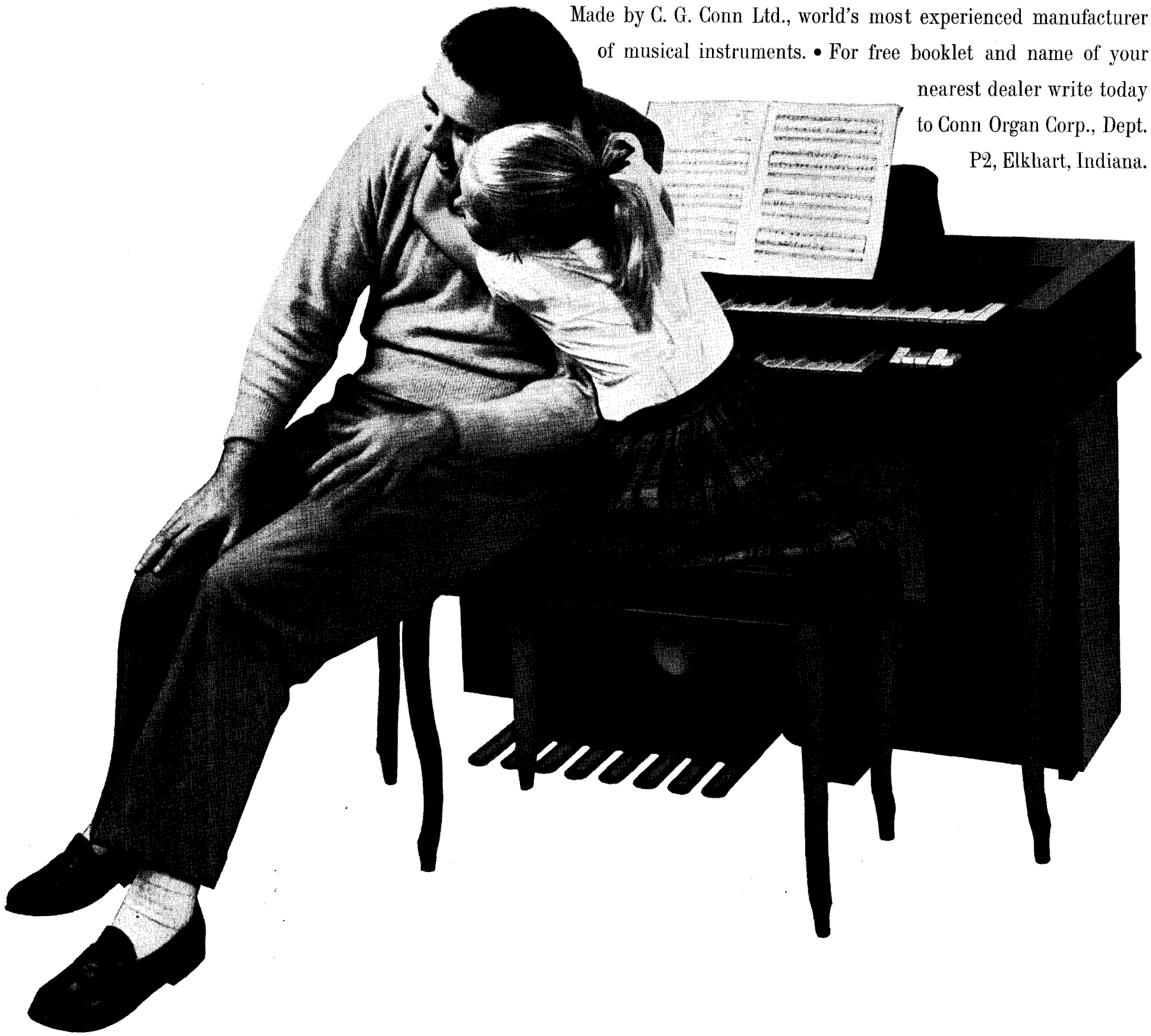
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From Maine to California, the happiest season of the year is ushered in with the selection of the family Christmas tree . . . joining in the holiday fun are Pontiac's stunning new Safari Wagon and Tempest 4-Door Sedan.

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GM adds an extra measure of pleasure to motoring—and you'll ıd many reasons why. One is the handsome coachwork by isher Body. You'll like the looks, the lines, and the colors. You'll ɔpreciate the wonderfully wide interiors that offer leg room, ıoulder room, and wiggly-kid-room. On the road you will be ıpressed with the traditional General Motors reliability, which means confident and comfortable traveling. And you'll mentally tip your hat to GM engineers when you thrill to the performance of these '61's—GM's finest by far.

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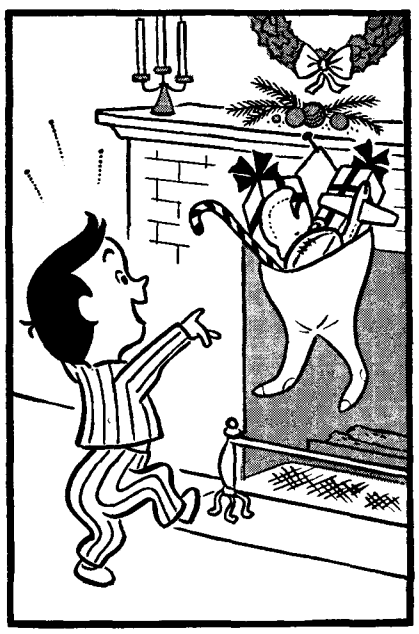

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The Challenge of Being Free

(Continued from Page 29)

The dilemma is perpetual in history; it is new neither in form nor in substance. When the Declaration and the Constitution were being framed, Europe had rulers known as "enlightened" or "benevolent" despots. A good example was Prince Karl Frederick von Baden. He had many virtues—he developed agriculture and commerce, he sought to improve education, he reformed the administration of justice. Clearly he was enlightened. He was also benevolent; he held it to be the duty of his government "to teach his subjects even against their will how to order their domestic affairs" and "to make them, whether they liked it or not, into free, opulent and law-abiding citizens."

At that time, the dominant economic theory was mercantilism. Characteristic of that system were economic planning and social engineering in extreme forms. The government was to tell citizens what to do: "It is in its hands to guide them away from error into the right path and to teach them, even against their own wills, how they are to institute their households." The all-powerful, paternalistic state was familiar to the founders of this nation. With determined purpose they turned away from that ideal to establish a new order. Much later Dostoevski summed up the matter in a few words; he held even "tragic freedom" preferable to "compulsory happiness."

History is replete with manifestations of the acuity of that remark. When the issue is posed in sharp relief, the choice may be hard, but it is clear. From the standpoint of physical comfort and well-being, many slaves were better off before they were freed and had to fend for themselves. Yet none is so ethically blind as to use this as a defense of slavery today. The black men of Africa cannot manage their economies, their public-health measures or many other things so well as the Europeans did for them; but that they prefer tragic freedom to paternalism no one can doubt.

Usually the issue is less dramatically posed. We have been living in an era of moral fatigue. The characteristic historical tone of American life has been optimistic. Disillusionment when two world wars brought no peace, when, instead, allies turned (in both instances) into enemies, the reaction that always follows war's sacrifice, and the shock of the great depression—all these combined to daunt our faith and supplant ebullience with pessimism.

In the mood stimulated by these shattering events, human misery came to seem more terrible than human freedom seemed beautiful. The individual was lowered in the scale of values, and society exalted. For a brief time technocracy—the ultimate in materialistic determinism—had a great vogue and was offered as a "modern" substitute for liberty under democracy.

More generally, men were referred to as "social units." A report to the President of the United States said that "the development of social technology" was "imperative." There were demands in influential places for "social engineering." Those are mechanistic concepts; they deal with individuals not as unique beings of diverse gifts and infinite worth, but as structural units to be built into a planned society.

Fortunately we hear less of this subversive doctrine today, but other causes of tension have arisen to take its place. One is concern over competition with the manipulated economy of the Soviets, which has led to much talk of the "more efficient use" of "manpower" under the aegis of the government. Often this concept is pressed so far as to constitute an assault upon appreciation of the individual as free and self-directed. When the "manpower program" proceeds beyond information and counsel toward direction by authority, the basic doctrine of our nation is countered.

During the mood of doubt regarding our system—which often went so far as to assert that we had no ideology—trespass upon individual rights could make subtle progress, and the inversion of values could proceed in small but successive and cumulative steps. Security could be exalted above freedom, and intellect become suspect; checks upon thoughts and words instead of deeds were made to seem reasonable and necessary. Item by item, government was called upon to make choices that had belonged to individuals. Some reforms were essential; some went too far.

It must be emphasized that the rapidly growing Federal Government was by no means the only organization that tended toward submerging the individual. This is made abundantly clear by the fact that a large share of recent Supreme Court cases involving the Bill of Rights arose from actions of the states, cities and lesser governmental units, such as school boards.

Moreover, the tendency to overwhelm the individual appears also in private organizations, which, like government, have grown greatly in size and influence. A business corporation may be so bureaucratized that only an "organization man" can survive. Corporate policy may oppose taking "controversial" positions on public questions or actively participating in a political party, particularly one not favored by the management. In dozens of intangible ways such policy may restrict freedom. All sorts of devices, even including "benefits," may reduce the mobility of the individual and virtually tie him to his place of occupation. The tendency of every organization to eat up its members is perennial and must be fought every step of the way.

Unions were organized to protect the individual because he was in an adverse bargaining position facing the power of a corporation. But a union may go far beyond its essential service. By making membership compulsory and collecting dues by checkoff, sharp limitations are laid upon voluntarism. Sometimes insistence upon uniform wages, seniority rights, work quotas, featherbedding "rules" and many other devices accentuate the losses in individuality arising from machine production instead of offsetting them. The union may curb merit increases and promotions; it may impair incentives. When the leader establishes an effective dictatorship, it is an assault upon freedom. Then the individual is a tool, not a master, as in the democratic process he has a right—and an obligation—to be. When his vote is sought to be delivered as a bloc, it is an attempt at invasion of his basic civil rights.

A school can be an enemy of freedom if its discipline is too harsh, if its curriculum is too narrow or is dominated by some dogma. If it seeks to indoctrinate instead of stimulating originality of thought, it is at war with its own reason for existence. A church which curbs political action, which interferes with matters beyond faith and morals likewise becomes a barrier to liberty.

When any of these things happen, the state, itself curbed by the Bill of Rights, must curb the new threat. Paternalism upon the part of the state is vicious. It is no less intolerable on the part of a private organization. There is no doubt that in the 1960's the individual needs to be shielded from the tyranny of organizations. Any institution—political, social or economic—that tends to stifle individual initiative or prevent individual innovation is a force for making the United States second rate and regressive.

The Bill of Rights was not designed for corporations. Free enterprise is only one fruit of liberty, not its root; property and business exist for the benefit of individuals and have no inherent rights. Protecting individuals from the state did not destroy the state; it merely forced government to live with the democratic process. Protection from private threats to individuality will not destroy corporations or unions or schools, though they would have to conform to democratic requirements. Change is the order of life. As private institutions grow with change, they can meet changed circumstances.

The basic natural resource of the United States is its people. It follows inescapably that the first national goal to be pursued—at all levels, Federal, state, local and private—should be the development of each individual to his fullest potential.

The "Negro problem" is the most conspicuous (*Continued on Page 49*)

"You're not wearing your skates!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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This Christmas give cartons of Luckies

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The World's Finest Shaving Instrument

New 'floating-head' shaver outdates all other ways to shave!

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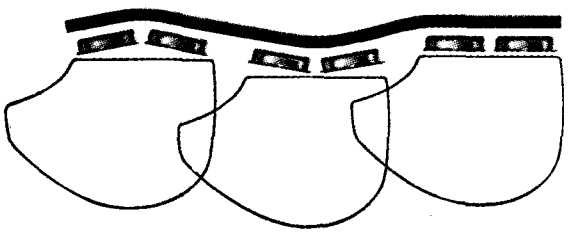

Adjusts itself while you shave... hugs every curve of your face... gives faster shaves than ever before... closer shaves than ever before!

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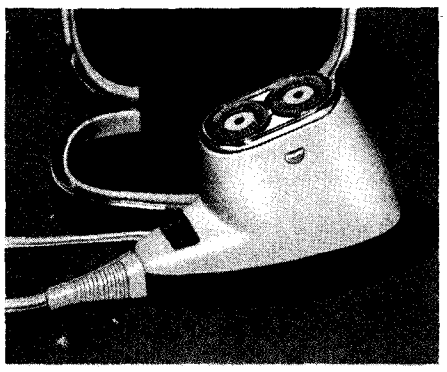
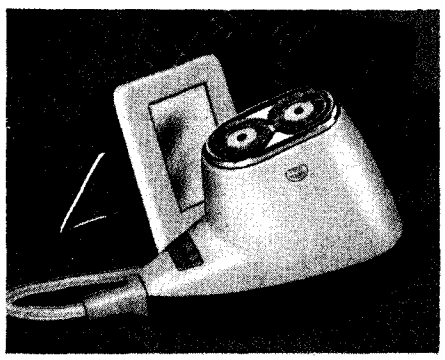


Norelco Speedshaver.® World's largest selling electric shaver. Exclusive flip-top cleaning. AC/DC (MODEL SC 912) $24.95 with deluxe travel case.



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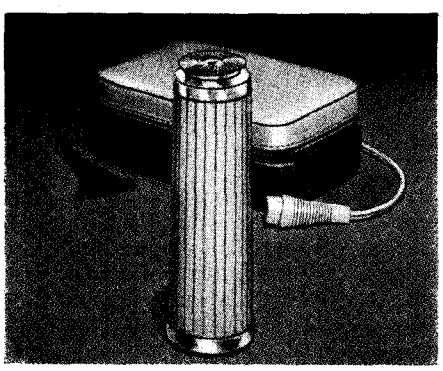

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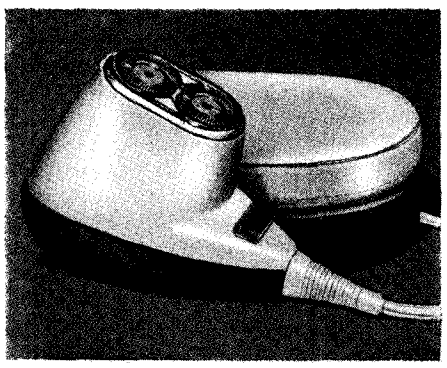


Lady Norelco. The ultimate gift for particular women. Twin-head model. Can't nick or cut. In misty rose and gray. AC/DC $24.95 with travel case.

These are the fabulous shavers you have seen demonstrated on TV!

(*Continued from Page 46*) area for dramatic new advance. It is man made and can be man ended. Problems in race relations are not unique to the contacts of Negroes and whites. From time immemorial "stranger" was equivalent to "enemy." Tensions have always been more difficult to eliminate when physical differences accentuated the distinction. It is one of the triumphs of civilization when that ancient prejudice is erased. That it is possible to overcome prejudice is plain upon the record. Different races live together in amity and effective co-operation in many parts of the world. Hawaii offers a conspicuous American example—peoples of many tinctures of skin, backgrounds of history and varieties of culture dwell together in peace.

The first unalienable right, without which the other two have no meaning, is the right to life. A truncated life will not do; men are entitled to life in all its fullness—length, breadth, depth. Yet, for a Negro, life expectancy at birth is 7.6 years less than for a white man. At age twenty the life expectancy of a Negro is still 5.9 years less than for a white. Clearly the difference does not arise wholly from higher infant mortality. This startling discrepancy between Negroes and whites is largely caused by inferior education, poorer living conditions, inadequate dental, medical and surgical attention. Those deficiencies are the direct consequence of curtailment of unalienable rights. Negroes who have had equal advantages in housing, education and medical care have the same expectation of life as whites. That fact shows how needless is anything less.

A tremendous economic loss is involved. The working years of a colored person are roughly 12 to 15 per cent less than they should be. In terms of the production of goods and services—the growth of the economy—that is a waste we cannot afford. The loss runs far beyond what those raw figures indicate.

Failure to give the Negro equal education condemns men to remain common laborers though they have a much higher potential. The Department of Labor lists more than 5000 professional and skilled occupations. Most are effectively closed to Negroes. There is a glib explanation—"They do not meet the standards." So far as it goes, that is unquestionably true. But the deeper truth, the overriding truth is that they have been deprived of proper preparation to meet the standards. Talent is distributed across the human race without respect to national boundaries, race, sex or any other classification. No competent study ever found one race inferior in social, political, economic or cultural potential.

The loss in human satisfactions runs far deeper than the economic; it is beyond calculation. When people are denied fulfillment, it is trespass upon the unalienable right to pursue happiness, to find for oneself the deeper satisfactions of self-realization.

Moreover, the political consequences are desperately bad. Needless barriers inevitably create and constantly multiply bitterness against a system which not only tolerates but ensures frustration. Whatever is done, at any level—public or private—to continue to foment resentment lays the ax at the root of the system of government to which we are committed.

Democracy, to be viable, requires a large measure of consensus. To continue deliberately to impair that consensus among citizens is folly. The danger is increased manyfold when some have defied prejudice, broken through barriers and secured higher education, gaining capacity for articulate leadership. They give voice to what have been mute discontents. They give direction to programs to attain the equality supposedly guaranteed by their citizenship. We have reason to be thankful that, thus far, action is nonviolent, that the new leaders counsel peaceful measures.

When it is urged that Negroes are not "socially acceptable," the statement misses the point. People are not born with social grace. It comes from education, training, environment—the whole atmosphere surrounding youth. The product is the result of the process. It is not reasonable to deny a proper environment and then complain of the consequences.

The first and dominant goal with regard to the "Negro problem" is to treat men and women as individuals and pay no attention to their pigmentation. The time has come—almost too late—for a massive and sustained effort to meet this issue at every level—Federal, state, local, economic, social, personal. Like every other citizen, the Negro must be not only allowed but helped to fulfill his potential.

This goal is necessary not only in justice to the Negro but for the sake of the moral integrity of us all.

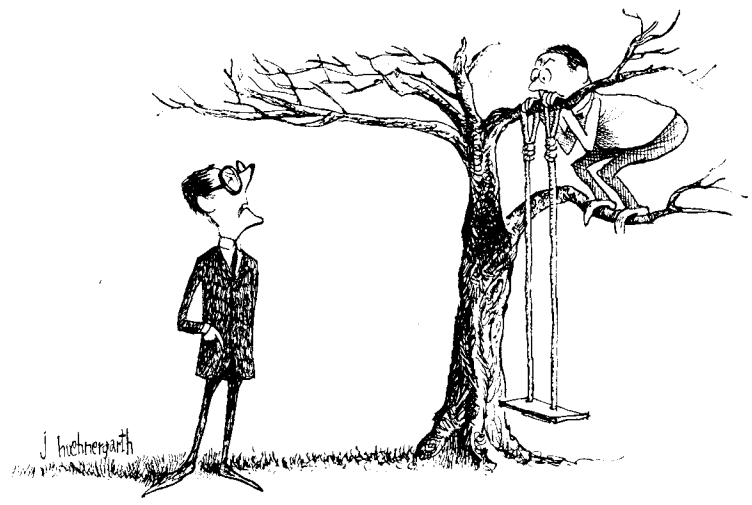
Democracy is the political aspect of the assertion of the supreme importance of the individual. It is predicated upon the measureless riches that arise from the variety of his inventiveness. The fertility of the individual mind is one of the mysteries of the universe. The source and manner of production of ideas no philosopher, no metaphysician, no scientist has ever been able to fathom. Somewhere, out of the void, that which did not exist before leaps into the mind of man. In freedom, each thinker and every doer has the right to self-expression in vocation and avocation. Liberty puts the maximum reliance upon self-discipline.

This goal touches the foundations of democracy. From the first, it was realized that popular government required an educated citizenry. The declaration in the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 is classic: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." What was necessary then is doubly essential today.

The United States is the largest, most diverse and most complex political structure ever to seek to manage its affairs by the democratic process. When achieved, that method of government is the most rewarding. But government at all levels has become so complex and problems so multifold that, to attain success, citizens must command greater intellectual resources than their forebears. Because the position the United States holds in the world is so influential, the success of the democratic process here is vital not to the United States alone but to all the world.

The political necessity for the fullest, most competent and most continuous education should be obvious. When any citizen, for whatever reason, is deprived of this development, it is a denial of one of his unalienable rights. It is a subtraction from the viability of our democracy. It is a threat to the rights and well-being of the rest of us. Every incompetent citizen is a menace to the freedom of all.

The economic argument is not primary, but it is exceedingly strong. Endless talk of the need for capital and machinery obscures the far more vital need for brains. To promote economic growth it is necessary to think not only in terms of what the Federal Government can do, or what private capital can do, not merely in



The Perfect Squelch

Roberts, a young intellectual, viewed his suburban neighbors with frank distaste. "A bunch of Babbitts struggling through a maze of diapers and P.T.A. meetings," was one of his kindest comments. "The men are impossible," he often said, "and their wives incredible."

Starting out for a thoughtful stroll one Sunday, Roberts saw one of his neighbors perched in a tree, fastening the ropes for a child's swing. "Ah, Henderson," he called. "Reverting to type, I suppose?"

When Henderson just waved a friendly greeting, Roberts moved closer to say, "I always suspected you evolved from some monkey ancestor."

Dropping to the ground, Henderson smiled. "I guess I did," he said. "And may I wish *your* descendants just as good luck?"

Hal Chadwick

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terms of law and regulation and investment. Far more vital are the development and exploitation of the innate capacities of people to the fullest degree. The most severe limitations upon the expansion of the economy are deficiencies and rigidities in the skills of the work force.

We have learned to glorify management; it receives special training at many levels and large rewards. The research scientist, with his long years of preparation through arduous discipline, is at last recognized as essential to a growing economy. We are witnessing, dramatically, the shrinking need for the common laborer. Yet some of the crafts and professions—including teaching—pursue restrictive practices which deny many competent people access to their skills. Apprenticeships are limited to give a false "security" to current practitioners. In the guise of "standards," exclusion from professions is common. Restrictions should fall; the first way to expand prosperity and to attain maximum economic growth is through the building of a larger reservoir of people with higher competence.

The fullest development of every individual is hindered by underestimating the potential of a majority—women. They own much of the wealth of the nation; but in its management, in the direction of policies concerning it—not to say in the political operations which determine the atmosphere in which wealth is created—they are still discriminated against. At a time when women constitute nearly a third of the labor force, it makes no sense, from the standpoint of an expanding economy, to apply social sanctions which limit their earning power and deprive the economy of their executive abilities, their capacity for scientific research and even their higher technical skills. The union of family life and career is possible to a degree never before conceivable. Yet barriers of pride and prejudice are needless hurdles for the woman to surmount.

As political and economic reasons point to the need for greater personal development, so also does military security. It is irresponsible to talk as though arms, munitions and money were primary. Estimates of defense requirements in terms of "hardware" offer a classic case of preparing for the wrong war. The first, and vital, necessity is more people of transcendent capacity and skill.

The importance of scientific and technical skills is appreciated. But they will not be enough. Indeed, by themselves, untempered by the humanities and social studies, they may heighten danger. We need people with such sophisticated knowledge and such calm judgment that no mass excitement could trigger an unnecessary war.

The twentieth century has seen Fascism and Nazism. Both were manifestations of mass hysteria—men were literally carried away from normal behavior. Victory in war over those institutions did not eliminate the danger of recurrence. Exaltation of one-man "leadership" leans in that direction. The urgent need is for widely distributed, not overcentralized, leadership and in many different fields. Many people must play important roles, lest the democratic process be ultimately prostituted to dictatorship.

Political strength, economic growth and security of the nation unite in demanding personal development. Social considerations make the same demand. An underdeveloped citizen—physically, mentally, morally—is not an energizer, but a burden upon society. The vast growth of hospitals for the chronically ill and of prisons for the hardened criminal stresses that fact.

While schools are being improved, there must also be a massive assault upon whatever handicaps man physically—all the way from prevention of prenatal injuries to the postponement of senescence. This puts in right perspective medical and surgical advances, availability of hospitals, the provision for adequate relaxation and recreation to repair the ravages of exertion and restore energy. In the closely intercommunicating world of today infections fly across land and sea; the protection of the individual is not only a local or even a national concern. It is an international obligation of urgent importance. Inescapable inferences for foreign policy flow from the concept of every individual developed to his highest potential. Statistics on the loss of human resources by physical incapacities show that the scope of this concept is broad enough to challenge a myriad of talents.

The effectiveness of democracy—the most rewarding and most difficult form of government—rests not alone upon knowledge and judgment, but upon character. Only the morally mature individual will be determined to do away with slums, end corruption and help lift the load from the poverty-stricken at home and abroad. Only through moral sensitiveness can there be escape from the smugness that wealth and comfort breed. Moral sense resists avarice and self-seeking. It stimulates that concern for his fellow men by which society escapes disintegration, while giving the individual maximum play for his talents, tastes and interests.

With the combination of these elements, physical, intellectual and moral, man rises to aesthetic appreciation—to culture. Without awareness of beauty, life is barren even in the midst of luxury.

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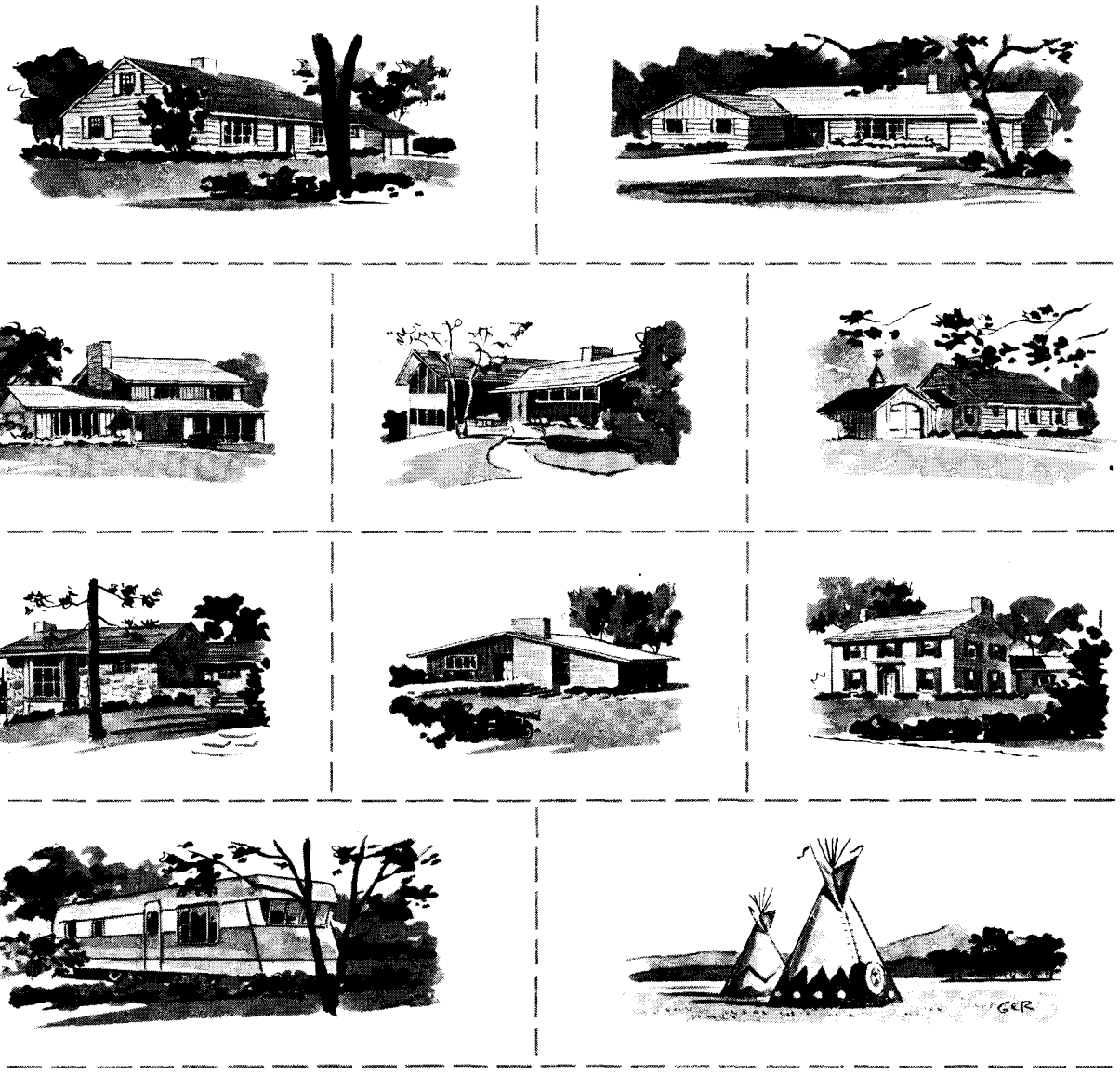

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Once the individual as a physical, intellectual and moral integer is put at the center, the acceptance of tyranny, the tolerance of totalitarianism and the readiness to exploit the ignorant and the poor have been made impossible. In a word, democracy becomes not only viable but absolutely indispensable.

All these considerations suggest the true character of education; it is the lifelong process of growth—physical, mental, moral, aesthetic. It is not primarily training, though training is part of it. Central are the stimulation and the discipline of the individual. This does not require every individual to be a scholar. The wisdom of the world is not confined to the learned; often it is found in the perceptive experience of those whose schooling has not carried them into "higher education." Their shrewd insights on public as well as private matters are part of the historical record of progress.

There is no such thing as "mass education." Every use of the phrase is a denial of a vital reality; education is a wholly individual process. The life of the mind—despite all pressures to invade it—remains a private life. It occurs in each person uniquely. We do democracy no service in seeking to inhibit thought—free, wide-ranging, hazardous.

The American system is built upon the thesis that conformity is not the way to progress. Without independence of mind there is no freedom for the individual. Therefore education should never overaccent "adjustment." Whenever that emphasis is dominant, it is a deliberate effort to defeat the infinite variety that enriches society and the world.

The educative process should never be distorted by the nation's "need" for scientists, or engineers, or doctors or any other specific profession or skill. Whenever counseling and curriculum stress vocation primarily, they underestimate needs just as vital, though not statistically conspicuous. The nation needs philosophers, poets, artists, critics and a thousand other sorts of people—in numbers which "manpower analyses" can never estimate.

Education and its objectives defined in these terms involve no less concern with classrooms, equipment and teachers in adequate supply. But there must be vastly more concern to develop schools devoted to growth. It is not enough to pass child-labor laws and compulsory-attendance laws to keep young people off the labor market and immure them. The need is for challenge and stimulation.

If we make effective self-discipline in freedom the chief educational goal of the '60's, we shall bring a fresh perspective to all our tasks. It would be a clean break with the materialistic determinism of the Soviets. It would establish the moral stance of the United States before the world. It would give us a vastly more efficient society.

No one can doubt that our nation started with extravagant objectives. Its success was so conspicuous that many people regarded progress as inevitable; some even called it "automatic." At that point, what had been a manifestation of will and hard work and confidence became a complacent reliance upon factors other than effort and dedication.

Two world wars and the great depression rudely shattered such smugness. The pendulum of opinion swung too far in the opposite direction, and many doubted that there was any such reality as "progress." The ebullient optimism of the nineteenth century gave way to the pessimistic outlook of the mid-twentieth.

It is time to strike a new balance. The revolution in industry and agriculture wrought by science and technology has revealed unlimited possibilities for progress. The amazing economic recovery of Western Germany illustrates that dedication, skill and hard work still make progress possible. The process is not even; we do not move forward on all fronts at once. Indeed, while advancing in one area, we may retrograde in another. Nor is the pace steady. Progress comes in surges. In science it is sometimes called a "breakthrough," which must be followed by tedious and unglamorous consolidation of the new position.

For some years now, organization has seemed to mean more than individuals. The program of national defense has been so huge that stress has been on "teamwork." Even in science, group enterprises have seemed dominant ever since the Manhattan Project produced the atomic bomb. Industry has become huge and corporate; unions have developed in size, structure and resources. Politics has seemed to depend more on organization than upon ideas.

The moment is ripe to remind ourselves once again that ideas come from individuals, that progress stems from ideas. In the same way, morals are the exclusive possession of individuals. Phrases like group morality cloud the reality rather than help clarify it. Ideals are the combination of individual imagination, intelligence and moral clarity. Leadership, if the word has any meaning at all, is a characteristic which inheres in individuals who have energy, faith and ability in unusual degree.

There are many legitimate goals for the United States. None of them—literally none—is attainable without the intelligence, courage and industry of individuals. The central goal should be a renewal of faith in the infinite value and the unlimited possibilities of individual development. Whatever constitutes a barrier to a man's unalienable rights should be swept away. Nothing whatever should curb his right to life—as long, as full, as rich as life can be. Liberty is his because of his manhood; in liberty the infinite richness of his contribution to the life of others is facilitated. The pursuit of happiness is an endless quest; in it no one can "deliver the goods" to the individual, though the environment can be vastly improved. He must seek it for himself.

Walt Whitman was the poet of America. He summed up the goal in a characteristic poem, *By Blue Ontario's Shore:*

I swear I begin to see the meaning of these things!
It is not the earth, it is not America, who is great,
It is I who am great, or to be great—it is you up there or anyone;
It is to walk rapidly through civilizations, governments, theories,
Through poems, pageants, shows, to form great individuals.

Underneath all, individuals!
I swear nothing is good to me now that ignores individuals.
The American compact is altogether with individuals,
The only government is that which makes minute of individuals,
The whole theory of the universe is directed to one single individual—namely to You.

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Konvitz, Milton R. & Rossiter, Clinton, editors
Aspects of Liberty
Cornell
$5.50

Becker, Carl L.
Declaration of Independence: a study in the history of political ideas
Vintage Books
$1.25

Wallich, Henry C.
The Cost of Freedom
A New Look at Capitalism
Harper
$3.75

Whitehead, Alfred N.
Adventures of Ideas
New American Library
$.50

Hayek, F. A.
The Constitution of Liberty
University of Chicago Press
$7.50

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Spirit of Liberty: Papers and Addresses of Learned Hand
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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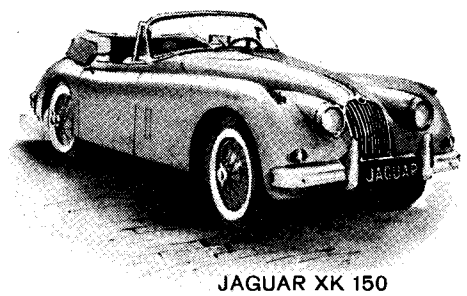

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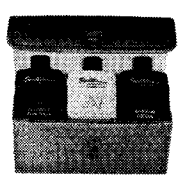

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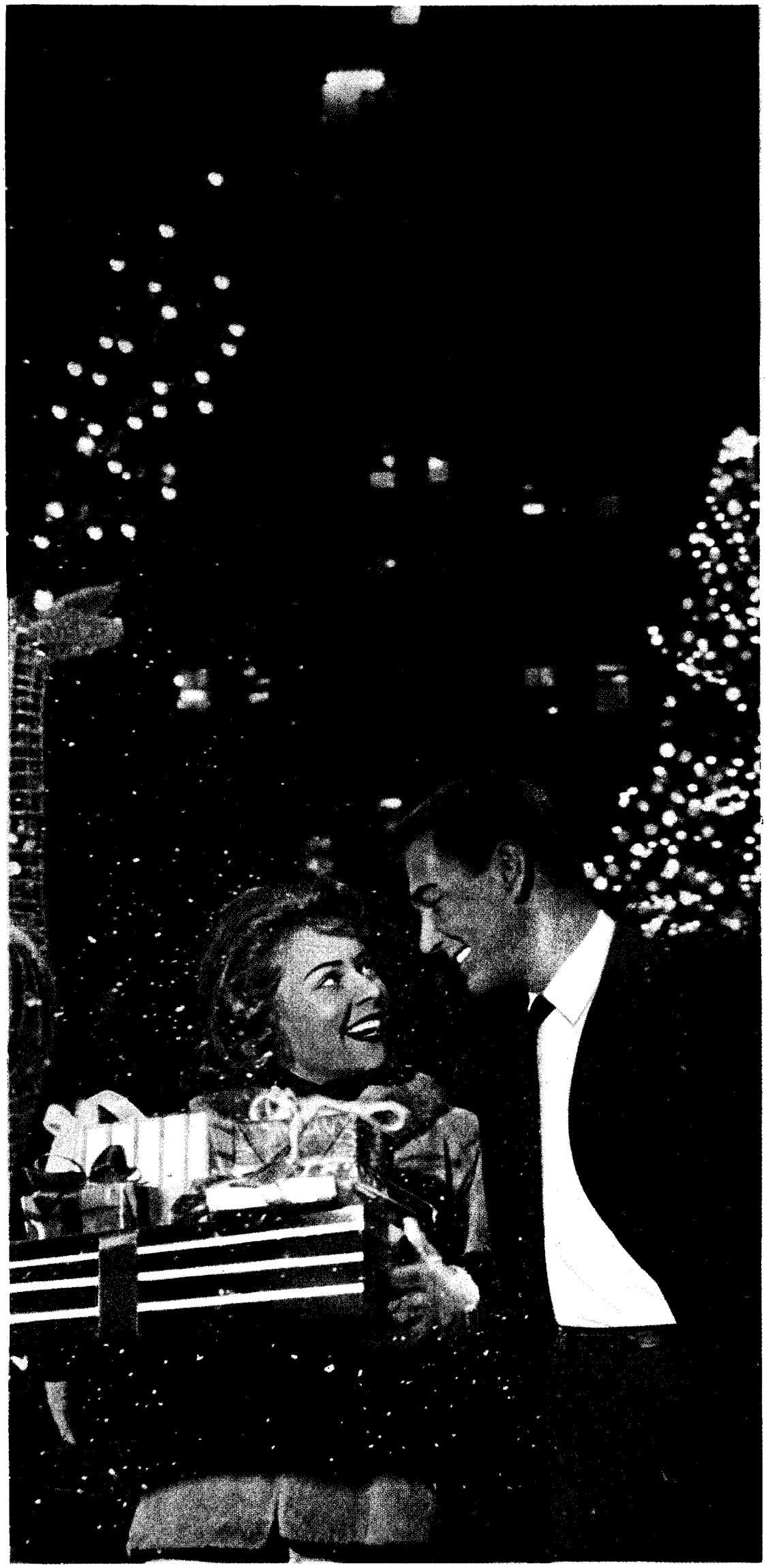

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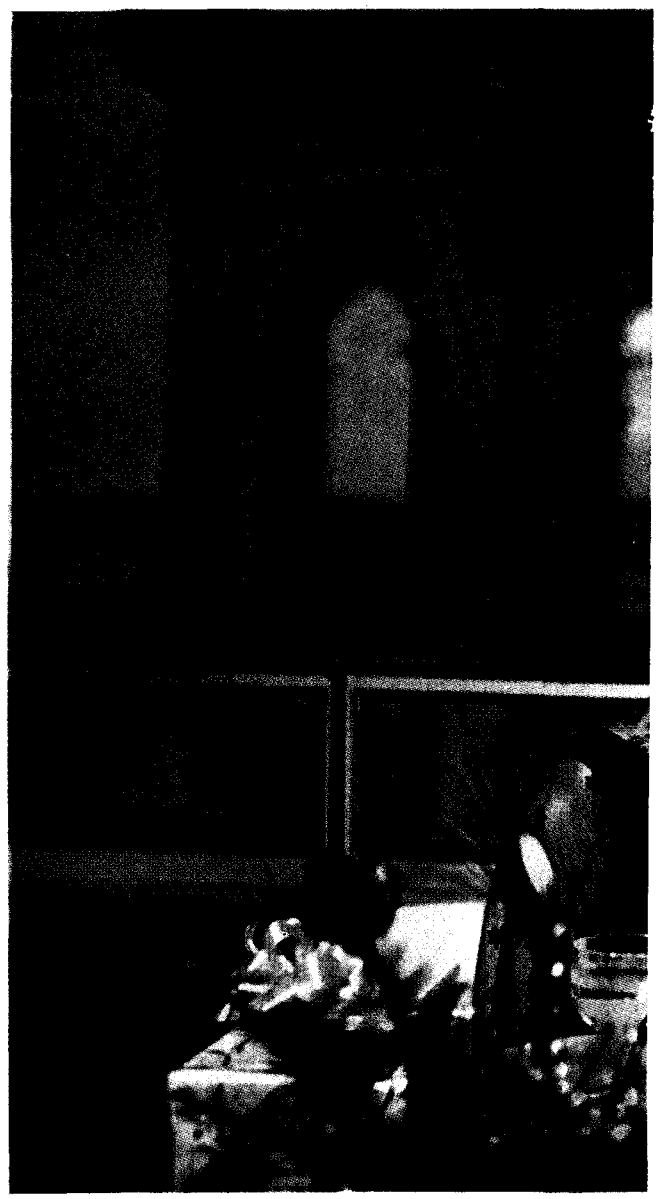

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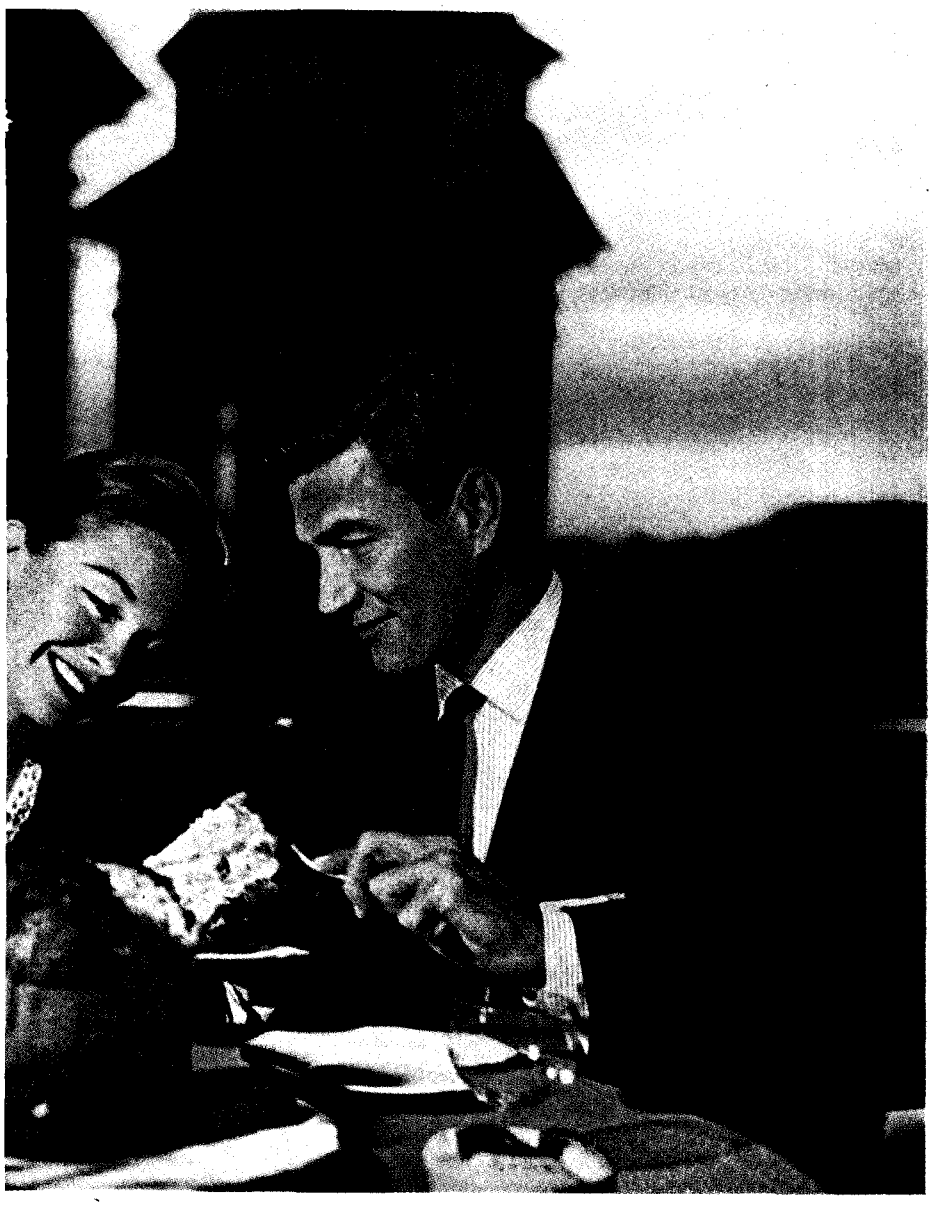

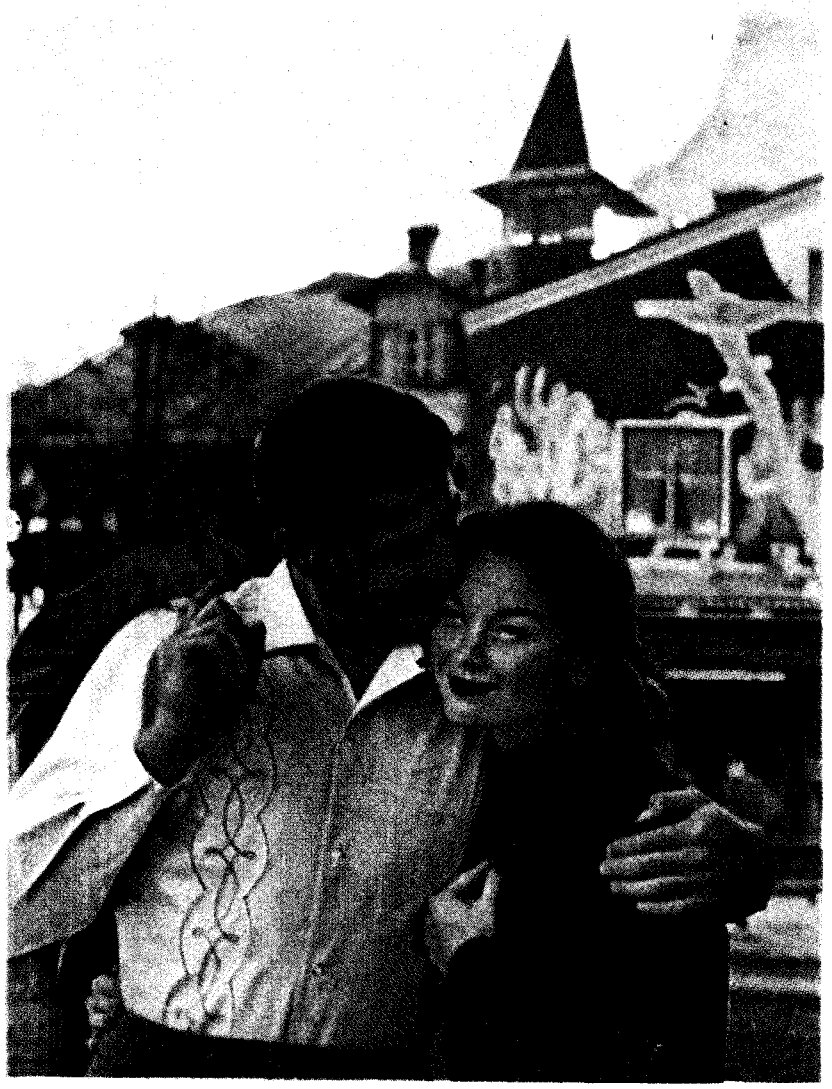

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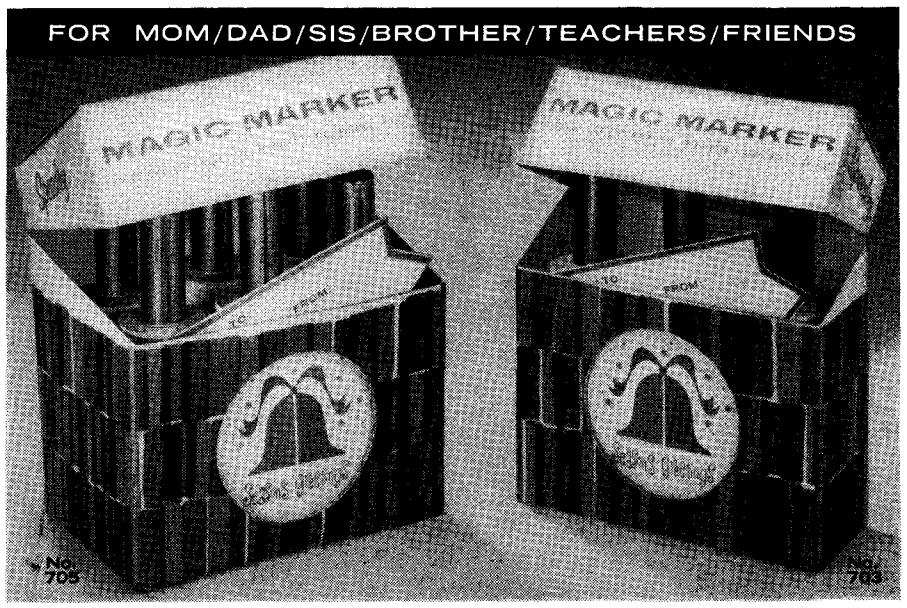

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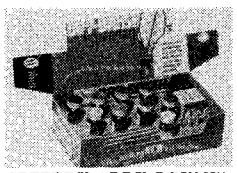

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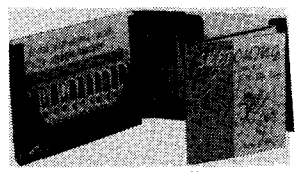

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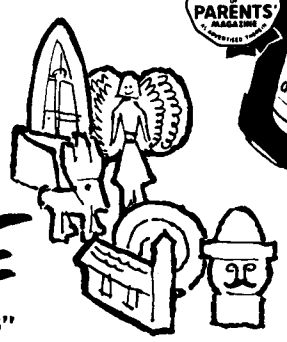

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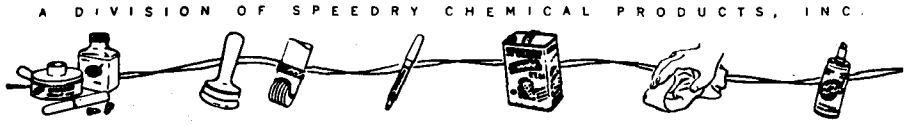

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Mystery Malady (Continued from Page 37)

The doctor shook his head stubbornly. "We've got problems. I need to ask Mr. Abbott some questions."

"You had your baptism of intern's luck years ago," Bette said severely. "Now behave like a surgeon." Bette knew that for nearly a week, Doctor Sullivan had been riding on nervous energy, with rarely more than three consecutive hours of sleep.

The doctor managed a weary, one-sided grin. "Let's take up plumbing—eight-hour day, five-day week, double time Sundays."

Together they strolled down the corridor, their gum-soled shoes squeaking on the tiles. They took the elevator to the street floor and entered the reception room.

Mr. Abbott, a tall, rawboned man with a red neck and troubled gray eyes, almost seemed to be propelled from his seat as they approached. Mr. Abbott had been briefed about the complications of the birth. His face was tense, fists clenched. Doctor Sullivan, ex-Navy, almost said, "At ease," but instead placed a hand that was now steady on the visitor's right shoulder.

"You have a daughter, Mr. Abbott," Doctor Sullivan said cheerfully. "Relax."

Mr. Abbott's face brightened. He gripped the doctor's right hand—so firmly that Doctor Sullivan quickly withdrew it because surgeons, like musicians, are ever conscious of their hands.

"However," Doctor Sullivan added seriously, "we're concerned about your wife. We need a little history and ——"

His words were smothered by the shrieking wail of a siren accompanied by the howling of neighborhood dogs. The wail became a moan, ceased suddenly as the ambulance reached the ramp to the emergency room. This was Saturday night—bullet, bottle and razor night. Almost anything could, and usually did, happen.

"Mr. Abbott," Doctor Sullivan said, "did your wife ever have rheumatic fever—to your knowledge?"

Now Mr. Abbott was dabbing at his neck with a soiled handkerchief. "N—— I don't believe so, doctor."

"Pneumonia or tuberculosis?"

"Doctor," Mr. Abbott said emphatically, "Ida's always been as healthy as a horse—except when she was about three months pregnant."

Doctor Sullivan thoughtfully maneuvered his right ear lobe with thumb and forefinger. "Do you use city water?"

"No, sir. Live in the country. Got us an artesian well."

"Take a sample to the State Board of Health lab—today."

"Yes, sir." Mr. Abbott hesitated. "Doctor, does my wife's chills and fever six months ago have anything to do with the baby being born blue?"

Doctor Sullivan sighed. "I'd say it's very unlikely, Mr. Abbott. However, certain viruses in the first third of pregnancy have been known to cause congenital anomalies."

Mr. Abbott looked bewildered, but just then the intercom rasped, and the cheerful voice of Myrt, night switchboard operator, sounded. Over the years, Myrt had developed a manner of paging doctors and interns that was pleasing to medical staff and patients. She would begin the "doctor" on a low note, climb a musical scale and then descend to a medium monotone for directives.

Now she announced, "Doctor Sullivan . . . Doctor Sullivan—emergency room, please. Emergency." Very softly she added, "Blue flag's hoisted."

Doctor Sullivan managed a tired chuckle. This was Myrt's way of warning him that either Doctor Skinner, the hospital's petulant acting administrator, or a member of the board of trustees was on the prowl.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I put all your perfume into one bottle so you'll have more room on your dresser."

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Bette frowned as her eyes flashed. "They can't do this to you, Dennis! You've been working since six o'clock this—yesterday morning."

Gently the doctor pushed back an unruly black curl that had tumbled out of her cap. "Tomorrow," he said, "pick us up a book on the plumbing code—and a pamphlet on chicken raising." He turned to Mr. Abbott. "I think everything is going to be all right, Mr. Abbott. Mrs. Sullivan will ask you some more questions about your wife."

In the emergency room, orderlies had placed the stretcher on the floor because all the compartments were occupied. The patient was wrapped snugly in a brown blanket. Only her face was visible. It was a striking face, delicately chiseled. It made Doctor Sullivan think of a white violet. The violet was crowned with a mass of curly black hair. A portly man with a face the color of a broiled lobster was pacing up and down beside the stretcher, glancing frequently at his wrist watch.

"So you finally got here!" the man said bellicosely as he spotted the doctor. "Sorry we had to disturb your nap."

"No nap," Doctor Sullivan said equably."A tetralogy of Fallot in the operating room."

"A—a wha ——" the man began, then, quickly becoming the know-it-all layman, added, "I understand. I'm Mr. Williamson."

Doctor Sullivan nodded. He knew about Mr. Williamson. Mr. Williamson was a member of the hospital's board of trustees. Mr. Williamson was a generous contributor—which was only natural, because he had been the contractor for the administration building, and additional wings were in the planning stage.

"My daughter Joan," Mr. Williamson said, gesturing toward the stretcher. "She—well, she just collapsed."

But Doctor Sullivan wasn't listening. He had pushed aside the blanket, and his ears were attuned to the stethoscope even as his fingers grasped the pulse. He nodded to an intern, who was preparing to take the girl's temperature. A nurse applied an oxygen mask.

Joan Williamson, about eighteen, was wearing a white blouse and blue jodhpurs. Doctor Sullivan unbuttoned the blouse. Again he applied the stethoscope as he tapped the chest at various points.

"You kept her waiting seven minutes," Mr. Williamson grumbled. "Doctor Skinner will hear about this."

Doctor Sullivan, listening, listening, ignored him. The intern said, "Almost one hundred and five, doctor."

"Respiration," Doctor Sullivan said, as a nurse took notes, "twenty-eight. Pulse one hundred and twenty. She's really toxic." Now his fingers were exploring the lymph glands around the neck.

"Well, come, come!" Mr. Williamson said impatiently. "What is it, man?"

Doctor Sullivan raised his head. His eyes were blue-steel slits. "Please escort Mr. Williamson to the waiting room," he said to an orderly. The orderly promptly placed a muscular arm behind Mr. Williamson's back and half-pushed him out of the emergency room.

Five minutes later the doctor joined Mr. Williamson in the waiting room. Mr. Williamson glared at him.

"How long has she been ill?" Doctor Sullivan asked.

"Not long. Just this morning. She complained of chills. Took some aspirin. I phoned her at noon. She felt better and was going to take a drive in her sports car."

"Did she?" Doctor Sullivan spoke brusquely.

Mr. Williamson cleared his throat. "Yes. You see—Joan's been sort of lonely. We lost her mother three months ago in the Asian-flu epidemic. That's why I bought her the car."

The doctor's eyes softened. "When did she collapse?"

Again Mr. Williamson glanced at his watch. "I was studying some architectural plans—about half an hour ago. I heard Joan leave her bedroom—go to the bathroom. Then I heard a crash. I ran upstairs. She was out—cold. Doctor, what is it?"

A short sigh of exasperation escaped from the doctor. "We don't know—yet."

Mr. Williamson was on his feet, pacing. His face was scarlet. "I'm paid to construct buildings, doctor. If I didn't have the know-how, I wouldn't collect. You're paid to know sicknesses."

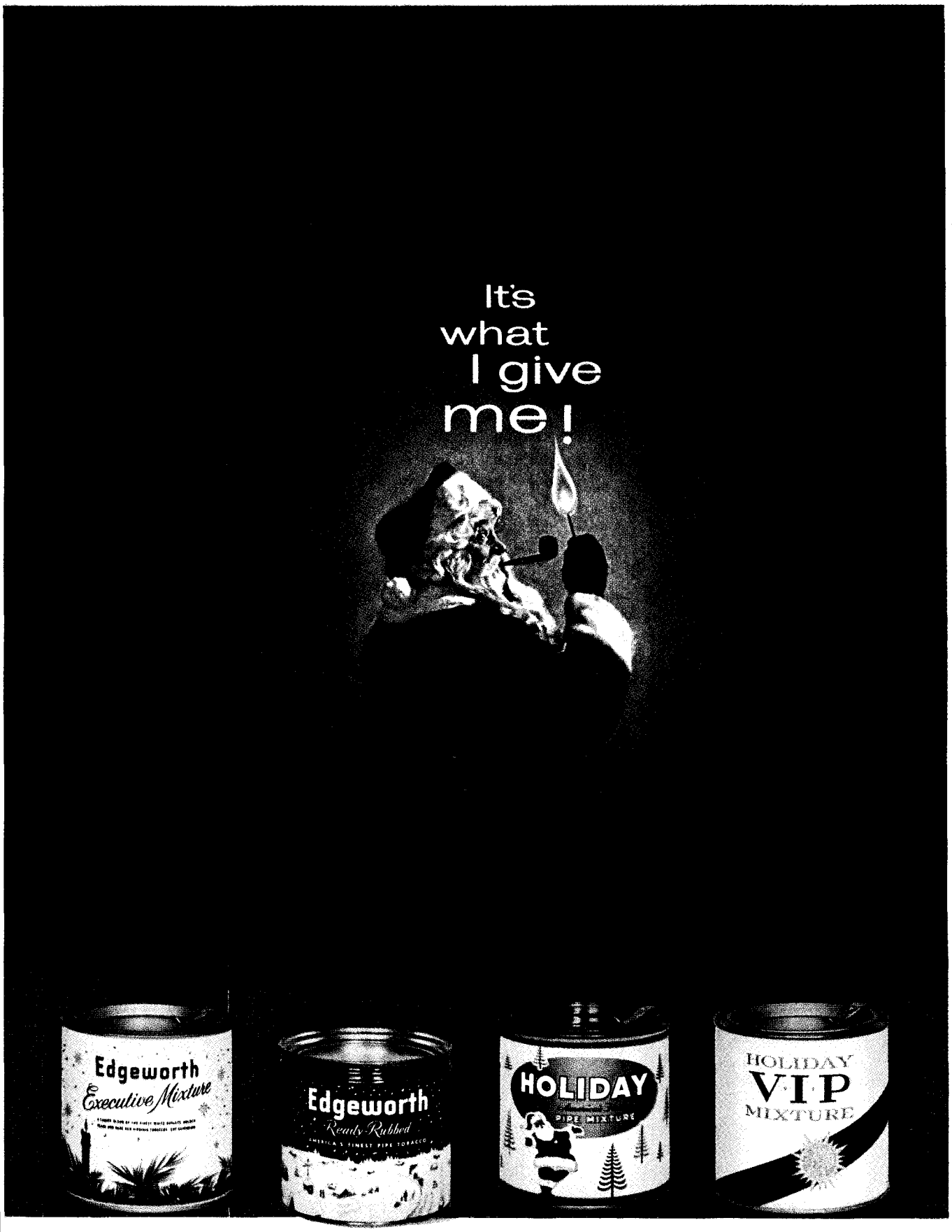
"Buildings," Doctor Sullivan said evenly, "don't have hearts, livers, lungs, spleens, kidneys, minds."

Mr. Williamson looked ready to explode. "This place needs a shake-up."

Doctor Sullivan's jaw, and it was a firm one, protruded. "You're damned right it needs a shake-up," he said coldly. "This morning on the third floor—medical—we have two nurses, one intern and one orderly. They're handling forty patients. On fifth floor—surgery—we have two nurses, one intern and no orderly. Thirty-seven patients. If we didn't have a dedicated staff, this hospital would be out of business tomorrow."

"Surely you have a diagnostician on duty who can ——"

"Mr. Williamson," Doctor Sullivan said, "I could show you a list of germs—pages long— (*Continued on Page 58*)



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The 1961 Lincoln Continental is built to unprecedented standards of quality and reliability—standards shared with no other car in America.

Extraordinary reliability

A trouble-free car is the essential foundation of true motoring satisfaction. That is why every single car is given a 12-mile road test (and the inspection list has 189 check points!). Why parking brake conduits are lined with nylon so cables cannot rust and stick. Why front suspension points that formerly required lubrication every 2,000 miles now have a sealed lubrication system that needs attention only at 30,000-mile intervals. Why, in fact, we insist on several thousand extra operations that we could eliminate without any visible change in the car. All these extra operations are performed on every 1961 Lincoln Continental to make it as trouble-free as possible.

As a result, your Lincoln Continental dealer is extending his warranty on 1961 Lincoln Continentals to 24,000 miles or two full years, whichever comes first. See him to obtain full information. He will be glad to show you a copy of his new warranty.

Other specific features contribute to the comfort and convenience of the 1961 Lincoln Continental: The only center-opening doors on any American automobile—counterbalanced for a wonderful new ease of entrance, and all safety-locked at a flick of the driver's finger. Seats cushioned in nearly three times the amount of foam rubber used on other luxury automobiles. And the 1961 Lincoln Continental has been so thoughtfully engineered and so carefully built that maintenance servicing, including oil changes, is necessary only at 6,000-mile intervals—just twice a year under normal driving conditions.

The merit of ideal size

Interior space is astonishing in so sleek a vehicle (front seat hip room is *virtually the same*, even though the car is narrower; the driver's leg room is increased, though the car is 14 inches shorter over-all). Equipment is so complete that power brakes, power steering, even power window lifts are *standard*. And, particularly noteworthy, the line includes America's only four-door convertible.

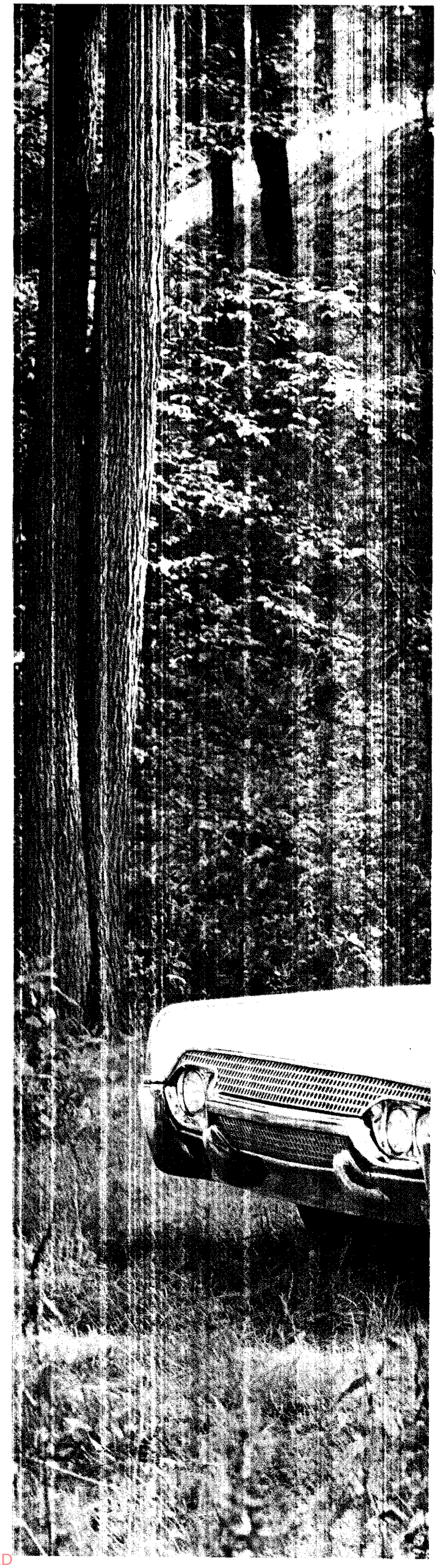
Enduring Continental styling

Here is the modern convenience of sensible size brilliantly set forth in the enduring beauty of a new concept of Continental styling. This classic design makes possible an authentic luxury car that is not one inch longer than it absolutely must be to convey six passengers in deep-cushioned ease and superlative smoothness.

Frankly, if you love beautiful machinery, you owe yourself an hour at the wheel of the new Lincoln Continental. For only those who have driven it can begin to know how completely it outmodes everything that has gone before it. Lincoln-Mercury Division *Ford Motor Company*

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

America's first ideally sized fine car



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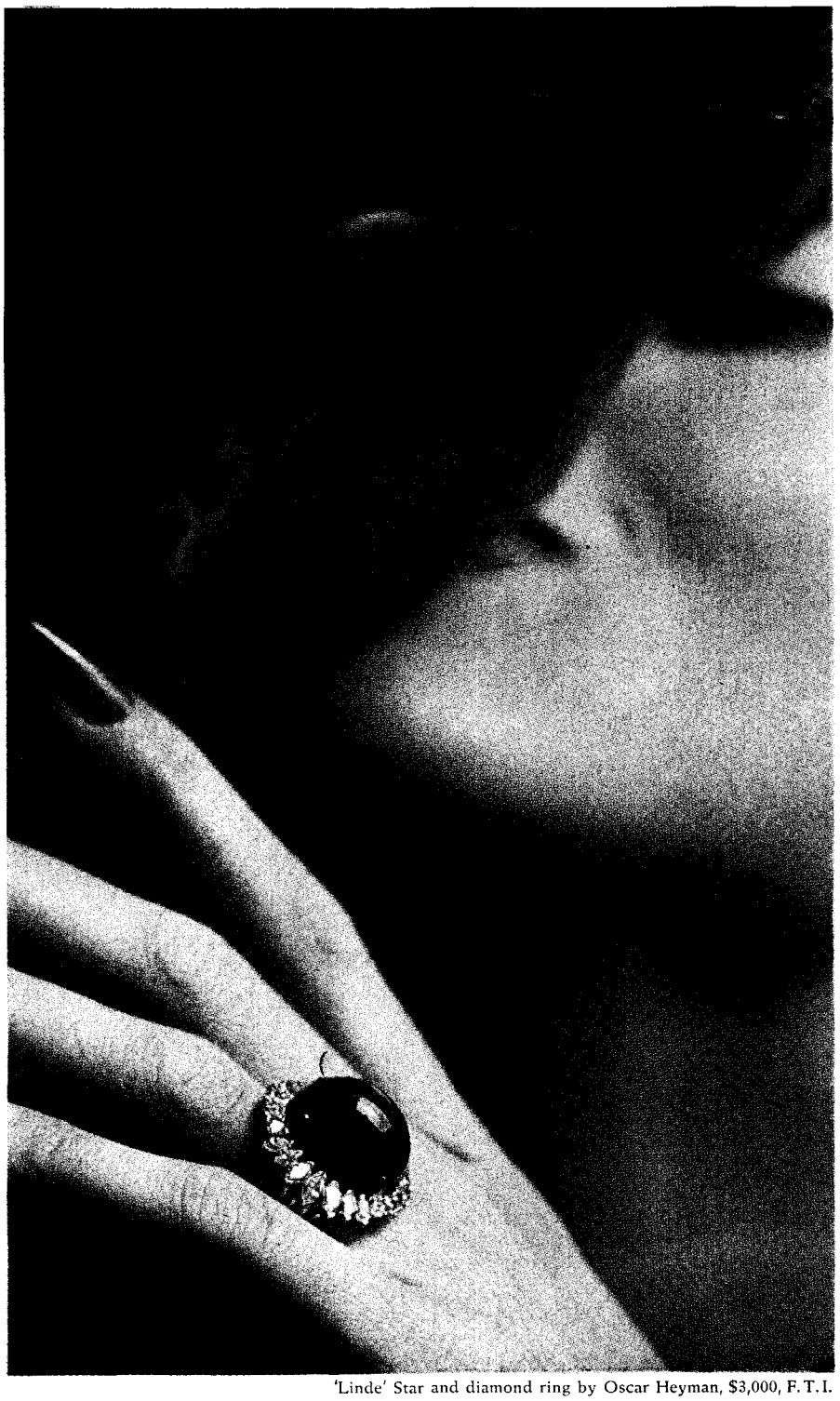
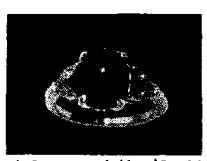


'Linde' Star and diamond ring by Oscar Heyman, $3,000, F.T.I.

Around this 'Linde' Star floats a halo of diamonds... a design conceived by nationally famous jewelry designer, Oscar Heyman. Here, in one ring, is a rare combination of fiery beauty, for in its misty cornflower blue dome flickers a brilliant, six-rayed star! Each movement of your hand brings it to life, fills your 'Linde' Star with a heavenly fire that never fails to captivate. Have you ever seen a 'Linde' Star, on your hand? Your jeweler will be happy to show you 'Linde' Stars... shimmering blues and reds, surfaces as hard and timeless as precious gems from India. Settings in Karat gold are many and varied. 'Linde' Stars highlight jewelry for men, too. Priced to bring a 'Linde' Star into your life.



4 Carat regal blue 'Linde' Star with 14K white gold diamond-etched leaf mounting. A beauty. $150.

8½ Carat smouldering red 'Linde' Star in massive 14K white gold mounting, Florentine Finish. $200.

All prices approximate. F. T. I.

'Linde' Stars are available at these, and other fine jewelers throughout the country:

Constant Auger, San Francisco, Calif. • Rogers Jewelers, Columbus, Ohio • Savitt, Inc., Hartford, Conn. • Charles Schwartz & Son, Washington, D.C. • All Barr's, Inc., Stores in Pennsylvania • Wm. Lambrecht & Sons, Chicago & Wilmette, Ill. • Schmitter-Burg Company, Milwaukee, Wisc. • Graubart & Sons, Schenectady, N. Y. • Schwartz Bros., 5th Avenue at 47th Street, New York, N. Y. • Arthur Everts, Dallas, Texas.

'Linde' is a registered trade mark of UCC

(*Continued from Page 55*) that can and do invade the body. Some are new to us. Many we've practically forgotten."

Mr. Williamson fairly ripped a cigar out of a coat pocket. He lighted it and puffed furiously.

"No smoking," Doctor Sullivan said mildly. "Oxygen's at work."

Angrily Mr. Williamson ground out the cigar in an ash urn as Doctor Sullivan pressed a button. In seconds Bette came gliding into the waiting room.

"Alert X ray, please," Doctor Sullivan ordered. "We'll want complete serology and an electrocardiogram." He scribbled some weird-looking notes on a slip of paper. "Meperidine hydrochloride and penicillin," he added, handing the prescription to Bette. "Check first, of course, for penicillin allergy. Miss Williamson goes to Isolation."

"Now hold on!" Mr. Williamson said furiously. "Joan is to get the best private room available and ——"

"Nothing," said Doctor Sullivan, "is much more private than Isolation. There's a lot of infectious hepatitis around." He scribbled another note and handed it to Mr. Williamson. "This prescription is for you. The nurse at the desk will supply it. Help you to sleep."

"I hope you realize," Mr. Williamson said sharply, "that I am chairman of the finance and ways-and-means committee. Tomorrow morning I plan a conference with Doctor Skinner."

"By all means," Doctor Sullivan said pleasantly.

"I'm going to study the patients' complaint list," Mr. Williamson added ominously. "I hear it's been increasing steadily."

"Fine," said Doctor Sullivan. "I trust, too, that you will recommend a survey on overcrowding and understaffing. Good night, sir. We'll take good care of Joan." He extended his right hand. Mr. Williamson ignored it and walked away.

Back in the corridor the doctor trod wearily past the switchboard. The gray-haired Myrt, reliable root of the hospital grapevine, beckoned to him. From a flask on a desk beside the switchboard she poured a steaming cup of very black coffee and handed it to him.

"Knock off," Myrt said, studying his face. "You look like a zombi with a hang-over."

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "Feel like a wraith with a wreath." He sipped the coffee gratefully.

"If patients," Myrt grumbled, "behaved like doctors, we wouldn't need hospitals—just graveyards."

Doctor Sullivan stifled a yawn. "Then you and I would be looking for jobs. I'll be in my quarters, Myrt. Thanks for the bean juice."

"Anybody asks me," Myrt said aggressively, "I don't know where you are, where you've been or how to reach you. Sleep snug."

He slept soundly for two hours. Then an intern, squeezing his shoulder gently, said, "Emergency, doctor."

Four sailors, returning from Jacksonville Naval Air Station to Mayport Naval Station, had wrapped their car around a utility pole on Atlantic Boulevard. The car was in scattered pieces; some of the occupants in fragments.

Dawn was casting a coppery glow on the St. Johns River when Doctor Sullivan stripped off his blood-stained whites and scrubbed. An orderly brought him a fresh smock and trousers. Again he headed for his quarters, but he was attracted by a light reflecting through the transom of Pathology. He opened the door silently and entered.

Kook Hwai Lee was hunched over a microscope, making notes. On a desk behind him about a dozen medical textbooks, all of them published in 1959 and 1960, lay open. Sitting next to Doctor Lee was Doctor Whittaker, eyes drooping, shaggy silvery hair tumbling over his forehead. He was studying a battered textbook. Doctor Sullivan recognized it as William Osler's *Principles and Practice of Medicine*.

"You should be home in bed, Al," Doctor Sullivan said.

Doctor Whittaker raised his droopy eyes and looked at the deepening lines in Doctor Sullivan's face. "Humph!" he grunted. "Out of the mouths of babes——"

Doctor Lee glanced up from the microscope. "Doctor Sullivan, sir," he said, and his accent was pronounced, the voice hesitant, "I have about complete serologic tests of Miss Williamson. I have—make biopsy with scrapings from local lesion. It is confusing picture, sir."

"How confusing?"

"Sir, small granulomatous abscesses have developed on the patient. In the microscope I find small, nonmotile Gram-negative bacilli."

"Let's have a look," Doctor Sullivan said. Doctor Sullivan joined Doctor Lee at the microscope and studied the slides.

"I have seen them only once before, Doctor Sullivan, sir," Doctor Lee said gravely.

"Yes?" Doctor Sullivan asked a little sharply.

"In the serologic tests of a man in Istanbul—where I did premed work. He was a soldier. I failed to diagnose. He died."

Doctor Sullivan sighed. "What do we hear from X ray?"

"They have not completed their work, sir."

Doctor Sullivan straightened up, rubbed his back. "I have a cholecystectomy coming up. Park yourself in the library, doctor. See if you can identify these bugs. Meanwhile, I'll make a further study of these slides and alert Pathology."

Carefully Doctor Sullivan readjusted the slides to spread the smears. But not carefully enough. A sliver of glass penetrated his forefinger. Under his breath he said, "Damn!" but continued his observations for ten minutes.

While he was busily scrubbing, the intercom, which was softly piping Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, cut off, and a voice, southern as cane syrup, announced, "Doctah Sullivan—to Doctah Skinnah's office. Doctah Sullivan—to Doctah Skinnah."

Myrt, who was just knocking off, met him in the corridor. "Blue flag and four stars hoisted," she warned. "That high muckety-muck, that rump of roast beef—what's his name? Williamson—and three other trustees have been yackin' it up pretty near an hour. They been an—anazylizatin' the complaint lists."

"Tell them I'll be there as soon as I can," Doctor Sullivan said, twisting an adhesive plaster on his forefinger.

But there was a priority call to Emergency and when Doctor Sullivan reached there, Doctor Whittaker and three interns already were repairing broken bones.

"Go get some fresh air," Doctor Whittaker muttered. "We can handle this mess."

Doctor Sullivan, busily scrubbing, said, "I've had Mrs. Abbott and her baby transferred to Isolation. Separate rooms. Al"—now he sounded a little desperate—"have you got any ideas?"

Doctor Whittaker, swabbing lacerations and abrasions, took time out to tap the back of his head.

"Got a spark—way back here. But it won't ignite. After we clean up these lads, I'm going for a walk. A long walk.

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Shed some cobwebs. Want to join me?"

Doctor Whittaker, for his age, was a remarkable man who regularly played eighteen holes of golf a week and went horseback riding every Sunday morning.

Doctor Sullivan managed a chuckle. "You're a better man than I am, Gunga. I'm for some shut-eye."

Doctor Whittaker snorted. "Pernicious habit—sleep! The soft generation!"

They finished swabbing, mending, bandaging and injecting. They scrubbed, left and in the corridor they met Bette, who was carrying a large tray of pills in tiny cartons. She, too, was doubling in brass. Bette's face was flushed, and she was frowning. The frown vanished when she saw Doctor Whittaker and her husband.

"Dennis," she said quietly, "Mrs. Dickson, in Serology, who took Joan Williamson's blood tests, just collapsed. Severe chills—now a temperature of a hundred and five. She's in Isolation."

On Going South

(an invitation and reply)

By Dionis Coffin Riggs

Instead of staying here alone,
And cold, in this big wind-
swept house,
Come to a gentler land with me,
Where lines of pink flamingos fly,
And palm trees fan their peacock
tails
Across the sky.

When the northwest wind
blows eerily,
I move my bed to the little
warm room,
Where chickadees perch on
the window sill,
Or hide in the whitened
cedar tree.
It's snug and bright on the
sheltered side.
I *do* go south, you see.

Again Doctor Whittaker and Doctor Sullivan exchanged glances. "Go and get your shut-eye," Doctor Whittaker said gruffly. "I'm going hunch hunting."

But before he went to his quarters Doctor Sullivan revisited Joan Williamson. As he read the chart and took her pulse, he frowned. Her condition was deteriorating rapidly. Now the regional lymph nodes were involved. X ray had reported that her liver and spleen were enlarged and inflamed. Intravenous dextrose injections had been ordered, and Joan was on the critical list. He also visited Mrs. Abbott. She was saturated with sedation and covered with five blankets, but even so she was shaking as though she had dengue.

Shortly after the morning shift came on, Doctor Lee collapsed and was taken to Isolation. The grapevine flourished. Nurses, residents, interns and orderlies went about their duties with grim faces and tight lips. Some of them whispered about "it." "It," they said, "is out of control." There was no panic, but fear could fairly be smelled.

Wearily, unhappily, Doctor Sullivan walked back to his quarters. While he shaved, Termite, the giraffe-faced orderly from Mather Unit brought him fresh clothing. Termite even scrubbed the blood stains off the doctor's shoes and polished them.

"Tell me they's a summit conference," Termite said nonchalantly.

"You been spying again?" Doctor Sullivan asked suspiciously.

Termite looked indignant. "Not spying, doctor. Counterintelligence work. Man should always know what his friendly neighbors are up to."

In the conference room Doctor Skinner, acting administrator in the absence of the affable but ailing Doctor Fincannon, sat on a green cushion on a swivel chair behind a huge mahogany desk. Doctor Sullivan, glancing at him, thought, *Fat frog on a lily pad.* His pompousness, the concomitant of unearned wealth, filled the office like stale tobacco smoke. Doctor Skinner adjusted his metal-rimmed glasses.

"You know these gentlemen—members of our finance committee, doctor," Doctor Skinner said acidly, gesturing toward Mr. Williamson and the three other trustees.

Doctor Sullivan nodded and smiled briefly at them.

"Sit down," Doctor Skinner said. It was an order, not an invitation. Doctor Sullivan sat.

Doctor Skinner flipped over some papers on his desk. "Among other things," Doctor Skinner said, "we have been studying the budget. We are going to have to cut corners."

Doctor Sullivan's jaw tightened. "Cut any more corners," he said quietly, "and we'll be working in a roundhouse."

Doctor Skinner glared at him. "We're chopping down the deadwood," he said. He cleared his throat. "Tell me, doctor, what conclusions have our experts reached in the cases of Miss Williamson, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Dickson and Doctor Lee?"

"None," said Doctor Sullivan.

"Splendid," Doctor Skinner said sarcastically. "Here we have a fortune invested in scientific equipment—all the new wonder drugs at our disposal and a modern medical library. Yet we cannot even diagnose the cause of chills and fevers."

Doctor Sullivan sat in volatile silence.

"Here," Doctor Skinner said, handing him a sheet of paper, "is a list of dischargees. You, and other senior staff members, of course, will witness it and initial it."

Doctor Sullivan read the thirty-odd names. They seemed blurred. "Not Doctor Lee," Doctor Sullivan protested. "He is probably the most brilliant, versatile, dedicated exchange student on the staff."

Doctor Skinner shrugged. "He can't even speak English fluently."

"Can you speak Korean?" Doctor Sullivan asked.

"Don't be impertinent!" Doctor Skinner snapped.

Doctor Sullivan, still studying the list, slowly arose from his chair. "Oh, no," he said quietly. "Oh, no, doctor. Not Doctor Whittaker. He knows more about medicine—about surgery, about this hospital than the rest of the staff combined."

Doctor Skinner spoke acidly. "He'll be pensioned, of course. Don't you realize how old he is, doctor? I've watched him—after operations. His hands shake."

"After, yes," Doctor Sullivan agreed grimly, "never during."

Doctor Sullivan's eyes were focused on Doctor Skinner's right hand. Doctor Skinner was holding a cigarette between thumb and forefinger. The hand was shaking as though he had a mild case of palsy. Doctor Sullivan's eyes remained riveted on

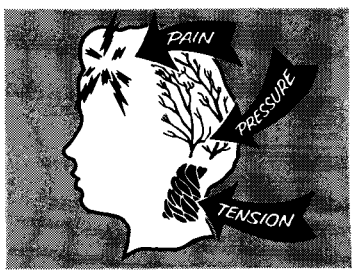
(*Continued on Page 62*)

WHAT DO DOCTORS DO FOR TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients in ANACIN® for headache pain

When *you* suffer pain from headache, neuritis or neuralgia, why not take what most doctors recommend — the ingredients in Anacin for fast relief! Here is *why* Anacin gives such superior pain-relief. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever. They *have no* special medication to relax your nervous tension. Anacin contains a *number* of medically proven ingredients, including special medication that not only relieves pain incredibly fast, but also relaxes tension and releases painful pressure on nerves. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not irritate or upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today!

Why ANACIN gives more complete PAIN-RELIEF



Most headaches are caused by tension that presses on nerves. Anacin contains *special* medication (*not* found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) that relaxes tension, releases pressure and relieves pain fast. That's why Anacin gives more complete pain-relief.

FOR FAST, FAST, *FAST* RELIEF!

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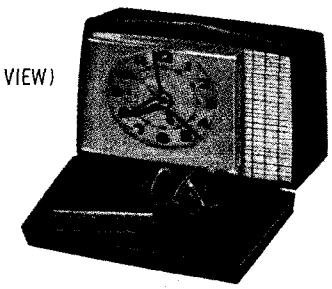
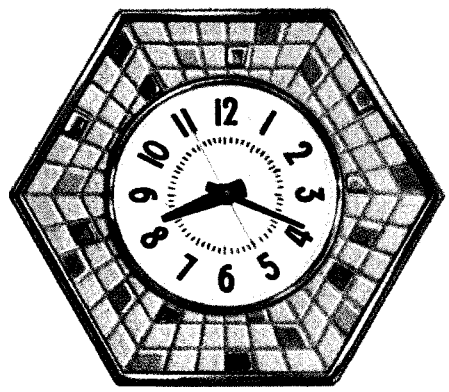
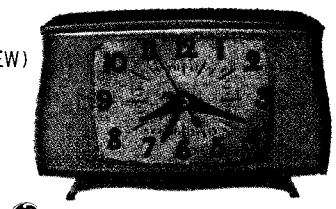


Lighted Dial Travel Alarm. Styled like pocket radio. Lights up at night for easy reading. Cord compartment. Trip-Mate.

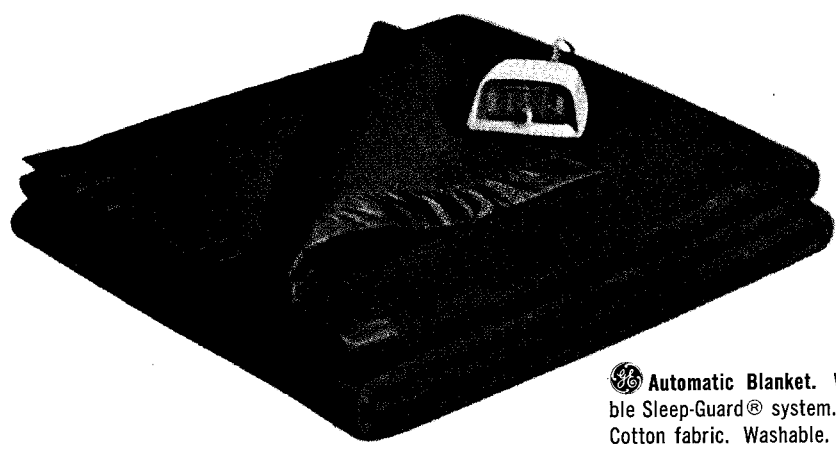


Mosaic-Styled Clock. Up-to-the-minute design. Clock hangs or stands. In mosaic beige, gray or white. Patterns model.

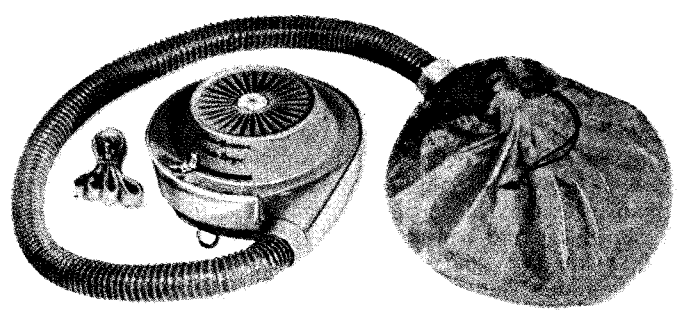
(NIGHT VIEW)



Miniature Lighted Dial Alarm. Small, graceful. Lights up at night, can be read near or far. Pink, beige. Vign-ette.



Automatic Blanket. With the dependable Sleep-Guard® system. Light, soft Rayon-Cotton fabric. Washable. Smart colors.



Home Hair Dryer. With reach-in bonnet. Hear, walk, talk as hair dries. Portable dryer attaches to shoulder or waist strap.

General Electric Company
Housewares and Commercial Equipment Division,
Radio Receiver Department, Bridgeport, Conn.

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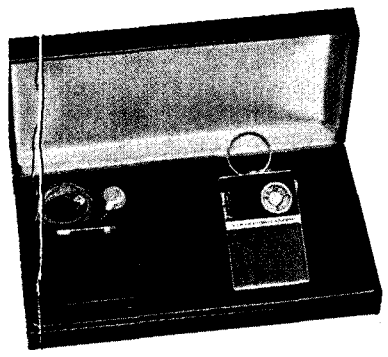
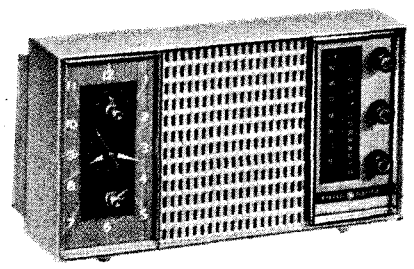
..NEW-FASHIONED GIFTS WITH OLD-FASHIONED SENTIMENT

A General Electric gift lightens every day in many ways. It wakes you to music, perks your coffee to order, takes the care out of floor care, does all your roasting and broiling, shows the time of night from afar, keeps you warm while you sleep.

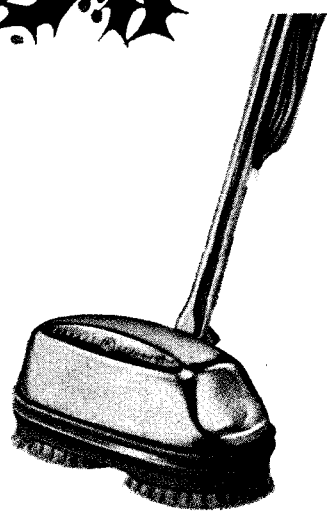


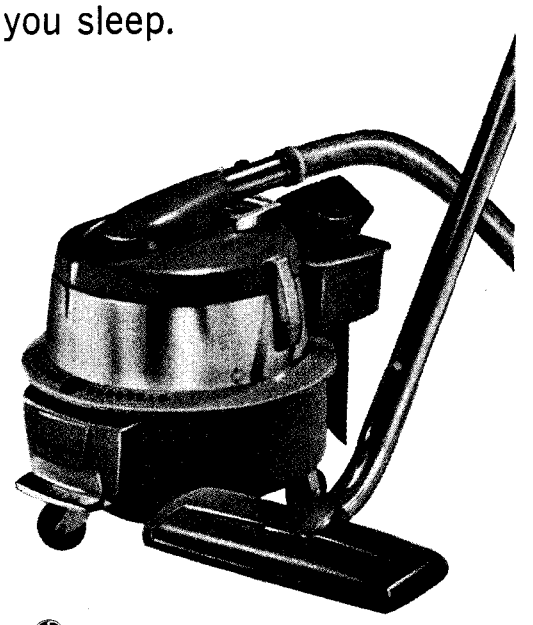
New Miniature Transistor Radio. With earphone, carrying case, battery in handsome jewelry box.



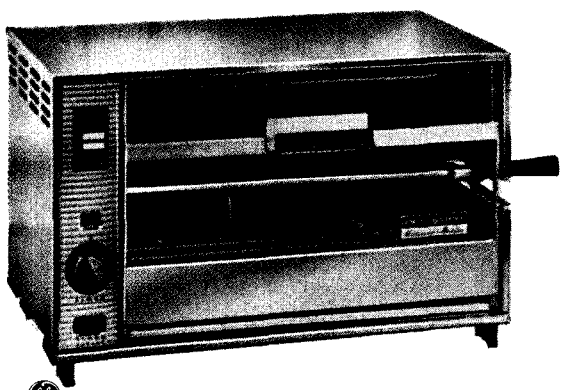
New FM-AM Clock-Radio. Twice the FM pull-in power of comparable sets. AFC prevents drift. Superb Musaphonic® tone.

Floor Polisher. Does all floors. Scrubs, waxes, polishes. Even cleans rugs. Includes all attachments. Splash guard.

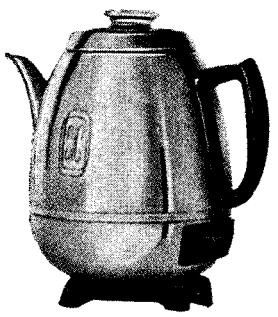




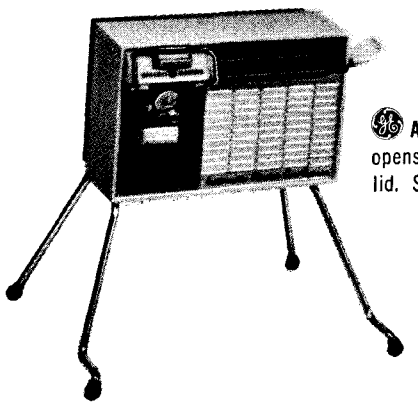
Cord Reel Cleaner. Touch of toe reels up cord. "Piggy-back" attachment caddy. Double-Action rug and floor tool.



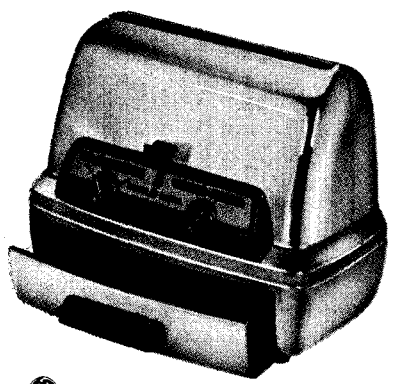
Rotisserie Broiler. New "open-air" broiling design for best-ever steaks and chops. 3-hour timer. Push-button controls.



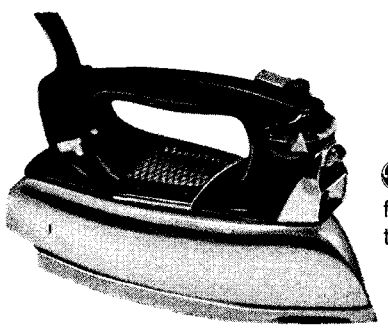
Deluxe Coffee Maker. Perks 2 to 9 cups and keeps them hot, automatically! Reheats without reperking. Stainless steel.



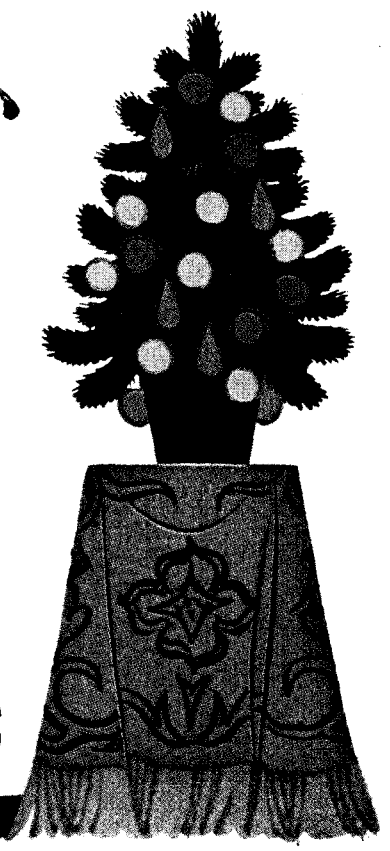
Automatic Can Opener. At a touch, opens cans cleanly. Removes or hinges lid. Safety lock. Optional wall mounting.



Toast-R-Oven®. Toasts all favorites —bread above, muffins, rolls, sandwiches below. Browns to order. Oven also warms.



Spray, Steam and Dry Iron. Irons all fabrics safely, even wash 'n' wear. Low-temperature steam. Sprinkles. Dry irons.



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(*Continued from Page 59*) the hand. Doctor Skinner's neck reddened. Hastily, awkwardly, he crushed out the cigarette in an ash tray and lowered his hand to the desktop.

Doctor Sullivan broke out in a clammy sweat. He mopped his face and neck with a handkerchief. His face changed from granite gray to deep red, and he grabbed the desk for support.

"Naturally," he said huskily, "I refuse to initial it. You have my resignation, Doctor Skinner. Now, if you gentlemen will excuse me, I feel poorly—very poorly indeed."

He walked unsteadily toward the conference room and opened it with seeming effort.

"Now wait! Wait a minute, doctor," Doctor Skinner half shouted. There was no response as the door closed.

For more than a minute the conference room was deathly quiet. Finally Mr. Williamson said plaintively, "Well, now who—who's going to take care of my Joan?"

On rubbery legs Doctor Sullivan walked down the corridor toward his quarters. As he passed the switchboard, he felt faint. He paused.

"Our acting administrator," he said to Myrt, who had been delayed at the switchboard, "has his needle out. Among others, Doctor Whittaker has been kicked out."

Myrt turned red and glared. "Why, that big slab of Gorgonzola!" she exploded. "He can't do that! I'll call Doctor Fincannon—personal."

"Doctor Fincannon and his wife are in Bermuda," said Doctor Sullivan. "They ——" Then he collapsed on the tiles.

"Termite!" Myrt shrieked. "Ernest, Mittie, Wilma, Edna!"

Nurses, interns and orderlies arrived on the double. They placed Doctor Sullivan on a stretcher and carried him to his quarters.

Shortly before eight o'clock Doctor Whittaker, softly whistling a Cole Porter melody, walked briskly and blithesomely down the corridor and stopped at the switchboard. He was wearing black-and-white sport shoes, a checkered sport jacket and an outrageously colored shirt and necktie. His leonine mane of silver hair was neatly combed and smelled of hair tonic. There was a foxy-grandpa twinkle in his eyes as he said to Myrt, "How's my ever-yacking sweetheart, and what keeps you so late from your feathery pad?"

The twinkle in his eyes vanished abruptly as he observed that Myrt had been crying.

"Doctor Sullivan's got it," Myrt sobbed.

Doctor Whittaker wheeled on his heels. He raced down the corridor toward Doctor Sullivan's quarters, his footsteps sounding like a stick being drawn rapidly across a picket fence. Five minutes later he returned to the switchboard, his face a miniature thunderhead.

"Is the guillotine gang still in session?" he asked gruffly.

Myrt nodded and reached for a clean tissue.

"Good!" Doctor Whittaker said grimly. He hurried down the corridor and knocked impatiently at the conference-room door. He heard Doctor Skinner say, "Yes?" and he opened the door and walked in.

Doctor Skinner's eyebrows rose a half inch when he saw Doctor Whittaker. "I thought you were off duty today, doctor," he said.

"I am," Doctor Whittaker said. He sat down without being invited. "Just been out horsing around."

Doctor Skinner frowned. He sniffed suspiciously, but all he could smell was hair tonic.

"I believe," Doctor Skinner said, gesturing, "that you know the members of our ways-and-means committee."

"Oh, yes," Doctor Whittaker said, fitting a dwarf-size cigar into a king-size holder. "I understand you've got some mean ways. Matter of fact, I understand I've been fired."

Doctor Skinner cleared his throat. "Your—ah, resignation is under consideration, doctor."

"Doesn't require consideration," Doctor Whittaker said cheerfully. "I'm through. But while you've been waysing and meansing, I've been galloping after our mystery bug. Believe I've got it cornered. Before I fold up my tent I would like to commence therapy."

Mr. Williamson was on his feet. "You—you mean you can save Joan?"

Doctor Whittaker nodded. "Doctor Sullivan, Joan, Doctor Lee, Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Dickson. I feel pretty confident. However, a test will be involved, taking about twenty-four hours. Doctor Sullivan has agreed to serve as a guinea pig."

Now all the trustees were on their feet. Mr. Williamson was vigorously pumping Doctor Whittaker's right hand. Doctor Skinner, with a frozen smile, said, "Of course, doctor. Of course. Start your test immediately."

Doctor Whittaker's smile was just as frozen. "First of all," he said, "a little collective bargaining might be in order."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Doctor Skinner said stiffly.

"It's quite simple," said Doctor Whittaker. "First, we need two additional interns, two more nurses and another orderly on the medical floor. Same thing goes for the operating floor. The diet kitchen needs at least two more assistants. And gentlemen, we're behind the times. We should have a heart-lung machine."

"Out of the question!" Doctor Skinner said, scowling.

Mr. Williamson placed a hand on Doctor Whittaker's shoulder. "We'll do it, doctor!" he said enthusiastically. "We'll enlist the Ladies' Auxiliary and the Gray Ladies in a fund drive. I'll be the first contributor."

Doctor Whittaker, smiling, arose. He removed his sport jacket and rolled up his sleeves. "Now if you'll excuse me, gentlemen," he said politely, "I'll pursue my needling."

Doctor Sullivan, under heavy sedation, barely grunted as Doctor Whittaker drove home the needle. "Now what the devil are you feeding me?" he muttered.

Doctor Whittaker chuckled. "Some stuff I got from a veterinarian. An antigen—mallein. You'll probably wake up neighing."

"Horse doctor!" Doctor Sullivan grumbled and went right back to sleep.

About twenty-four hours later, now dressed in his whites, Doctor Whittaker returned to Doctor Sullivan's quarters. Bette, looking awfully worried, was sitting beside the bed. Ice packs had been placed around her husband's head and shoulders.

"Resting comfortably?" Doctor Whittaker asked cheerfully.

Doctor Sullivan opened his eyes. They were bloodshot. "Feel as though I'm about to have a colt," he said thickly.

"Let's have a look," Doctor Whittaker said, unbuttoning the top of his pajamas. He studied the skin. His eyes gleamed, and when he spoke, it sounded like a quotation from a textbook. "Reaction positive," he said triumphantly. "An area of erythema ten to twenty mm. in diameter. Now we can really go to work."

"Al," Doctor Sullivan pleaded. "Will you stop hamming it up? What's the score?"

"Ever hear of glanders?" Doctor Whittaker asked seriously.

"Rings a bell," Doctor Sullivan said. "But not loud and clear."

"Few of you babes in the woods are familiar with it," Doctor Whittaker said, chuckling. "It practically went out with horses and buggies. You youngsters should refer to some of the old masters—like Osler—instead of relying entirely on the new theorists."

"Glanders?" Bette repeated, her eyes wide.

Doctor Whittaker nodded. "An infectious disease of animals sometimes transmitted to man. Principal hosts—horses and mules. Pretty well eradicated in America through stringent control methods. Still fairly common in Russia, Turkey, the Balkans and parts of Africa. The organisms gain entry through cutaneous abrasions, ingestion or inhalation. If these organisms reach the blood stream directly, the reaction is very rapid."

"Dangerous, too, doctor?" Bette asked quickly.

Again Doctor Whittaker nodded. "Most virulent. In the majority of cases, glanders used to end fatally in one to three weeks."

Bette gasped. She gripped Doctor Sullivan's hand.

"I said 'used to,'" Doctor Whittaker added quickly. "But not since the advent of the sulfonamides. Sulfadiazine is the most reliable and the least toxic. Strangely, our so-called wonder drugs—the antibiotics—seem ineffectual."

"But—but how?" Doctor Sullivan began.

"Elementary, my dear Dennis," Doctor Whittaker said. "Joan Williamson's jodhpurs—indicative that she is an equestrienne. I am an equestrian of sorts. The only riding stables in these parts are operated by Mr. Abbott. Recently he imported some new horses. Joan's favorite horse became ill. Joan nursed it faithfully, but it died a couple of weeks ago."

Doctor Sullivan smiled. "Perry Mason's looking for men like you, Al."

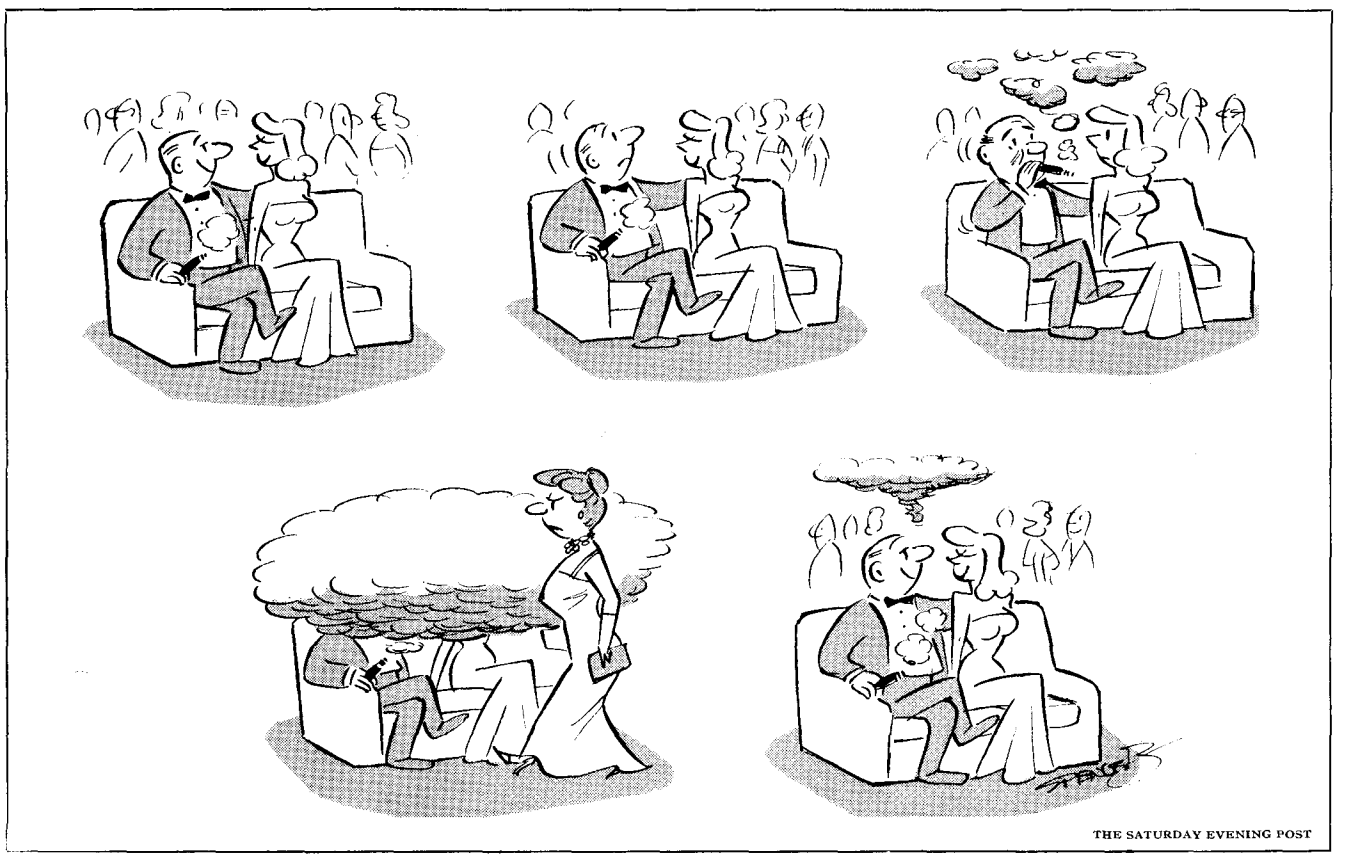
Within a week the glanders victims were doing far better than resting comfortably. Most of them were yelping to be up and about. But Doctor Whittaker was taking no chances. He stopped in one evening to check on Doctor Sullivan, who was stretched out on his bed, wearing pajamas and slippers. Bette was holding his left hand and running her fingers through his hair.

"All's well," Doctor Whittaker said, beaming. "Extra help on surgical and medical floors and in the diet kitchen. We're going to get our heart-lung machine, and it looks as though Doctor Lee will be my assistant."

"Oh-h, wonderful!" Bette said as Doctor Sullivan started to climb out of bed. Gently Doctor Whittaker pushed him back.

"Now, look, Al," Doctor Sullivan said severely. "I want to get back to work—now!"

Doctor Whittaker glanced fondly at Bette. "With a nurse like that," he asked, "why? Now, behave real good like guinea pigs should." THE END



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New York's Police: Their Greatest Ordeal

(Continued from Page 21)

tragic incident had occurred. An innocent bystander had been killed—a nine-year-old Venezuelan girl visiting New York with her parents had been shot in the back when Castro and anti-Castro factions had clashed in a West Side restaurant. The suspected killer, a one-handed pro-Castro Cuban known as "The Hook," was then still at large. The other incidents had been hardly worth recording. Khrushchev's limousine had been spattered with an egg. An angry picket had thrown a rock through the back window of the Albanian premier's car. The Yugoslavian consul had been kicked fiercely in the rump by an anti-Tito picket who had darted past six cops to strike the blow.

The insignificance of these incidents is no measure of the temper of the crowds that demonstrated in the streets from the arrival of Castro on September eighteenth until Khrushchev's departure on October thirteenth, nor of the danger of riots or assassinations that existed throughout that time. It is a measure, instead, of the effectiveness of the police work, a tribute to the soft-voiced, hard-jawed Kennedy and his top commanders, and to the courage, patience and endurance of the men who served under them on the UN detail.

It is a tribute also to the co-operation between Kennedy's own cops and the FBI and State Department agents who, from Boston, Miami, Washington, Philadelphia and Chicago, kept the New York force alerted to what plots against the UN delegates were being fomented in the various cities. "From the very first," said Walter Arm, one of Kennedy's top deputies, "we knew pretty well what to expect—and whom to suspect."

The first inkling Kennedy himself had of the ordeal that would tie up 8000 men—one third of his total force—came on September first, when Khrushchev announced in Moscow that he and his satellite chiefs of state were coming to the UN sessions that would open September twentieth. Kennedy counted them up. Shehu of Albania, Zhivkov of Bulgaria, Mazurov of Byelorussia, Novotny of Czechoslovakia, Kadar and Sik of Hungary, Gomulka of Poland, Gheorghiu-Dej of Romania, Podgorny of the Ukraine, Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet foreign minister. Plus Mr. K. himself. Eleven men, each, for his sins, bitterly hated and a potential target for an assassin's bullet, knife or bomb. In the week that followed, four more "security risks" announced that they were coming too—Nasser of the United Arab Republic, Tito of Yugoslavia, Sukarno of Indonesia and, potentially the most vulnerable of them all, Fidel Castro of Cuba.

Kennedy called his top cops together in his office at the grimy old police headquarters on Centre Street. They were, he knew by long experience, well trained in the techniques of guarding a visitor whom unknown enemies might wish to assassinate. They had handled many fights in New York's streets that stemmed from Europe's quarrels. But this was a police job of a magnitude that had never confronted the force before. It would be the most complicated, exhaustive and long-sustained police effort the department had ever been called on to put forth. Every one of the fifteen men on the list was a potential target. Each would be moving every day from his mission's residence to the UN and back again. They all would be paying calls on each other at all hours of the day and night. They would be shopping and sight-seeing, and the boldest of them would be going out for walks. And for every minute that they were not within the precincts of the UN or in their own houses, their safety would be the responsibility of the police. There could be no slip-ups, no mistakes, for one shot, finding its mark, could trigger a world war.

Fortunately the area in which they would normally be moving about was fairly small. It was concentrated on the East Side of Manhattan, from 96th Street, where the Albanian, Shehu, was to stay, to the UN at 42nd Street. Each of these residences, the streets around the UN, and all the routes the delegates would be traveling, from Idlewild and the docks as they arrived and departed and as they moved from their residences to the UN and back again, would have to be kept under heavy guard. The sporadic blocking off of these routes inevitably would annoy New Yorkers as they surged from home to office and home again during the morning and evening rush. This meant that courtesy, tact and diplomacy would have to be used in dealing with the local

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By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

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populace, for a New Yorker, when he is forced to pause in his daily rat race or to change his route, can become enraged.

The first problem was where to find the men to man these guard details around the clock. On an average day, out of an authorized force of 24,596 men some 23,000 would report fit for duty and would be employed in the normal routine of policing the 315.5 square miles of the sprawling city. By pulling in men from Brooklyn, Queens, Richmond and the Bronx, about 7500 regular-duty patrolmen could be made available for UN duty. Another 500 could be taken off the vice and gambling detail, giving the prostitutes and bookies a temporary respite. Two hundred rookie cops in training could be pulled out of the Police Academy to do odd jobs. Precinct stations and headquarters office staffs could be cut to the bone to free men for street duty.

Even 8000 men, however, could not keep watch around the clock if they maintained their normal duty hours, nor could those who were left do the routine policing job for the city. In normal times, a cop works from midnight to eight A.M. for five days. He then gets fifty-six hours off before he reports back to go on the four-P.M.-to-midnight tour. He works this shift five days, rests fifty-six hours and comes back to duty on the eight-A.M.-to-four-P.M. tour, and he then repeats the cycle. A new work chart had to be drawn up. For the duration of the emergency, the whole force would work a seven-day, eight-hour tour, with only an eight-hour "swing," or rest period, at the end of the seven days.

Lieutenants, captains and inspectors would be on twenty-four-hour call. They would sleep on cots in the precinct stations, or in armories that could be turned into temporary barracks. This meant that the 1300 Jewish members of the force would have to work on their holy days, for Rosh Hashana was coming up. This caused a brief and bitter row between Police Commissioner Kennedy on the one hand and the mayor and the rabbis on the other, but Kennedy stood firm. In Israel, he pointed out, the policemen worked on holy days.

The next problem was how to divide the forces available—to decide how many men should be assigned to each delegate's residence, to keep watch over him around the clock. This decision had to be based on an educated guess on the degree of danger each delegate might face. Factors in the guessing were: How many people hated him? Did they hate him enough to risk their own lives in trying to kill him? The Hungarians, for example, felt an implacable hatred for Kadar, who took over their country after Khrushchev's Red Army had crushed the 1956 revolt. But the Hungarians were known to be more vocal than violent. On the other hand, the Poles who hated Gomulka were considered to be extremely dangerous—men who would gladly kill if they got the chance. The anti-Tito Yugoslavs were considered like-minded.

Kadar, if he had heard these discussions, might have been somewhat comforted. Alone of all the delegates, the police noticed, he seemed perpetually frightened, behaving as if an assassin lurked behind every lamppost. He scurried rather than walked to and from his car, and on his rides through town he sat in the middle of the back seat with a bodyguard on each side. Gomulka, on the other hand, gave no sign that he felt that his person was in jeopardy. He insisted on taking walks in Central Park and lunching at the Tavern on the Green, and he demanded that his police guard be reduced.

"We admired his guts," a policeman said. "But we couldn't abrogate our responsibility for his safety even at his request. We kept a guard detail with him, but they were detectives in street clothes."

Khrushchev, of course, behaved as if he were beloved by everybody, instead of being the top security risk on the list, and his amiable appearances on the balcony of his residence at 680 Park Avenue caused his protectors to break out in cold sweats.

"When I saw that little s.o.b. standing up there making a target of himself, I couldn't believe my eyes," one veteran cop said. "I kept telling myself, 'That's not Khrushchev. That's some stooge who looks like him they've put up there to get himself shot so they can start a war.'"

Though he showed little concern for his personal safety, Mr. K. was disturbed by the pickets who assembled before his residence, chanting, "Murder-ah, murder-ah," and carrying insulting banners labeling him a "fat red rat." His aides called on the police to put a stop to this. In a somewhat tense session between Khrushchev's security chiefs, Colonel Burdin and Lieutenant General Zakharov, and Police Inspector Michael Murphy, Chief of Detectives James B. Leggett and Deputy Inspector Francis Robb, the New York police stoutly stood their ground. The Constitution of the United States guaranteed to every citizen the right of free speech, they pointed out. The first amendment to the Constitution

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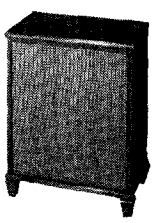

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of the State of New York said: "Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects." That right, they said, would not be curtailed.

Actually the policemen knew that the Russians were on sound legal ground. The laws of New York also say that "any person who uses offensive, threatening, or abusive, or insulting language, or acts in such a manner as to annoy, disturb or be offensive to others" shall be guilty of disorderly conduct. But the policemen were also pragmatic men. Their job as they saw it was to protect Khrushchev's person, not his sensibilities. They also knew that if they arrested all the people who booed Mr. K. and his cohorts or insulted them during their passage through the streets, half the population of Manhattan would be in jail.

The police were also aware that no power on earth could completely protect Mr. K. or the others against a cunning and determined killer. All they could do was to make the would-be killer's task as difficult as possible. They accomplished this by saturating every danger area with men, massing them around the delegates' residences in such numbers that they kept every roof top, back alley, yard and areaway under surveillance. Detectives, dressed like the demonstrators and speaking their language, mingled with the crowds. They were armed with information on potential killers provided by the FBI, the State Department and the delegates' own security agents.

Along the security route leading from the UN to the delegates' residences, 378 policemen stood guard, and heavily armed detectives and State Department agents traveled with each motorcade. Here, though, the only real safety lay in speed, and the motorcades moved at forty miles an hour. By contrast—"Just to show those people what we think of *our* chief of state," as one policeman put it—President Eisenhower's motorcade moved through the city almost at a walking pace, giving the President a chance to respond to the cheers of hundreds of thousands.

To be sure there were no careless slip-ups, every patrolman was briefed again in those tricks of the trade he had learned as a rookie in Police Academy: In a situation of potential danger, watch every man with a briefcase or a package, or who carries a raincoat over his arm. Be suspicious of anyone who is obviously nervous and intense. Remove from the area all portable objects that might be used as weapons, such as trash cans, or keep them under guard. Guard all fire-alarm boxes to prevent false alarms, for fire trucks, horses, motorcycles, automobiles and foot cops all milling around in one place could give a killer a chance or provide an opportunity for a mob to break loose. Above all, don't face the man you are guarding. Face the crowd.

Some safety precautions led to some mildly ludicrous situations. In Harlem, for example, when Khruschchev went to call on Fidel Castro at the Theresa Hotel, the police massed ranks around the two men as they walked toward the elevator, to protect them from a crowd of yelling Castro fans who were storming through the doors. This sealed off Khrushchev's security chief, Lieutenant General Zakharov, from the man he was supposed to guard, and the general went into a tantrum. He started elbowing, shoving and kneeing his way through the cops until a motorcycle captain grabbed him, slammed him up against a wall and advised him to calm down. Once when a messenger sought to deliver a large package addressed to Mr. K., the police seized it, cleared all traffic in the area and called for a ten-ton truck operated by the bomb-disposal squad. The package contained an apple pie and a little locket on which the Ten Commandments were engraved.

The police were not embarrassed. "O.K. So it turned out to be a pie," a spokesman argued. "It could just as easily have been a bomb."

The police, in laying out their defenses, figured there would be three main focal points where trouble might occur—the UN plaza, where the wildest and loudest demonstrations might be expected; 680 Park Avenue, where the anti-Khrushchev forces would concentrate; and wherever Fidel Castro might happen to be, as he darted around the city in his dizzy fashion. To be able to reinforce these spots in case of trouble that might overwhelm the strong forces already stationed there, a Mobile Reserve Force was set up. Three hundred men, all six-footers, all trained in judo and the tricks of handling unruly crowds, were divided into three groups—later expanded to four when Castro moved to Harlem. They were stationed in armories near the potential danger zones, and from there they moved, in borrowed Army buses, to wherever danger threatened.

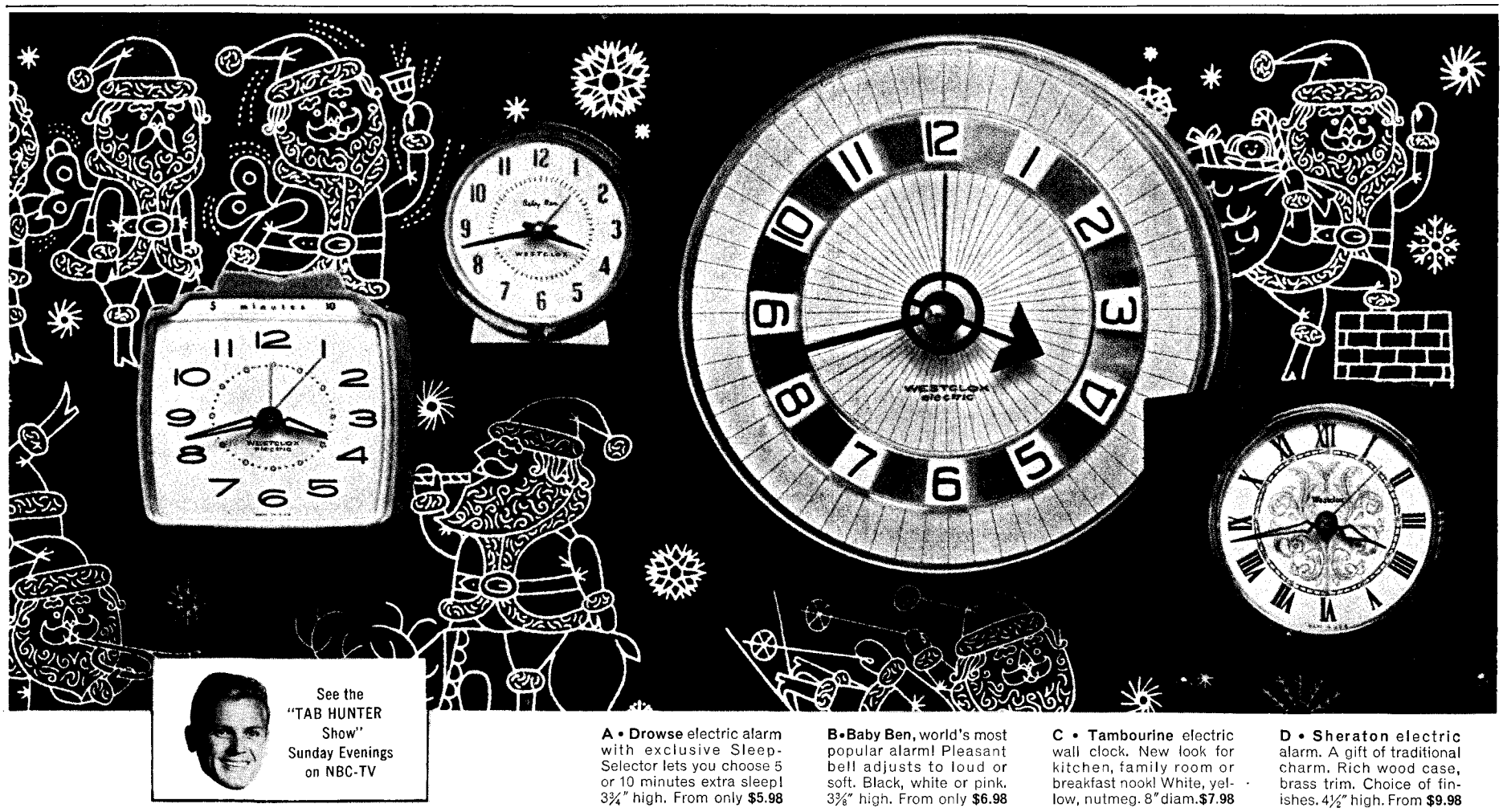
The system proved its merits in the first few nights. Sharp fights swirled around the UN, the crowds did swarm to Khrushchev's residence, and in Harlem, when Castro arrived, there were moments of great danger when some 6000 partisans, about equally divided between pro-Castro and anti-Castro factions, faced each other. Nowhere, though, did the dangers last more than a few minutes. The police log tells the laconic story.

Sept. 18, 5:30 P.M.: Fighting going on at 680 Park. 55 men of the Mobile Reserve, 13 from the 19th precinct dispatched to augment the forces already there.

6:06 P.M.: Unruly crowd at 680 Park now under control.

As Fidel Castro arrived at Idlewild, 500 supporters waited to cheer him. As he entered Manhattan through the Queens Midtown Tunnel, as many Castro haters booed him. Both groups followed him to the Shelburne Hotel. For a few moments the situation there was tense. By 7:30, though, 123 foot patrolmen had herded the belligerents behind barriers a block apart, where they could bay at each other harmlessly. Twenty mounted cops were keeping spectators moving. By midnight all was quiet. All was quiet, too, at the UN, where earlier there had been a flurry of fights. Now the fighting was over and the incidents were of another kind. Hungarian pickets, on hunger strike, were falling by twos and threes from weariness and hunger, and the cops were sending them off to hospitals.

The arrival of Khrushchev and his cohorts on the *Baltika* the next morning was almost anticlimactic. At shabby old Pier 73, and all along the security route, cops stood shoulder to shoulder, and behind their motorcycle outriders, the delegates' racing motorcades reached their missions without incident. Tension, though, was in the air. By mid-afternoon reports were pouring into the Special Subversives Control Center that had been set up in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and to the UN Operations Desk at headquarters on Centre Street. Late in the afternoon the FBI reported that July 26th pro-Castro groups were headed for the Shelburne to rough up the anti-Castro White Rose forces demonstrating there. Again the Mobile Reserve moved in to back up the guard detail already on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the scene. At 6:13, the brief note in the log: "Pro-Castros behind barriers on 37th between Park and Lexington. Antis held a block away on 38th. All quiet."

At 7:03 came the first snafu. Fidel Castro came boiling angrily out of the Shelburne, demanding that his motorcade take him to the UN. His baggage came down and was loaded into two cars. Where they were bound for, nobody knew, so his State Department security guards took down the license-plate numbers and asked for a police tail. The tail followed the baggage to the Theresa Hotel, in Harlem.

There followed then a rapid shifting of bluecoats on the great chessboard of the city. Pro-Castro and anti-Castro forces had set out afoot, following Fidel. Word came soon that they were gathering at 44th Street and Second Avenue. Two sergeants, twenty patrolmen and ten mounted cops were rushed there from the now-empty Shelburne. A force from the Mobile Reserve sped toward the still-unguarded Theresa. At headquarters, Chief of Staff Michael Birmingham scrambled to find the men to guard a security route now suddenly extended twenty-nine blocks north to Harlem. By half-past midnight the route was guarded, and Fidel had traversed it safely and was bedded down in the Theresa. Outside, a guard now raised to 223 foot patrolmen and sixteen horsemen kept watch on a milling crowd that was curious, but not unruly. It turned out that fractious Fidel had moved from the Shelburne, where his entourage had left rooms strewn with cigar butts and molding food, because he objected to posting a $10,000 bond against possible damage.

The police didn't know it then, but their worst test was over. There would be a few fights afterward, but from then on, wherever demonstrators moved through the city, their movement was reported. When they arrived at Tito's house, or Kadar's, or Khrushchev's, or wherever, they found the barriers up and the cops there in strength, their batons at the ready.

For all hands, as the days passed, the game of watchful waiting grew a little boring. Boring or not, though, there was no letup in vigilance. A hundred possibilities had to be considered. Whenever a ship came in bringing another security risk, police launches escorted it to its dock. When planes arrived or departed, the launches lay off Idlewild, for a fifty-caliber gun fired from a small boat could easily have knocked down a low-flying plane. When Khrushchev fled to Glen Cove, Long Island, for his weekend rest, a police helicopter scouted out the route, watching for demonstrators who might seek to ambush him. Every package arriving by mail or messenger for a man on the "risk list" had to be fluoroscoped and examined.

Beneath the surface a great deal of hard, grinding investigative police work was going on. From Miami, Federal agents reported that a Cuban named Al Alquilar, a bitter enemy of Castro, had bought a high-powered rifle with a telescope sight and was believed to be headed for New York. A watch was set for Alquilar, who never showed up.

Throughout the entire session Khrushchev's own security people were reporting fantastic plots which they claimed had come to their attention. On September seventeenth they reported that two Hungarian assassins were on their way from Germany, to "commit an act" against the Socialist leaders, and a third dangerous man, whose name and description they gave, was on his way from Canada. Federal agents in Boston reported rumors there that Zionist elements would seek to assassinate Nasser. On September twentieth the Soviet agents had word from their trade mission in Bern, Switzerland, that a former Gestapo agent was in New York, ready to shoot Khrushchev with a special gun built into a movie camera. The police checked all press credentials and examined all cameras.

On September twenty-second the Yugoslavs were on the phone. A man who boldly gave his name had been telephoning to announce that he was going to shoot Tito. On September twenty-fourth Federal agents from Philadelphia reported that a young Hungarian had told his girl friend he was going to New York to kill Kadar. Anonymous callers phoned Cyrus Eaton to tell him he would never live till Monday to give his luncheon for Khrushchev.

> A snowflake is one of nature's most fragile things, but just look at what they can do when they stick together.
>
> MRS. VESTA M. KELLY

The departure of Fidel Castro on September twenty-eighth released nearly 800 men, but for the detectives, who had to investigate each warning and reported threat, there was no respite. Now the Soviet agents were reporting that a group of Hungarians and Germans living in Brooklyn was planning to drop magnetic mines from a helicopter as the *Baltika* moved down the channel on its way home. Since neither Mr. K. nor the other chiefs of the satellite states would be on board, this seemed a wasted effort, but the rumor had to be investigated just the same.

Though the Russians were quick to report fantastic plots and to demand action, when dangers in turn were reported to them they seemed unimpressed. The long-hoped-for day of Khrushchev's departure brought its usual flap. Two hours before his take-off time a woman called police to tell them a bomb had been hidden in his plane. The police reported this to the Soviet security agents.

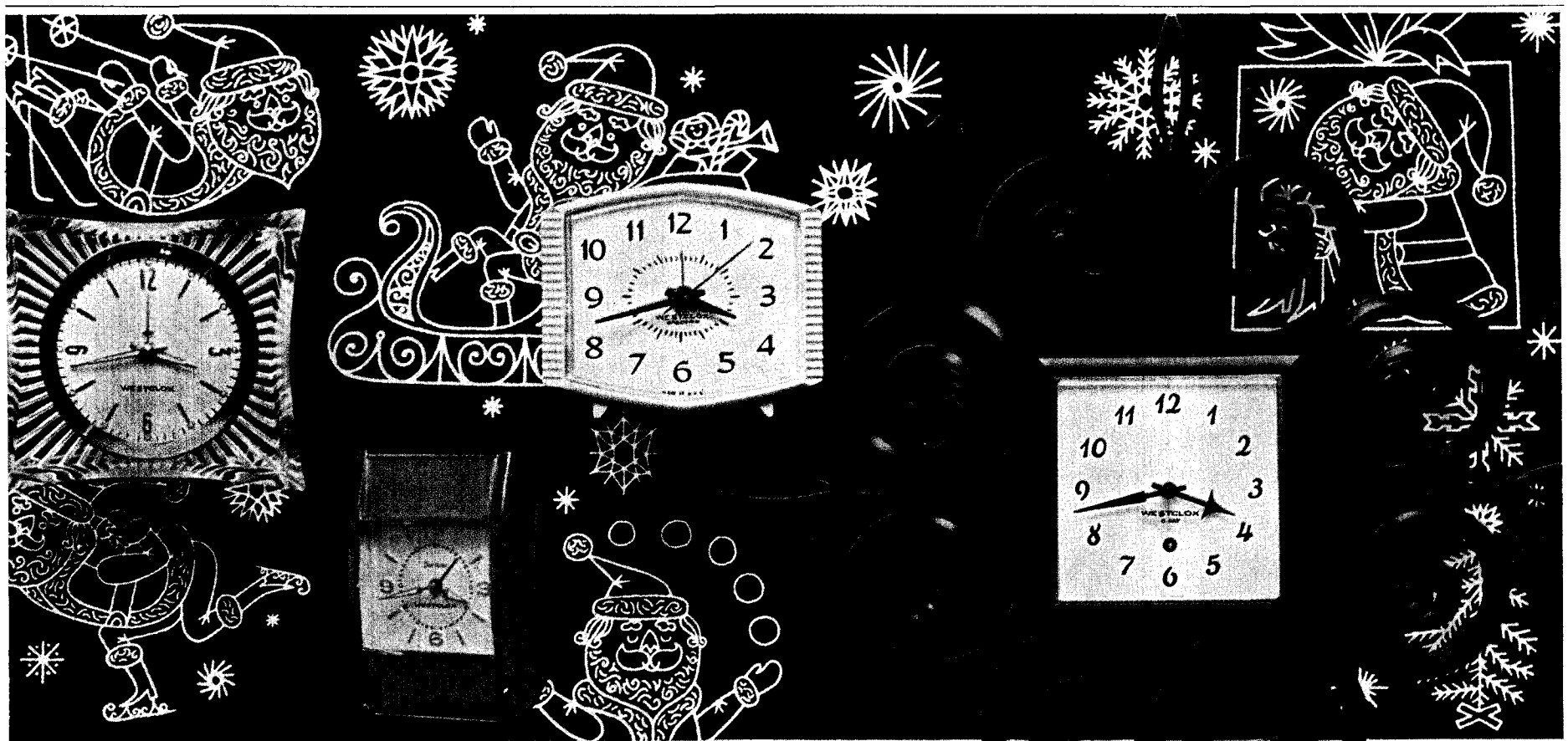
"Nonsense," the Russians said.

It must have been, for on the night of October thirteenth, at 11:47, Khrushchev's huge prop-jet lifted safely into the sky and was gone on its way to Moscow.

The tired horse, Apache, could now get his rest, and the cops could go home and get acquainted with their wives and children. But the job was not quite finished. One hundred FBI men and New York detectives were still hunting Francisco Molina, known as "The Hook," for the killing of little Magdalena Urdaneta in the brawl in the restaurant between two Cuban factions. The next day they found him, cowering in a closet in Queens.

With that arrest, the biggest, toughest, most exhausting police job in history was done. New York's "finest" had worked 1,000,000 extra hours. In spite of the deployment of the police to protect our uninvited guests, petty crime in outlying areas of the city increased only slightly. The extra cost to New York City was upwards of $4,496,000. Seventy arrests were made on charges of disorderly conduct. Six policemen were injured. These were all minor injuries. Not a shot was fired by a policeman the entire time.

Doubtless nerves were frayed, as subsequent difficulties between Commissioner Kennedy and the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association demonstrated. But this could not take away from the public's message to both the cops and Kennedy, a hearty "well done!" THE END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A Bad Day for O'Banion

(Continued from Page 27)

That first year Mike was still at Fordham on the GI Bill and Noreen worked. They had both dreamed of a little place of their own somewhere—out on the Island, or maybe over in Jersey. Just a patch of grass and some trees and sky to look at any time they wanted to. But then Noreen became pregnant and lost her child. There had been complications. Mike quit school and took the police examinations. After three years on the force he finally caught up with the medical bills and was able to finish Fordham at night.

As Mike advanced steadily on the force he and Noreen began dreaming again about the little place with a patch of grass. And now it was beginning to seem as if they would have it. Mike had made lieutenant of detectives after only eight years in the department. Three years later, after a score of brilliant arrests, he had been appointed captain of the Special Assignments Squad. And Noreen saw to it that money was put away regularly as his salary grew more substantial.

But the hazardous duty that was going to provide Noreen with her own home had also deprived her of one short but important day almost every year—her wedding anniversary. And now, in spite of the plans Mike knew she was making, it looked as if she wouldn't have this one either.

They pulled into the grounds of the mayor's mansion, and Mike was ushered into the study by a secretary. Seated at a large conference table was Mayor Gordon Rhein. Standing next to him, looking over his shoulder at a group of photographs and telegrams, was Police Commissioner Brilling.

The mayor got up and came around the table to shake hands.

"Mike," the commissioner said, "we've got a nasty one for you."

The mayor went back to his chair and lighted a cigarette, and Mike could see that he was deeply concerned. "Nasty isn't the word for it," the mayor said.

The commissioner held up a photograph. "You're familiar with the Mendez case?" he asked Mike.

"To some extent," Mike answered. "He's the guy that killed Vonocik, the Commie defector who masterminded the spy network in the Caribbean, isn't he?"

"Yes, Mike. They released Mendez in Havana yesterday."

"He hasn't served half his term yet, has he?" Mike asked.

"No," Brilling answered, "but they've released him just the same."

"In a way it figures," Mike said. "The way Castro's been playing footsie with the Kremlin lately."

"In case you don't know the background," the commissioner continued, "Vonocik defected back in the early 'Fifties. When he did, he spilled the whole Caribbean setup to an official at the American Embassy in Havana. Mendez was his Number Two man. Someone let Vonocik leave the embassy to pick up some valuables at his villa, and Mendez gave it to him before anyone knew what happened. There's no doubt about Mendez's killing him, but the trial was a farce under Batista. Mendez was finally convicted on flimsy evidence. The Russians accused us of rigging the whole thing—trial *and* murder. And they've been putting indirect pressure on the Cuban Government to release Mendez ever since."

"Where's Mendez now?" Mike asked.

"He was supposed to have got a flight to Buenos Aires last night, but apparently it was a ruse. The guy that *did* get on the flight was gunned down during a stopover in Rio. Mendez took a flight to Dallas. Luckily the FBI was alerted from Havana. They met his plane and hustled him onto a Washington flight, and they've bought an entire parlor car on the Pennsy's afternoon *Senator* to bring him to New York. He'll be arriving at Penn Station late this afternoon."

"To be flown out immediately, I guess," Mike said.

"Yes. By jet from Idlewild," Brilling answered. "The FBI's got one man shackled to Mendez. He'll accompany him to London and turn him over to British Intelligence."

"And they'll put him on a plane for Moscow?" Mike asked.

"Yes," the commissioner said. "But until then he's like a time bomb. Nobody wants him except a small core of fanatics who defected with Vonocik. They've been waiting almost ten years, Mike. They won't stop at anything."

"And the point is not to let it happen here in New York."

"Primarily, yes, Captain O'Banion," the mayor said. "But there's more to it than that. Recent incidents with the Russians have caused this country to lose face considerably throughout the world. It wouldn't help matters at all if this man were assassinated here."

Mike studied the mayor momentarily. He was exceptionally nervous, and Mike could understand why. He really didn't belong in politics. He and his brothers owned an established investment bank in Wall Street, and for some reason, prestige possibly, they had decided that the mayoralty was worth going after. Rhein

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had entered a campaign on a reform ticket and had won going away. But Rhein was a gentleman; and on two or three occasions, when the Tammany leaders tried to put pressure on him, his lack of infighting ability had made him a laughingstock. There was more than one reason why Rhein didn't want to have an assassination take place in New York, and Mike could appreciate his uneasiness.

Mike lighted a cigarette and drew on it. "A bomb could get Mendez in a car filled with FBI men just as effectively as one well-placed bullet," he said.

"Exactly," the commissioner said. For a moment there was a flicker of pride on his face. "The main thing is to get Mendez off the train and take him out to Idlewild as inconspicuously as possible."

"What about the FBI? Aren't they touchy about letting us in on it?" Mike asked.

"It's their idea. They'll get off the train, one of them bundled up to look like Mendez and fake it over to one of the steamship lines on the West Side. That way they'll draw off the hatchet men."

"We hope," the mayor said.

"And they'll still have the one man with Mendez," the commissioner said.

"We could take him off on the West Side where the Pennsy tracks come out for air," Mike said. "There's a ladder there. I could have a car or two waiting. The unmarked Fords."

"Good. Arrange it with Penn Station," the commissioner said.

"All we'll need is a couple of minutes," Mike said. "It should be natural enough. The trains sometimes stop there before they pull into the station platforms."

"What about Idlewild?" the Mayor asked.

"We don't have to go through the terminal at all," Mike said. "We can use the maintenance-vehicle entrance and drive right up to the plane Mendez's taking."

"The BOAC night flight to London," the commissioner said. "It leaves at seven-forty-five."

"We can have any questionable passengers scratched off the flight, can't we?" Mike asked.

"I'll call BOAC and arrange it," the commissioner said.

"The *Senator* gets in about five-fifteen. That means you'll have to cruise around a while," the commissioner added. "I don't like to ask you to do this, Mike. It isn't like you'll be shielding a saint."

Mike stood up and said, "I'll get to work on it right away."

"Thank you, Captain O'Banion," the mayor said. He shook Mike's hand. "I promise you, I won't forget this."

Outside Mike got into the car with Barber and they drove toward East River Drive. "We've got a sweet one on for tonight, Dick. Better call your wife when we get to headquarters and tell her you'll be late for supper." Mike suddenly found himself thinking about the prospect that one or both of them might not get home for supper at all.

When they arrived downtown, Mike briefed his men on their respective assignments and made all the necessary arrangements. Then he called Noreen, but she had already gone out.

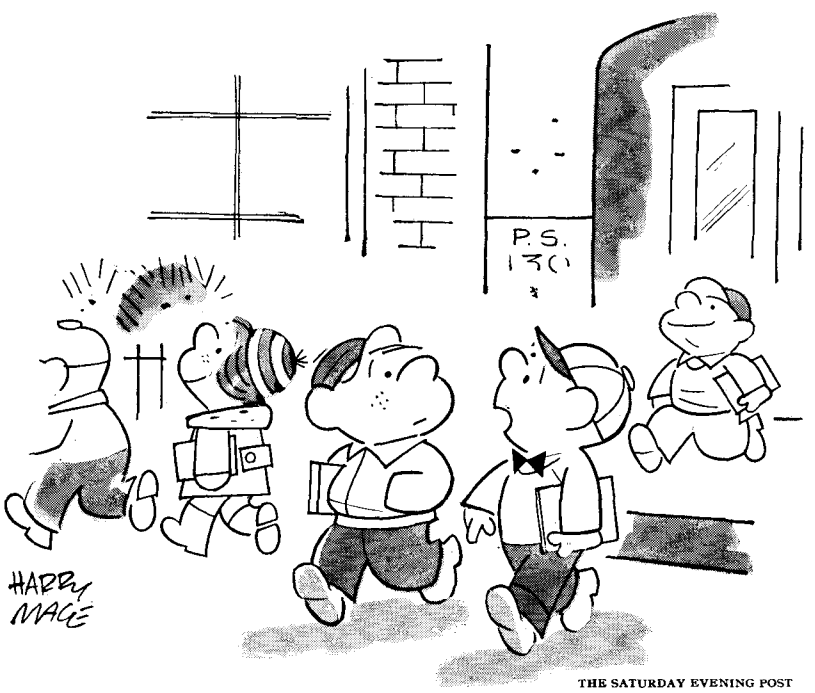
The afternoon dragged interminably. Mike checked and rechecked the plans he had made. One car instead of two, he had decided—less obvious. The one without the radio. The easiest thing to spot on an unmarked car was the radio antenna. A detail of men would be stationed out of sight on the rooftops and in the warehouses near the point where he would pick up Mendez. They were already taking their places, one at a time. At Idlewild Mike was gambling on three men in the pilot's compartment and another dressed as a grease-monkey. Any further show of strength would tip off the dynamite boys, he was sure.

Mike attempted to reach Noreen four times during the afternoon, but he was unsuccessful. As he strapped on his .38 snub-nosed revolver at a quarter to five, he felt a sudden pang of loneliness, but it was too late to call again.

Mike and Dick Barber got into the light-tan Ford and drove up the West Side Highway to the 23rd Street exit. From there they drove along the water front to 34th. Swinging right, they headed down the wide thoroughfare toward the Empire State Building. Its lofty tower was obscured in afternoon haze.

Turning right again on Ninth Avenue, they drove to 31st and turned into the side street. At Tenth Avenue they made another right and moved slowly to the foot of 32nd Street.

Mike pulled up to the curb and left the motor running. Looking up, he saw the tip of a riot gun protruding over the edge of a rooftop. Turning, he saw another squad man inside an open warehouse



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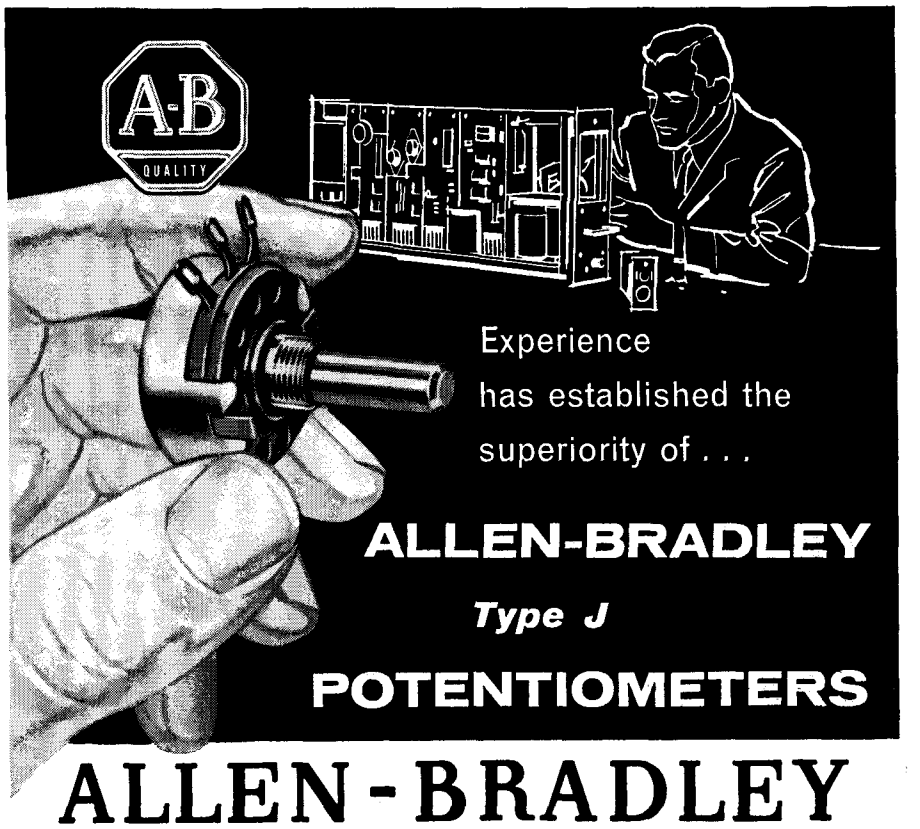

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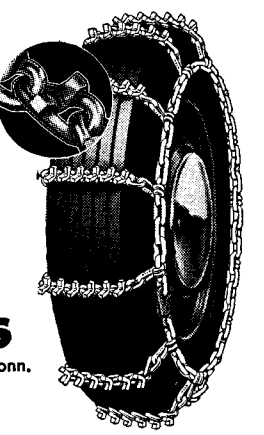

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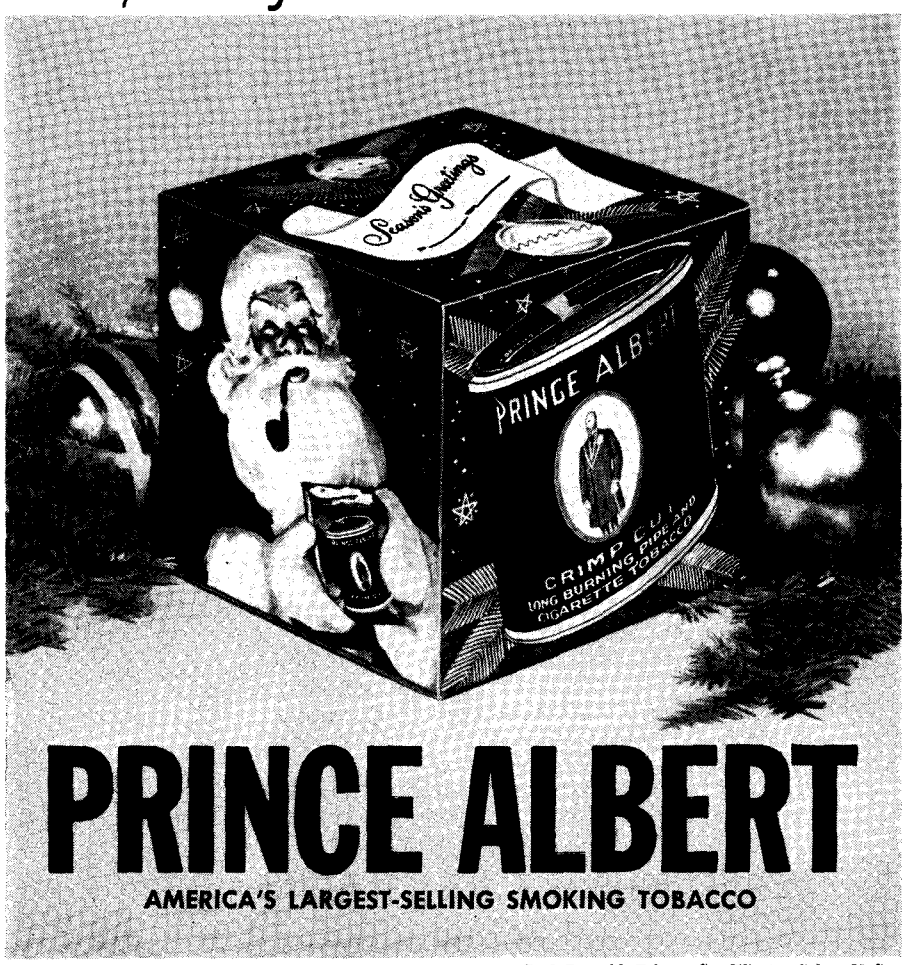

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window. As the man shifted position, Mike saw the dull gleam of a submachine-gun barrel.

Mike heard the train pull out of the tunnel slowly and come to a stop. He looked at his watch—5:14. Swinging over the edge of the wall high above the track-bed, Mike dropped to the ledge that led to the metal maintenance ladder. He climbed down and crossed the tracks to the doorway of the last car. Its curtains were all drawn.

"Everything all set?" a clean-cut-looking young man asked from the exit-platform doorway of the railroad car. There was the unmistakable bulge of an automatic under his jacket.

"All set," Mike answered.

Mendez came out blinking at the sudden light after the darkness of the tunnel under the Hudson. Alongside him, connected by a slender set of metal wrist cuffs, was a middle-aged agent Mike had seen once before.

"Curtis," the man said, shaking hands. "O'Banion. I guess we'd better get moving."

Curtis unlocked the cuffs, and they climbed the ladder, O'Banion leading and Curtis following Mendez. They were just reaching the street level when the train began to move again. Barber leaned over the wall and nodded his O.K. There was no one in the street. Mike eased himself over the wall and helped Mendez and Curtis after him.

Barber got into the driver's seat, and Mike sat on Mendez's left in the back. Curtis got in on Mendez's right and snapped the cuffs on again.

In minutes they were on the West Side Highway, driving north in the rush-hour traffic on their calculated swing around the outskirts of the city.

"You know," Mendez said unexpectedly, "it is humorous that you should go to all this trouble over me. There is a good chance that all your efforts are for nothing."

"How's that?" Mike asked, as they drove along at a steady thirty-eight miles an hour.

"I mean," Mendez said, "that they may kill me as soon as I arrive in Moscow or soon after, just to silence me."

"So what are you goin' back for?" Barber asked from the front seat.

Mendez smiled. "For two reasons. First, there is no other place for me to go. Second, they may *not* kill me. There is an equal chance that I will be given a hero's welcome."

"Good luck," Mike said. "Meanwhile, we'll see you get there. Part way, anyhow."

Suddenly Mendez's eyes became glazed. "I did my job well," he said. "I paid the price. I *deserve* a hero's reception."

Mike turned to the wiry little man and suddenly felt the total repugnance of him. What had been welcome chatter to ease the tension was now a distasteful reminder that they were chaperoning a man who had killed someone with a length of pipe. Mike decided it wouldn't do any good to try to shut him up. And all the way up to the Cross County Parkway which spanned Westchester, Mendez expounded on the glories of international Communism and how the world would be when Russia was completely stabilized and had taken over. Then suddenly, as if he realized that they were not really listening to him, Mendez had stopped talking.

Barber threaded through traffic on the Hutchinson River Parkway, heading back now toward the eastern extremes of the city. At the toll gate on the Whitestone Bridge, Mike noticed that it was 6:30. He wondered momentarily what had happened at Penn Station and then at the pier on the West Side. Thinking of the young agent who had stuck his head out of the parlor-car doorway, Mike said a brief, silent prayer.

Leaving the Whitestone Bridge, they drove on the Cross Island to Grand Central Parkway. After a short distance on it, they turned off onto the Van Wyck Expressway and headed for Idlewild. Mike looked at his watch—6:47. Plenty of time.

As they drew closer to the airport, Mike wondered briefly about Noreen. She had probably put the whole afternoon into getting herself beautiful for him that evening. His thoughts switched to a more apprehensive train as he noticed the street bridges that crossed over the expressway. How easy it would be to lob a grenade or a pack of dynamite sticks down if they knew it was *this* car, Mike thought.

At the end of the Van Wyck Expressway they turned, and instead of taking the main road down past the elaborate new airport hotel, they headed toward the maintenance road which rimmed the airport grounds. They had just entered on it and were approaching an uncompleted dirt-fill area when it happened.

The large dump truck backed out of a side road that led to the heart of the fill area and stopped, blocking the road. All Barber could do was pump the brakes and attempt to swerve around the rear of the truck. But there was no room. Off the

We spared the rod and wound up with the beat generation.

L. J. WOLF

side of the road behind the truck there was nothing but high reeds and marshy bottomland which was yet to be filled. To hurtle into it now might mean sudden death by drowning in either water or mud.

And then there was no need to decide any more. Still moving at nearly fifteen miles an hour, the car smashed into the dump truck. Barber's involuntary swing to the left sent the car careering off the truck's huge, double rear wheels.

Mike was thrown forward almost into the front seat. Barber's ribs were bruised badly on the steering wheel. But Curtis had been smashed against the partition between the two windows on his side of the car. He lay grotesquely against the front seat, and there was no way of telling immediately if he was seriously injured. Mendez had been thrown forward with Curtis, but the FBI agent had cushioned the impact of the crash for him.

The first whine of a bullet glancing off the top of the car brought Mike quickly to his senses. This was it. They had known there were only so many places Mendez could leave from and they had been bright enough to block off the least obvious entrance to the airport. There was probably a crew of them at each of the air terminals in the metropolitan area.

A second bullet smashed through the windshield from the direction of the reeds near the back of the truck. Mike barked, "Down on the floor, Mendez. And drag Curtis down there with you."

Barber snapped off the one undamaged headlight and was out of the car first. Mike saw the flash of a gun on his own side of the car. He placed a careful shot slightly above and to the right of the flash. The gun went off again in the darkness, but this time it was in a direction that told Mike the owner had been hit badly. One down.

Mike got out of the car and crawled to the truck and (*Continued on Page 74*)

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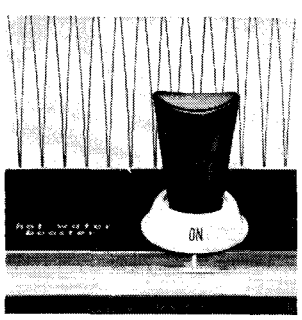

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COSTA MESA Harbor Appl. Sales
COVINA Geo. H. Deutsch
CRESCENT CITY Baker & Stanton
DELANO Striplin & Eberlein
DOS PALOS Robert's
EL CAJON Whitney's Dept. Store
ENCINITAS Bartol's Hardware
ESCONDIDO County Electric
EUREKA Dick Adams Appliance
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FRESNO Ralph Telegan Furniture
GLENDALE Glendale Refrigeration
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GLENDORA Glenco Appliance
HANFORD Van's Appliance
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IMPERIAL Wagner's Appliance
INDIO Cavanaugh Electric Service
LA CRESCENTA Foster's Appliance
LAFAYETTE Victor's
LA HABRA B & T Appliance
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LONG BEACH Wm. E. Phillips Co.
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(*Continued from Page 72*) saw a pair of feet underneath on the opposite side. The driver. A bullet through the man's right shin bowled him over, and Mike sent another slug into him as he sprawled on the ground. Two.

Mike's mind worked overtime for ten seconds. In order to cover all the airports, they'd have to spread themselves pretty thin—unless they had an army. *Unlikely*, Mike thought. There were two out of it and at least one more still operating in the reeds beyond the driver's side of the car. Maybe two.

Mike glanced back at Barber and saw him fire once and then groan and fall as he was hit high in the shoulder. The man in the reeds fired again at Barber, but the bullet missed.

"Crawl under the car to this side," Mike called to Barber. He glanced at the windows of the car, but neither Mendez nor Curtis was visible inside.

Circling, Mike worked his way around the front end of the truck and edged back along the far side. He stopped suddenly and heard the faint snapping of dead reeds beyond the rear of the truck. The gunman had thought of the same thing Mike had, only in reverse. Mike sucked in a silent breath, looked cautiously around the rear of the truck and waited until he could make out the figure of the man and then the dull shape of the gun he was carrying. He felt a brief twinge of pity as he sent a bullet tearing into the man's chest.

Taking the man's gun, Mike backtracked as a huge airliner took off directly over them. Shielded by the roar of the plane's engines, Mike ducked and ran around the front end of the truck to Barber.

"You all right?" Mike asked.

"It hurts like hell, but I think I'll be all right if we can get somewhere and stop the bleeding."

They were silent for a moment as Mike listened and scanned the surrounding area. There wasn't a sound. Mike peered into the car and saw Mendez hovering beneath the level of the windows. He turned back to Barber. "I guess that's all of them," he said. He leaned down and pulled back Barber's jacket and ripped his shirt open. "Pretty nasty," Mike said.

"How about Curtis?" Barber asked.

"I don't know," Mike said. "He hit the partition pretty hard. I'll take a look at him as soon as I get you padded a little with this handkerchief."

Another airliner took off over them, and Mike had just finished when he heard the footsteps behind him. He turned slightly and saw the business end of an automatic.

"Very admirable attempt to stop us," the man said, "but not quite good enough. I'll take your guns. If you so much as move an inch, I'll scatter your brains all over this road."

He leaned over and placed the muzzle of his gun directly behind Mike's ear. Mike cursed softly to himself for not making sure. But there had been no choice. Barber might have bled to death if Mike had hesitated.

"You must have had your hands full," the man said as he tossed the guns into the weeds. He spoke with the slightest bit of Slavic inflection. "What with those amateur lunatics who've been waiting to get Mendez all these years." He backed away and smiled. "It is only in the last three months that my government decided to go through with this, to create another international incident that would make your country look barbaric once again to the rest of the world. It would be so simple to say that you didn't safeguard a Soviet citizen from the fanatics."

He backed all the way to the rear window of the car, keeping the gun trained on Mike. "And now for our hero, Mr. Mendez," he said.

He never got a chance to say anything else. Mendez grabbed him by the throat with his free hand and pulled his head into the car. The man's eyes bulged and his body jerked with each increase of pressure from Mendez's fingers. The gun hung loosely in the man's hand and finally dropped as he went motionless. Curtis was just regaining consciousness as Mendez let the man slide down the side of the car to the road.

"Too bad I won't be here to receive a citation," Mendez said. "I would never have believed I would some day assist the FBI and—how do you call them?—New York's Finest."

Mike eased Barber into the front seat. "You O.K., Curtis?" he asked.

Curtis held a hand to his head. "I feel like I was hit by a truck," he groaned.

"In a way you were," Mike said.

"I don't think it's anything more than a bad lump on the side of my head, though," Curtis said.

"Shall we catch my plane?" Mendez asked.

Mike looked at his watch. "There's still time."

Mike backed up the car, got out and saw that the grille and fenders had been badly damaged, but other than that the car was still functional. He drove the truck back into the side road. Then he examined the four assassins briefly. They were all dead.

Getting back into the car, he drove a short distance and then turned out onto a runway, blinking the car's undamaged headlight on and off. Mike turned off the runway when they reached the BOAC installation and pulled up to a boarding ramp next to a huge jet airliner with lights flashing on its wings and tail assembly.

"It would not have been worth all this trouble unless they thought of me as a hero," Mendez said, getting out of the car with Curtis.

Mike looked at Mendez and felt pity for him. Tonight was worth it, Mike thought, just to be living here in a country where people couldn't be made into puppets.

"Good luck," Mike said to Curtis. "Have the stewardess look at your head. By the way, all the passengers have been checked out, so I guess you can relax."

Curtis smiled wryly. "Not until I unlock this bracelet in London," he said.

Mike's men got off the plane after Mendez and Curtis had boarded. They stood there briefly and watched the airship take off and head out over the Atlantic. Then Mike sent his men to round up the bodies and took Barber into the airport infirmary. When Mike called headquarters in Manhattan for an ambulance, he learned that no one had been hurt in the faked operation at the West Side pier. Four other goons had been apprehended at La Guardia, but there had not been any shooting.

Then Mike called Noreen.

"Where have you been?" Noreen said, a trace of anger in her voice. "I've been worried sick."

"Didn't you call the office?" Mike asked. He could see her sitting there waiting for him to walk in with a bottle of champagne. And him never coming.

"They wouldn't tell me *any*thing. Is everything all right? I know you don't like me to ask what you've been doing," she said hesitantly.

"Nothing exciting," Mike lied. "I had to drive the mayor out to the airport."

"Well, it isn't *fair!* I got all upset wondering whether you were all right." Mike heard the slight shift in her voice and knew she was crying now. Doing a beautiful job of hiding it, but crying.

"I tried to call you two or three times this afternoon," he offered guiltily.

"I told you I was going to the beautician's. Don't you even know what day this is?"

"Of course I know." A sudden thought struck him. "Today is Thursday ——"

"Michael O'Banion ——"

"And I'm taking tomorrow off," he interrupted, "so we can have a long weekend." The hell with Commissioner Brilling. "Do you know that little colonial inn just beyond Exit Forty-two on the Merritt?" he said. "The one with the mill wheel? Where we always said we'd like to spend an anniversary?"

"Oh, Michael. We shouldn't. Not when we're this close to buying our little place," Noreen said half-heartedly.

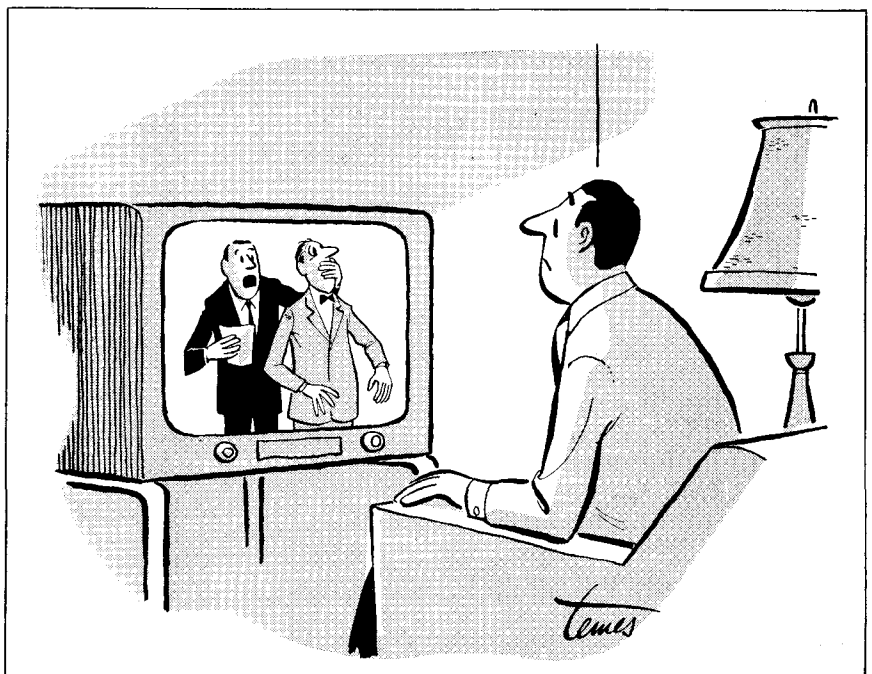
"We'll just have to move in a month late," Mike said. "Get a bag packed, because we're leaving as soon as I get home."

"Oh, Michael," she said. "Do hurry."

"I'll be a few extra minutes," he said. "I've got to stop for some champagne."

Mike hung up and waited outside the airport infirmary in the crisp evening air. He lighted a cigarette and looked toward the west, where the clouds were breaking over the towers of Manhattan. *It's been a rough day*, he said to himself. *But I'd give twelve to five tomorrow's going to be a lot better.*

THE END



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The Progressive Approach

(Continued from Page 30)

He took a cold beer from the refrigerator. "Lord, I don't know. I probably made a mistake bringing her out here. Why did you let me do it?"

"I only work here, Mr. McBride. You said, 'I'm going out to Ohio for a few months on a job. Will you come along and take care of Karen and me?' So I come, that's all I know. When Karen was little she was my baby, but lately we don't see eye to eye."

He poured the beer too fast and moodily watched the glass run over. "I suppose I should have my head examined. Jumping all over the map in this crazy business and dragging a sixteen-year-old girl along. I keep telling myself it's what her mother would have wanted. Am I nuts?"

"No," said Philomena. "You're a good man and a good father. You're trying to do the right thing." She adjusted the volume on the radio. "Dig this piano, Mr. McBride. It's real cool."

"It's a Rachmaninoff recording," he said absently. "All I ever get on the car radio is Elvis Presley, or those kids yowling about *Cathy's Clown*."

Philomena impaled a Jonathan on her knife. "I've said it before and I'll say it again. Why don't you get yourself a nice woman? After all, it's been five years." She paused thoughtfully. "Miz Doris was a fine and wonderful person, and when that plane crash took her, a little bit of me died too. But no sense in you glomming around with your head in the sand. A fine-looking hunk of man like you." She looked sideways at him, her mouth twitching. "I said it and I'm glad."

He laughed involuntarily and then it died abruptly. "I've thought of it," he said soberly. "But when you're out building missile bases all over the country you don't run into many women. They're not what you would call indigenous to the scene. At least I've never seen a lady steelworker."

"They got 'em in Russia."

"And that's exactly where we want them to stay." He picked up a loose-leaf binder from the table. "I suppose Karen forgot her homework."

"She didn't forget," said Philomena. "That's a theme she's working on for the end of the term. I was helping her with it. It's about sex."

"It's about *what?*"

"Sex," said Philomena. "We didn't talk about that when I went to school, but it's a big thing nowadays. I was giving Karen some of the straight dope. You want me to fix some lunch?"

"Sex! What kind of a school system have they got around here?" His brow furrowed as he ran his eye over the page in the binder. "Holy cats, this reads like the private file of a Hollywood analyst. Where did she get these ideas? Now look here, Philomena, what kind of tripe have you been feeding that child?"

Philomena carefully placed the bowl of peeled apples on the counter, her eyes glittering. "You look here yourself, boss. Maybe I don't hold with the way they run schools these days, but Karen is only doing what her teacher told her to do. You got an argument, you pick it with the school. Besides, Karen is a good, decent-minded girl and you got nothing to worry about."

"Oh, no?" he barked. "Listen to this. 'The modern teen-ager is faced with many moral problems created by a corrupt older generation. The false, prudish ideas of sex under which our parents were reared have surrounded this important and natural phase of life with a loathsome atmosphere of furtiveness and repression.'" His voice grew strained as he read on. "'As a result, we of this generation must make our own rules and live by our own natural urges and desires. Parents today will have to face. . . .'" He turned the page, the color mounting in his neck. "Face what?" he yipped. "The rest of the blasted thing is written in shorthand. I can't read shorthand. What does it say? What am I supposed to face?"

Philomena shrugged. "Plenty. And don't yip at me. If you weren't so busy chasing around the country putting in places to blow people up, you could spend some time with your daughter."

He slammed the notebook down on the table and drank the rest of his beer. "I'll tell you one thing right now. I'm going over to that school and file a few words with somebody."

"You're asking for a kick in the teeth," said Philomena. "You don't even live in this school district. I mean, you're not a permanent resident. The man is going to laugh at you."

"O.K.," he said, "but I'm still going to tell somebody off. Then I'm going to jerk Karen out of there so fast it'll make her head swim. I'll send her back to her Aunt Lydia. Lydia might be a strait-laced old maid, but she'll keep the kid in line."

Philomena stood up and faced him, her hands on her hips. "Mr. McBride," she said, "if you send Karen back to that clammy old mausoleum up there on the Hudson I'm going with her. Those gloomy old people would take all the joy of life out of that young girl."

For several seconds he glared at her.

"Oh," he said in a controlled voice. "That's all I need. You blasting my family and telling me how to raise my daughter. Well, I've got a few words to file with you too. You can pack your bags and beat it back to New York."

Philomena's eyes wavered momentarily, and then they glistened with tears. "All right, Mr. McBride," she said quietly, "if that's the way you want it."

She picked up the bowl of apples and walked past him to the refrigerator. "I was going to make a pie, but these will keep."

He took a quick step toward her, his hand out as if to detain her. Then he stopped, his arm in mid-air. As he started toward the rear door he noticed her purse standing neatly and unobtrusively beside the electric mixer. He picked it up and stood for a moment running his hand over the fine leather. It was the bag he had given Doris for an anniversary present and the only item that had been returned to him intact after the plane crash. He had passed it on to Philomena, and now on an impulse he took out his wallet and checked the contents. It was a considerable amount, but he removed it all, folded the bills over once and tucked them under the flap of the bag.

Then he made his way down the dim, cool hallway that led out toward the street.

Karen McBride sat on the low retaining wall bordering the sleek lawns of Englewood High School, methodically banging the heels of her saddle Oxfords against the rough stone. "I'm murderously hard on clothes," she said to her companion, Virginia Kingsbury, a fresh-eyed blond girl sitting next to her. "Shoes, for instance. I positively shred shoes."

Virginia uncapped a package of chewing gum. "How are you on high heels? They fight me."

"Not bad," said Karen. "I started taking ballet lessons when I was three, and it did something for the balls of my feet. My mother was a nut on ballet."

"It's always been music lessons at our house," said Virginia. "I had cello rammed down my throat. That lousy brother of mine got to take saxophone."

"I don't think he's lousy. I think he's neat. Can he really play?"

"Oh, he bleats around on the thing. I guess he's pretty good. I'm sorry you think he's neat. Frankly, he's a slob. What theme did you pick for English composition?"

"Sex," said Karen. "I think sex has a great future."

"I think it's ugh," said Virginia. "I think it's so ugh in fact, I've seriously considered entering a cloister."

"I know," said Karen. "I've felt the same way, but I think it can be resolved. I've decided to come to terms with it."

"For a cute girl you're very bright. Mother says you have a fine mind."

"I like your mother. It must seem odd having your mother a teacher right in the same school."

"It's a pain in the neck. She expects me to be perfect. You're the lucky one, getting to travel all around the country with your father."

"I used to think it was fun," said Karen, "but now I hate it. I'm at the age where I'd like to send down roots. The only solid person I have is our maid, Philomena, who travels with us sometimes. Daddy is wonderful in a way, but I hardly know him. Most of the time he's covered with dust."

"I'm in about the same fix," said Virginia. "Ever since my father died I haven't been able to get through to my mother. She's too busy teaching and stuff to keep bread on the table. Is your father handsome?"

"When he gets the dust off he's rather nice-looking. He's hard-boiled, though."

"My father was just the opposite. Sort of wishy-washy, but awfully sweet. He could handle my brother, Norman, though. One word and old Norman jumped."

A bell pealed suddenly from the main building across the green lawn. Virginia groaned and pushed herself from the sunny wall. "Well, back to the salt mines. I've been excused from English by my darling mother so I can sort files in the library. I have to work with Roddy Denham, and he's always trying to bump against me, or grab my hand. Once he tried to kiss me, and I belted him."

"That's not unusual," said Karen. "His natural impulses are misdirected. It's a sickness of the times."

"It doesn't sicken me," said Virginia. "All I want to do is kick him in the shins."

"Oh, well, we only have a couple more weeks of school," said Karen. "I understand they close early here in Ohio because of plowing."

Virginia giggled wildly. "Oh, brother, you really must think you're in the sticks. Hey, there's a car with a New York license. Neato!"

Karen paused, her hand flying to her mouth. "That's our car! I mean my father's. Philomena drives it sometimes. Maybe something happened to daddy, and they've come to get me." She broke into a run, followed by the wide-eyed Virginia, who emitted a low, rising wail like a police siren.

"I'll go to English with you," she gasped as she caught up with Karen at the entrance. "Mother will know if it's anything

(Continued on Page 78)

You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

In a festive Christmas spirit the city decorated a large public building. It placed a strip of wire-mesh fencing across the front while work was in progress. Nicholas failed to notice the fencing one dark evening and tripped over it. He sued the city for his injuries.

"Nicholas apparently doesn't understand that a city government, unlike a private individual, can't be charged with negligence in a matter like this," city attorneys contended. "The city can't be hampered in performing its official duties, such as maintaining and decorating its building."

"Decorating a building like a Christmas tree has nothing to do with the efficient operation of a city," Nicholas replied. "Official business is one thing, holiday atmosphere another. As the city admits being careless in this extracurricular activity, it should pay me the damages."

If you were the judge, would you let Nicholas collect?

• •

Nicholas won. The court pointed out that a city can be run without Christmas decorations and that it therefore becomes liable for negligence in handling them. "It is indeed a commendable enterprise for the enjoyment of the city's inhabitants," the court added, "but not a governmental function or requirement."

Based upon a 1957 Colorado decision.

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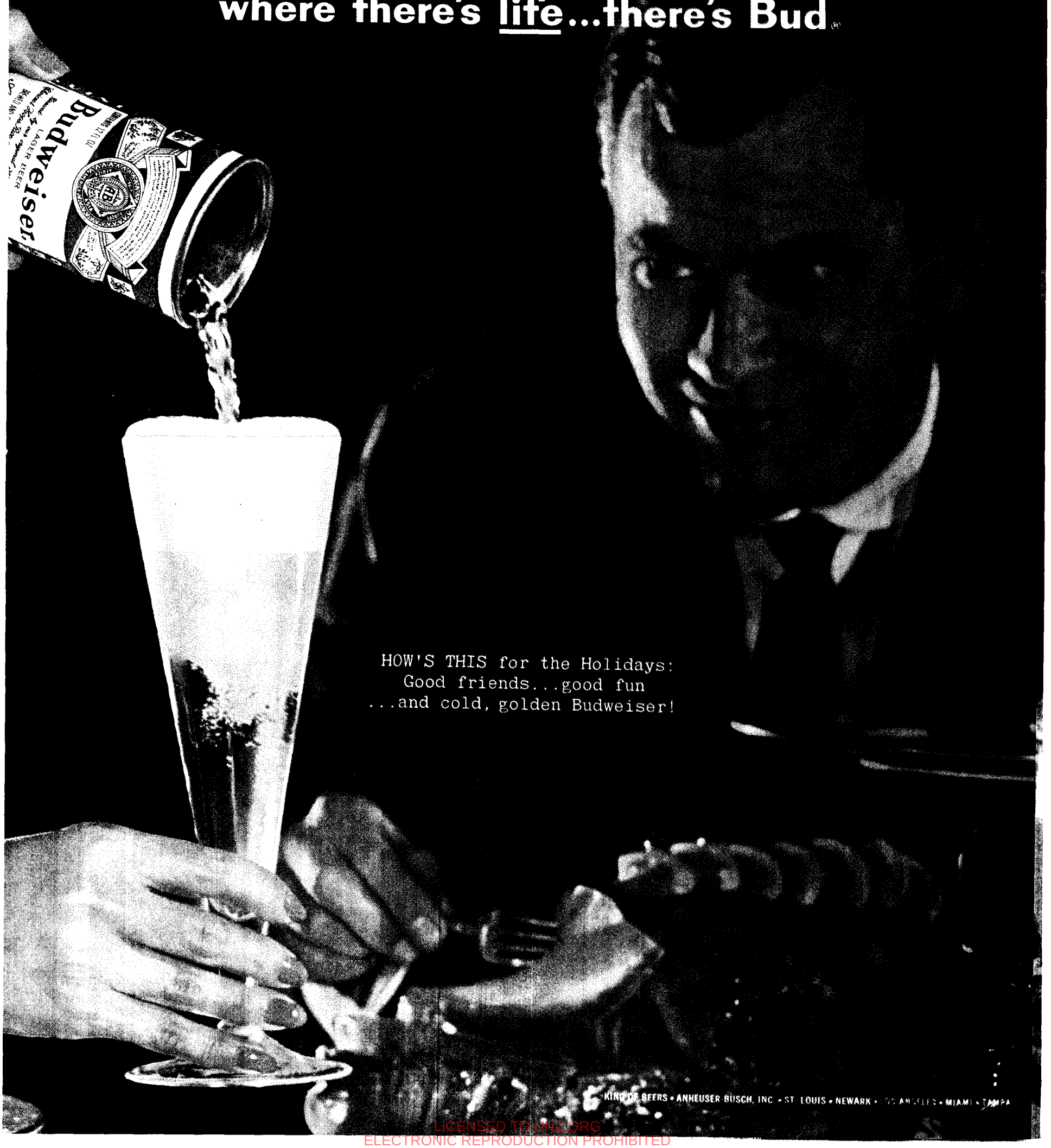
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(*Continued from Page 76*) serious." Together they darted down the corridor like broken-field runners and pulled up at a door marked ENGLISH 3. MRS. KINGSBURY.

"Mother!" cried Virginia, as a graceful, dark-haired woman emerged from the door, her face curiously set. "Is something wrong with Karen's father?"

"Nothing that a cold shower wouldn't cure," said her mother. "Please go to the library, Virginia. . . . And, Karen, you may take your seat. I'll return in a few minutes, I hope."

"But, mother, can't I stay here?" pleaded Virginia. "Karen may need moral support. Besides, I told you about that awful Roddy Denham."

"Bump him back," said her mother coldly. "I've been called to the office by Mr. Simmons for a talk with Karen's father. Apparently the man is raving mad."

"Oh, jeepers," groaned Karen. "Daddy's flipped. I can't imagine why. Honest, Mrs. Kingsbury, I haven't done anything. Daddy takes people apart when he gets mad."

"So I hear," said Mrs. Kingsbury. She swung off down the hall with the graceful stride of a lovely but angry woman.

Halfway down the corridor Mr. Simmons, the principal, popped out the rear door of his private office and intercepted her. "Now listen to me, Helen," he said, "I want you to calm down. I'm sorry I spoke abruptly as I did over the phone, but the man had me upset."

"I'm as calm and collected as an iceberg, Charles," she said.

"That's what I'm afraid of. Seven eighths of you doesn't show." He paused in confusion. "I mean ——"

"I could twist that, Mr. Simmons," she said icily, "and have you before the board."

"Look, just handle the man gently."

When she glimpsed the broad shoulders pacing across the reception room she decided to play it softly helpless. "Mr. McBride," she said in a low, even voice, "I'm Helen Kingsbury, Karen's teacher. I believe you wanted to see me." She took a deep breath and stood firmly erect, thankful she had dressed a little hastily that morning in one of her daughter's more sedate sweaters and her own pleated skirt that had come back from the cleaners unexpectedly snug. The effect was not lost on the broad shoulders, and she was aware of the surprised glint in his eyes.

The glint turned to a glare. "Blast it, I—I didn't expect anyone like you. Couldn't I speak to a male teacher?"

"I don't think that will be necessary," she said. "If it concerns Karen's theme for English class, I'm responsible. Feel perfectly free to discuss the matter either clinically or scholastically."

In the blank silence that followed she was conscious only that his eyes blinked rapidly several times, and that they were unusually clear and blue for a man in his forties. She also had a sudden, tingling awareness of his lean, muscular strength as he shifted uncomfortably and tried to think of something to do with his hands.

"Put them in your pocket," she said. "Most men do."

It was an affected statement, and she felt foolish. "I apologize, Mr. McBride, for that remark. You're here for a serious purpose and one I should respect. Please go on with your statement."

"I had a statement," he said, "and it sounded pretty good while I was driving over here. Now I'm not so sure."

"Perhaps," she said in a lightly frosted voice, "you would care to bring it up some other time. I have a class waiting. A class which includes your very fine daughter. Have you ever met her?"

She was startled at the hurt look on his face. "That's what I'm trying to find out." He picked up the loose-leaf binder lying on a chair next to his hat. "Would you please read this? I'm for modern education, but this is going too far."

Helen took the binder and read silently for a moment. "Obviously it's a work copy of her theme. It looks promising."

"That's not exactly what I mean. I'm curious about the part written in shorthand. At that point the idea seems to be getting—er—more critical."

She turned the page and read on, her lips fighting against a smile. "It's nothing startling. She's merely written one phrase over and over. I could translate it for you, but you may not like it."

"Go ahead. I'm not that sensitive."

"It simply says, 'My father is a square.'" She closed the book. "Well, are you, Mr. McBride? In the patois of the times that's a serious indictment."

He reached for his hat and clamped it down over his head, then removed it promptly. "I'm out of my element," he said grimly. "I came over here with what I thought was a legitimate complaint. I realize I can't win, so I'll retire, carrying my wounded."

"You don't look like the type of man who would admit defeat so easily. Why do you feel that way, Mr. McBride?"

"Because you have all the pat, slick answers, Mrs. Kingsbury. You have two children and you handle them along with forty or fifty others. Any suggestion I make will only sound silly. Please go back to your class, and I promise to keep my cotton-picking hands off Karen's schoolwork. Good day, madam."

After the door closed, Helen Kingsbury stood there running her fingers absently around the edge of the loose-leaf binder. The secretary seated across the room looked at her. "Are you all right, ma'am? Is there anything I can do?"

Helen looked up, slightly startled, and then shook her head. "No, I'm perfectly all right, Judy. There is one thing you could do. Get me Karen McBride's registration folder. I'd like to look it over after classes."

Karen and Virginia Kingsbury strolled languidly down the sun-dappled street. "I intend having a career, possibly in engineering," said Karen, swaying comfortably against her friend. "After I make a lot of money I will simply buy a personable husband and keep him as a toy."

"I'd rather be sought after," said Virginia. "I like the idea of men smashing down doors to get at me. Decently, of course."

"That's corny romanticism," said Karen. "All you really want is split-level living. Your husband will bring home a garbage-disposal unit, and you'll melt. Horribly suburban."

Virginia toed a crack in the sidewalk. "I saw my mother after class," she said irrelevantly. "She looked like she'd been hit over the head with a rubber hammer. Wonder what your father said to her?"

"Oh, jeepers, I'm sorry," said Karen. "He can get awfully nasty."

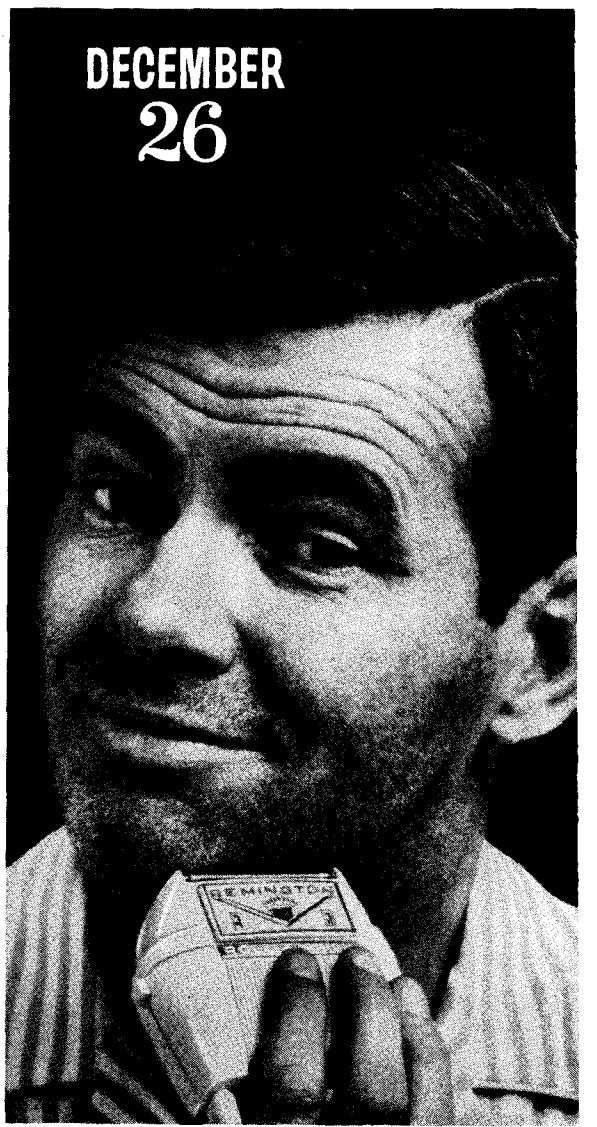
Virginia shoved against her fondly. "Don't worry, kid. My mother is practically numb to irate parents. It's part of the caper."

"It's awful," said Karen, tears starting in her eyes. "You're one of the very nicest persons I ever met, and I adore your mother." She walked over to a low wall and dropped her books listlessly. "I think I'll run away."

Virginia was beside her in a moment. "Now stop that sort of jazz. I just won't stand for it." She looked at her friend anxiously. "Here's a tissue. At least be neat." She sat thoughtfully for a moment,

HOW TO BREAK AN OLD-FASHIONED HABIT BY DEC. 28

How'd she know I wanted a Roll-A-Matic?



Can it really outshave a razor blade?

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chewing the stem of a leaf. "You know something, Karen? I've just come to a decision. I think your father and my mother should get married. Did you ever hear of anything more ugh?"

"Oh!" Karen gasped. "Virginia, what a crummy idea. Do you think for one minute my father is desperate?"

"Hah, what about my mother? She's really beautiful for as old as she is. Forty, at least. That brute of a father of yours would be lucky."

"Brute! Just because my father gets dust on him is no sign he isn't civilized. He can read Latin and Greek."

"What?" asked Virginia coolly. "Menus in a Greek restaurant?"

For a full minute they sat in the warm sun glaring at each other. Then the tense silence was shattered as a hot rod screeched to a halt at the curb.

"Well, whaddya know, look at those cats squaring off. Break it up, kids, and enlist with us marines. We'll buy sodas."

Both girls stood up and linked arms. "Butt out, you creeps," they said amiably. "Your den mother's looking for you." They scooped up their books and swung off in the opposite direction.

"Wouldn't it be a positive scream?" gasped Virginia. "I mean, your father and my mother. Do you suppose people that age ——"

"Don't be silly, Virginia," said Karen. "Of course they do. I read about it in a book. They call it the midsummer fires."

Virginia shrieked wildly and turned completely around. "Now I've heard everything. When I'm forty I'll be completely fed up with romance."

"I don't know," said Karen. "I kind of like the idea. Maybe we could put them in some sort of a spot where they'd almost have to get married."

"That's utterly stupid," blurted Karen. "They're much too smart to fall for any tricks." She kicked at a chewing-gum wrapper. "How?"

The two of them stopped and faced each other. Between them flowed a long, unwavering glance, heavy with thought.

A few minutes after seven o'clock that evening, Virginia Kingsbury strolled casually into the living room where her mother sat grading school papers between moments of staring absently into space.

Virginia paused at her mother's elbow. "I'd thought I'd flake off to the library with these books before they send the police."

Her mother turned and removed her glasses. "Aren't you a little gussied up for such a prosaic expedition?"

"It's only my blue linen," said Virginia. "Practically a rag. You wore my sweater set today."

"Glug," said her mother. "Would you like a list of the things you're always accidentally wearing of mine?"

"Skip it," said Virginia hastily. She moved around and hesitantly put her arm on her mother's shoulders. "You do love me, don't you, mother? I mean, if something happened to me you'd shed a tear?"

Her mother sighed. "You choose the oddest time for a demonstration of affection. Of course I love you, darling. Now run along. I'm up to my apron strings in work. What's Norman doing in his room—pole-vaulting?"

"He and Roddy Denham are practicing judo," said Virginia dully. She moved toward the outer hallway, looking back sadly. Once in the hallway she moved swiftly. The library books disappeared into the umbrella stand, and from the hall closet she took two pieces of luggage. For several minutes she stood by the bags, listening intently. Then she slipped quietly out into the soft spring evening.

There was only a handful of travelers scattered around the huge waiting room, and she spotted Karen immediately. Dressed in a dark, sleekly fitted traveling suit and wearing furs, she stood in front of a garish booth that offered three stunning self-portraits for twenty-five cents.

"Kid," said Virginia in an awed tone, "you look gorgeous. Furs, yet. Your eyes are a little red, though. Did your father really belt you?"

... ...

Glad to Help

My motives, good husband,
are not inscrutable
As I make your success
my mission.
It's so you can ply me with
gifts that are suitable
From someone in your
position!

May Richstone

... ...

"We had a terrible yowl. When I heard he fired Philomena I guess I sort of flipped. These were my mother's furs. Do I look too old?"

"The brute," said Virginia. "When you told me how he beat you so unmercifully I made up my mind I'd run away with you to New York. I'm a little scared, though. I don't have much money and only three clean blouses."

"I've got plenty," said Karen. "And I've got a charge account at Lord and Taylor's. We won't suffer. We'll go someplace like the Barbizon where the career girls live. We'll just simply vanish."

"I brought all my summer drip-dries," said Virginia. "Maybe we'll run out of money and have to work as maids. Speaking of maids—isn't that ——?"

Karen's eyes swung from the mirror in the booth, and a sudden look of joy blazed in her face. "Jeepers," she gasped. "It's Philomena! With a man. I've got to catch her."

Across the waiting room the huge dark man nudged the woman at his side, and she turned in surprise to meet the flying figure. In a moment they were locked sobbing in each other's arms. Gradually the sobs died down, the shoulders ceased to shake and Karen looked up mistily. "Golly, Philomena, I'm sorry. I just about wrecked you. I mashed your hat and stuff."

"Don't worry about that, honey. This is my cousin, Harrison. He lives here in town. I spent the afternoon with his family, and he brought me down to the train. What you doing in these going-away clothes?"

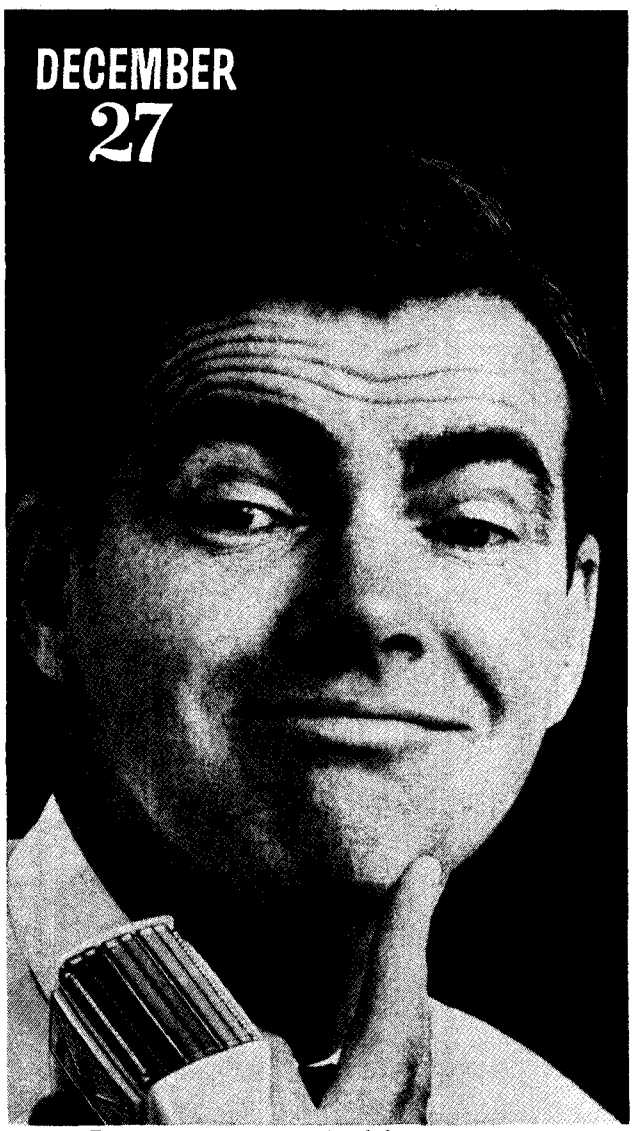
"I'm going back to New York, that's what. Daddy and I had a fight because he fired you, and he beat me."

Philomena's eyes narrowed. "Now look here, child, I've been around your father a long time, and I've never seen him raise a hand to you."

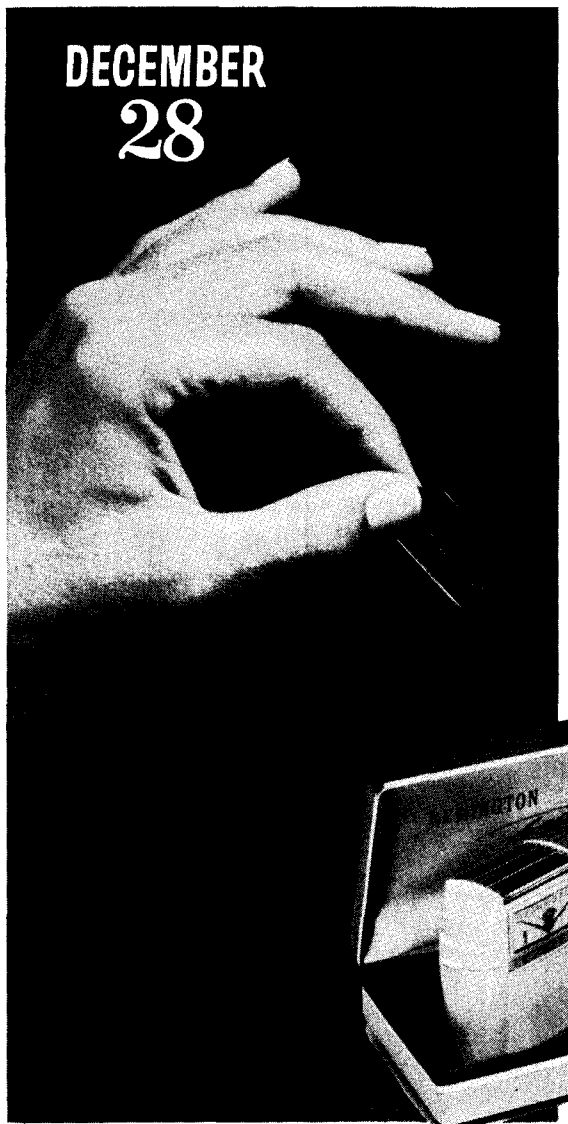
Karen looked up defensively. "Well, he whacked me. I mean, he would have whacked me if I hadn't ducked. He called me a headstrong little knucklehead."

"I got news for you, honey. You are. And another thing, you're not going to run away. Neither of you. Pretty girls like you got no business bouncing around New York. You're going back to your father, and Virginia's going back to her nice mother. Shame on both of you."

The two of them clung to each other, yowling. "Now just stop that, both of you," said Philomena warningly to them.



Boy, that's close. And fast, too.



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"Englishmen drink bouillon – Americans flavor with it. Simple enough for even men to use," says Hermione Gingold, *famous British comedienne.*

Instant **PROTEIN MAGIC**

adds hearty flavor to your gravies and sauces

"Leave it to you inventive Americans to prove that bouillon is more than a broth English stewards serve on shipboard at 11 o'clock.

"New Steero Instant Bouillon is a magic protein concentrate that flavors, enhances and fortifies almost everything you cook. Lifts ordinary food out of the ordinary. No one but an English cook need ever again prepare flat, flavorless stew . . . it's traditional, you know.

"Instant bouillon for flavor may never catch on in Thruppington. But American women—well, that's another cup of soup—if you know what I mean. So you there, get a jar of Steero Instant Bouillon. It won't make you rich, but it jolly well can make your reputation . . . as a cook, that is."

Regular or Chicken

Meat Balls STEERO Sauce

1 lb. beef, ground
¼ lb. pork, ground
¼ cup soft bread crumbs
1 tbsp. minced onion
¼ cup tomato catsup
1 egg or 2 egg yolks
salt and pepper
flour
fat

Combine meats, crumbs, onion, catsup, egg and seasoning and mix thoroughly. Shape into small balls. Roll in flour and sauté in fat. Remove and keep hot. To drippings in pan add 3 onions thinly sliced and 2 teaspoons INSTANT STEERO dissolved in 1 cup hot water. Simmer until onions are tender and golden. Reheat meat balls, pour over sauce, and serve immediately. Garnish with parsley.

Write for Steero Instant Recipe Booklets

STEERO

INSTANT BOUILLON

Jersey City 2, N.J.

"Harrison here can carry both of you if he has to. He puts up steel in the daytime." The huge dark man grinned down at them amiably and shifted so both massive arms were free.

They drove in silence out to the suburbs, and finally Virginia spoke up. "Why not come to my house? At least until Karen calms down. Maybe my mother will know what to do about her father."

Karen glanced up at her friend, her shoulders sagged and the smart furs slipped down in a dispirited tangle. "Everybody's run out on me," she moaned. "Daddy will be cross because he didn't eat the dinner Philomena fixed before she left. He just crashed out of the house like a wounded bull and said he was going to the Officers' Club. He's probably in a condition by now. He'll kill me." She turned to her friend. "You can have my furs after I'm gone, Virginia."

Virginia ignored her remark and sat up suddenly. "Hey, isn't that your car in our driveway?"

"Jeepers, yes," said Karen. "What would my father be doing at your house?"

"Whatever it is," said Philomena calmly, "you will kindly let me handle it. Harrison, pull in here at the curb—and wait. I may need you."

"I'm afraid," blubbered Virginia. "I left mother an awful note saying she didn't love me and stuff. She's probably waiting with a ball bat."

Prodding the two onto the porch before her, Philomena rang the doorbell. There was a clatter of footsteps in the hallway, and the door flew open, framing Virginia's mother. For a moment she stared at them wildly and then her voice rose in a little, choked wail. "Virginia! Oh, my poor baby!"

Dazedly Virginia allowed herself to be enveloped in her mother's arms. "I nearly went frantic when I found your note. I never realized."

Virginia swallowed rapidly and looked over her mother's shoulder at Karen. "I'm all right, mother, honest. This is Philomena. She talked us out of running away."

"Oh, bless you, Philomena. And where is Harrison? Bring him in so I can thank him."

Philomena looked startled. "Harrison? Harrison's my cousin, Mrs. Kingsbury. How did you know about Harrison?"

The door from the dining room swung open abruptly, and Steve McBride came into the hallway, dabbing at his mouth with a napkin. "Well, the little lambs have returned." Karen flinched involuntarily and tried to hide behind Philomena. Mrs. Kingsbury smiled suddenly and moved to his side. He peered out through the screen door. "Where's Harrison? Hey, come on in, boy. Got some of the best roast beef in here you ever put in your mouth."

The car door slammed, and Harrison came loping up the walk. "Bring my daughter in here, Harrison. She's kind of mad at her old man."

Karen felt herself swept off her feet, and in one breathless moment she was in her father's arms. He hugged her tightly. "Sorry, baby, I guess I need some instructions in how to rear a daughter." He looked up, his eyes suddenly misty. "And, Philomena, I hope you forgive. Harrison is my steel foreman and one of the best in the business. I've had him on your trail ever since you left the house." He coughed slightly. "You—uh—didn't think for one minute I was serious, did you?"

Philomena expelled her breath in one long sigh. "Boss, I never know. I think I'll go home and bake that pie," she said weakly.

Mrs. Kingsbury spoke up. "I've just fixed up a snack for Mr. McBride," she said. "If you children are hungry ——"

Virginia spoke up quickly, nudging Karen. "Would it be all right, mother, if we sort of flake off to the corner and get a malt? I mean, get lost temporarily and stuff."

"I'll speak for your folks," said Philomena quietly. "Go ahead and get lost. In the meantime I'm going to take this cousin of mine back to the apartment and feed him." Her voice grew ominous. "I may feed him ground glass after the way he fooled me." She snatched up her bag and walked to the car, head high. Harrison's teeth flashed in a smile, and he winked as he followed her.

Karen and Virginia strolled down the cool, darkened street, swaying amiably together. "Did you see it?" gasped Karen. "My father was bumping your mother."

"And my mother," choked Virginia, "was bumping him back." Their laughter went tinkling up into the moonlit treetops.

THE END

"Boy, that was a swell party last night—the bed was full of pocketbooks."

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The Marvelous Mayos (Continued from Page 31)

accommodated TV and movie stars, senators, a few punctured gangsters, and the Queen Mother of Egypt. Lyndon Johnson, Alben Barkley and Jimmy Byrnes have been on the medical visitors' list, along with Groucho Marx, Danny Kaye, Lou Gehrig, Jack Dempsey and Bob Feller. Eddie Cantor played cards with the elderly ladies in his hotel. Helen Keller is a regular.

A hardy but undocumented story alleges that Franklin D. Roosevelt suffered a stroke here while visiting his son James, a patient in 1938. Clinic officials say, "Not true. We could never have kept it a secret." Jimmy married Romelle Schneider, his St. Mary's Hospital nurse, though the marriage later broke up.

"They come and go quietly, on the whole," says a local newspaperman. "In Rochester they are first of all sick people."

Ten years ago this was a dull, quiet city. It has been booming since, and changing. Where it once had a medically dominated, company-town flavor, it has become a shopping center drawing from Southern Minnesota, Southwestern Wisconsin and Northern Iowa. About $85,000,000 in new construction is under way, planned or recently finished: new hotel rooms, motels, hospital buildings, schools, homes, shopping centers, and an International Business Machines plant whose engineers are already co-operating with clinic scientists on medical automation.

With all the building, the city's most prominent feature is still the brick hotel or white-clapboard rooming house of the '20's. This is still a boardinghouse kind of city, with more than twenty hotels, thirty-four motels, sixty-five apartment houses and eighty-six "guest homes," plus 3245 hospital beds, including a 1789-bed state mental hospital. Ten years ago the hotels were pretty much third-rate, the restaurants mainly mediocre. No liquor was served in the better places—a policy set by the late hotelkeeper John Kahler, with the endorsement of his pal, abstemious Will Mayo. An evening highball, so went the theory, might spoil the result of clinic tests the next day.

Now the Kahler Corporation has made much of its half-block hotel across from the clinic into a modern 650-bed hotel, one of the largest between Chicago and the West Coast. Its Pinnacle Room is a flossy roof-top restaurant with French wines and tender steaks. It is one of the few supper rooms west of the Waldorf where you can get a plug-in phone at your table, and the only one where you often find wheel chairs stacked at the door.

Rochester accommodations descend in price from ninety dollars a night for the Kahler's Skyline Suite, to $1.50-a-night guest rooms. Hotel men and a clinic information desk are accustomed to discussing prices and helping visitors.

There are seventy-six restaurants, ranging from steak houses to hash houses. Many chefs are trained to meet any diet request, and many places include vegetarian meals and calorie counters. Holland's Cafeteria is locally famous for fanciful pastry, forty-five-cent lunches and a "complete" family-night supper every Wednesday, five to seven P. M., ninety-nine cents. Holland's also keeps a state-by-state "Friend-Finder Register," so you can see who's been here from home.

When you go through the Mayo Clinic, you may see many doctors. But one becomes "your doctor," who makes medical decisions to fit your needs and gives you your parting counsel. You start in a great walnut-and-marble lobby, on the ground floor of an aluminum-and-white-marble building containing ten stories of offices and specialists. On a day in summer or early fall you may be one of 1000 people sitting in this lobby—summer, when people drive, is the busiest season. The clinic is built around waiting rooms, for there are usually between 2000 and 2500 patients going through, plus another 1000 or 1200 under clinic care in Rochester hospitals.

You sit with ranch hands and executives, patients in open-necked sport shirts, Brooks Brothers suits, gold-and-white Arab headcloths and, rather commonly, the Sunday clothes of Midwest farm folks. There is generally a sprinkling of Latin Americans, often beautifully dressed. "Jimmy Roosevelt waited his turn out there," says one doctor, "just as Prince Faisal of Saudi Arabia did."

At a desk labeled ADMISSIONS you get your first appointment: maybe in an hour if you or your doctor has written or phoned in advance; maybe in two or three days if you aren't expected and are not an emergency case. Fifty per cent of the patients make dates ahead—they must wait two to four weeks for one, depending on the season. In any case, you get a pocket-sized appointment envelope marked with your name and registration number. The numbers are running in the 2,300,000's and represent that many patients since 1907, when the Mayo family and their colleagues began keeping count.

Next step: you go to one of the doctors' floors—there are eight—where you find a large waiting room with 206 easy chairs in long rows. The décor is relaxing—teak, walnut, burled oak and cherry walls, long murals, plenty of space. You are asked not to smoke except in special areas. There are no magazines; you have to bring your own. Most patients seem to prefer just sitting. Many are anxious, and clutch X-ray films from home.

"Don't be surprised if the system goofs," warns a man who has been a patient here several times. "I sat down with a one-fifteen P.M. appointment a few years ago and didn't see my doctor till four-thirty." A delay, if any, is likely to run an hour or two. It means your doctor is seeing a patient who needs extra time.

"Mister Blank." Your name, finally. You are shown along soundless cork floors to an examining room, and your doctor soon appears. A specialist in internal medicine, he is one of more than 100 staff men in this basic specialty, assigned in rotation unless a patient asks for a specific doctor. He will remain in command of your case until you leave, no matter how many other specialists you see.

You now will get two physical examinations. It seems your doctor has a young friend: "This is Doctor So-and-so, a fellow, or resident, in the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research. We use every patient to fulfill our obligation to teach, unless you object." The staff man withdraws, and the young doctor starts taking your medical and family history. After a while you change into a sleeveless white cape and a sheet, and he looks you over. You may be surprised at how leisurely he is. His examination will likely take between a half hour and an hour and a half, but may run two hours.

When he leaves, you remain in the examining room, a little bigger than most such rooms, with a small desk, dressing cubicle and couch. A picture window looks out on the city and the hills beyond. On the wall you may find a framed statement of clinic precepts—no patient to be asked to pay "beyond his means," for example—and a sketch of the late Mayo brothers, Will and Charlie, in their surgeons' gowns.

Your doctor returns. He has listened to the views of the younger man and seen his report. "Now," says the staff man, "I give you another complete physical. I ask more questions about your history. We feel very strongly about taking a good history."

If he finds anything the younger doctor has missed, he may call him in and point it out. He also will exchange any tentative diagnoses with the young man, in private. "This adds spice to our teaching. We find out, probably in a few days, whether either one of us is right."

The teaching is very important, but secondary to concern over you—and your next step: your laboratory work-up. A patient here may have one or more of eighty-nine different types of blood tests, forty-five different kinds of X-ray exams, thirty-four urine tests and 116 miscellaneous and special tests, consultations and treatments. The average number of tests is twelve per patient. To order them, your doctor fills in a little sheaf of red, white and yellow slips. He tells you what will be done and why. If you say you have a "nervous stomach"—they hear that a lot—you will get special X-ray studies. If you look a little pale, they will check your stools for blood. The doctor explains all this and says, "I'll see you again in a day or so."

He puts your records in a plastic envelope. They go through a pneumatic tube—conveyer belts and tubes under Rochester streets zip X rays and records from one clinic building to another in seconds, and take them as far as St. Mary's Hospital, not quite a mile away. Now your records are traveling to the Central Appointment Desk, an island in a sea of data-processing machines handling communications and records. At this desk are six women who scan your lab slips and then set down all your appointment times. In fifteen minutes they return your appointment schedule, and you start.

Your next stop is Rochester's zaniest waiting room, a lobby full of gray, green, yellow and red chairs in a brick building that was the entire Mayo Clinic in 1914. It was built, sentimentally, on the homesite of pioneer Dr. William Worrall Mayo, father of Will and Charlie. The whole building is now a big lab. You wait here in a red chair for a blood count, a yellow chair for a liver test, a gray chair for vein puncture (for a cholesterol test, perhaps, or a blood sugar). A green chair leads to the blood bank. Girls in white, part of a smiling army, keep track of who's where and do the puncturing. The pneumatic tubes, conveyer belts and girls whip your test results and X rays back to your doctor. You return to him, probably the morning of your second day—fast time considering the number and complexity of lab reports involved.

"I'll go over your test results and X rays with you now, and point out the normal and abnormal features," says the doctor. "And we'll see whether you need to see anyone else." If you have that nervous stomach, for example, he may call a gastroenterologist. This man may order new tests or X-ray studies. Sometimes an ulcer shows up only on second study.

A heart patient might easily wind up seeing an internist, a cardiologist, physiologist and surgeon. Generally your doctor just lifts his phone, and the consultant is in his office in five or ten minutes. "They have every kind of consultant here but a tax consultant," one visitor wrote. This is not quite true. A clinic tax man will be happy to advise on any tax matters relating to your health. There are medical specialists in more than sixty categories, and even a podiatrist for foot and shoe problems.

About one patient in seven needs surgery. The attitude toward surgery here tends to be conservative, despite a somewhat inaccurate reputation for great surgical daring. Mayo surgeons' work includes complex new heart and brain operations, however—and relatively simple operations such as taking out appendixes. Like other centers, the clinic is getting a rising demand for cosmetic surgery: operations to improve noses, chins, ears and even sagging breasts, plus repair of faces damaged in highway accidents.

If you are the average patient, you undergo none of this, but finish your checkup in two or three days and finally face your doctor for his parting advice.

"Cut down on tobacco, or stop it" is more and more common advice here. So is "cut down on fats." If you have had a cholesterol test and it's at all high—and maybe if it's not—you may get the lecture on cutting intake of oils and fats in your meals and particularly the hard fats and animal fats, now under suspicion for cholesterol build-up in arteries and subsequent coronary heart disease. "The roles of smoking in lung cancer and several other diseases, and fats in heart disease, are far from proved," a typical doctor here says. "There is still controversy here on their roles. But most of us are beginning to feel they are somehow implicated." In any case, staff men emphasize, the specific advice will depend on the specific patient and his background.

"Why don't you get some regular exercise?" more and more of the doctors are asking. Again, no "proof," but regular and mild exercise is now believed to help prevent heart disease, whereas no exercise whatever may help promote it. "I may suggest walking," says the typical doctor. "I may say, 'Take a daily walk with your wife, and chat and look at a little of nature, and learn there are more important things sometimes than your business.'"

"Get back to your college weight," you may be told. Overweight is a common

Superior

By Jane Merchant

I envy her benign
self-satisfaction;
Her worth being well
established in her mind,
She courteously ignores
unfriendly action
And any words that seem
at all unkind.
I envy, too, her quiet
grace of moving,
The unconsidered artistry
in each
Lithe, supple gesture
delicately proving
Co-ordination quite beyond
my reach.
But when on winter nights
we sit together
In friendly ease before an
open fire,
Secure against vicissitudes
of weather,
With every comfort we
could well desire,
Then most especially do I
envy her
The gratifying ability to
purr.

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problem here, though the grossly fat seldom show up wanting to reduce. They arrive complaining of some associated illness. One man recently came in weighing 350 pounds. He was not interested in reducing at all, but his varicose veins, arthritis of the knees and heart disease all were associated with or aggravated by his load of fat.

Patients like this, and many with lesser weight problems, may be sent to one of a group of internists with a special interest in the fat and the lean. They are likely to be tougher than the average clinic doctor; they won't just say, "Get back to college weight." They will point out that, as we age, our skeleton and muscles shrink, so unless we want to consist of more and more fat, we have to start to lose weight slowly at about age thirty. At age sixty we actually ought to weigh ten or twenty pounds less than we did at twenty.

"How much each of us should lose varies," says Dr. Clifford F. Gastineau. "It takes an examination to tell just how much fat tissue you have. But we would certainly like to break down the dangerous idea that it's normal to gain slowly as you age, when the opposite should be the case."

Fatties here are told, "You all can lose." The only exceptions are in a few glandular disorders so rare as to be almost inconsiderable, though tests for them are given. Family fatness is considered no excuse. The hefty get, at the least, one prescribed "how to lose" session with a dietitian. They may have five or six, and spend a week eating all their meals at the Rochester Diet Kitchen, a part of Rochester Methodist Hospital.

The clinic, plagued by people trying to use the names "Mayo" or "Rochester" to sell some medical product, is constantly asked about some reducing plan labeled "Mayo Clinic Diet."

"There is no such diet," Gastineau says. "We use many diets. None has any exclusive or miracle features. We do not believe in any fad diets—all-meat or all-protein or all-egg. We believe in balanced diets that are reasonable facsimiles of the normal American diet. We are far less interested in getting you down *x* number of pounds in the first few weeks than in teaching you diet habits you can stay with for life."

When your examination and treatment here are done, a detailed report invariably is mailed to your home-town doctor—who may have sent you here. If you have no family doctor, you will almost certainly be told to get one.

If you need hospitalization here, you go to one of two big institutions staffed by Mayo doctors, but not run by the clinic. St. Mary's, 900 beds, a sixth of a mile long, is the world's largest privately operated hospital, staffed by professional nurses and a corps of cheerful nuns. Rochester Methodist Hospital, 504 beds, is run by a board of directors including spokesmen for the public, the Methodist Church and Mayo. Between them, St. Mary's and Methodist admit 145 patients and do eighty-five operations on the average day.

Chaplains from thirty-one religious denominations and representatives of thirty-two lodges regularly call on hospital patients, offering spiritual comfort. "Most of the time we try to tell a patient the truth," says one doctor. "But so often the family says, 'Don't tell him.' The patient usually can take it better than the family."

Desperation over sickness is inevitably heightened by the money it costs. The early Mayos said fees should take into account ability to pay, then they set up the machinery to make the idea work. There is a "basic charge" for all procedures. The doctor need not consider costs except for the frequent admonition, "Consider every patient's finances. Don't order tests unless they are needed." He may also help the business office by making a notation: "This case took us twice as much time as average." Or, in the opposite vein: "Family destitute. Suggest no charge."

The business office has all the standard credit references and can make quick inquiries anyplace. Currently some 15 per cent of all patients pay nothing. Fifteen per cent pay less than average. A bare few per cent—the affluent—are charged above average fees. All others are charged the basic fee, though many are asked only to pay "in a reasonable time."

Clinic rules forbid taking promissory notes, and no patient is ever knowingly permitted to seek a mortgage in order to pay his bill. Until two years ago lawsuits for fees were forbidden. Then, in exasperation, some were threatened against a few Rochester residents who were well able to pay. The clinic, in fact, can be accused of neither squeezing nor coddling. Clinic agents tour the country calling on solvent delinquents. Blue Cross or insurance may cover Rochester hospital bills; otherwise they must be paid like hospital bills elsewhere, the clinic having no hospital ownership.

There are many stories about the clinic fees charged wealthy people. In the days of Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie, a businessman once sent a check for $1000 for surgery on someone in his family. He was politely informed that the clinic set its own fees—in this case, $5000. But once Will Mayo heard that a multimillionaire had been charged $10,000 for an operation on his wife, and hotly ordered $4000 of it returned. The man just as hotly mailed it back, saying he considered his wife's life worth $10,000.

"Actually the day of the great big fee is gone," says J. W. (Bill) Harwick of the administration section. "A three-thousand-dollar or four-thousand-dollar fee is still possible, but it's extremely rare."

An average patient here for a two- or three-day checkup may pay between $125 and $185. Many clinic fees run below comparable fees, item for item, in some other centers—though the total cost to the patient, traveling and living away from home, is usually greater.

Apart from the expense—and sometimes the worrying—the stopover in Rochester can be a pleasant experience for patients and their relatives. There are constant reminders that Rochester is not a big city. Peaceful side streets are shaded with elms, oaks and maples. Winters can be cold, but summers are usually warm, sometimes hot. There are ten parks and picnic places in the city, with grills and free firewood; two big outdoor swimming pools with teachers and guards, two eighteen-hole golf courses, ball games, trapshooting, winter ice fishing, and ice skating the year round (inside Mayo Civic Auditorium in summer).

"We have more going on every night than many cities four times our size," says Gene Haylett, chamber of commerce executive vice president. He mentions ice shows, musical series, symphonies, ballet, pro basketball and Broadway shows at Mayo Auditorium.

Well into the 1940's Rochester called itself a "doctors' city." Town-versus-surgeon's-gown feeling was high in the depression, when the doctors had by far the best incomes. Gradually, however, people of all sorts began getting together—at the Art Center, for example, which started with amateur painters meeting in one another's homes. Now this center sponsors dance, theater, music and art teaching and programs in its own building, under a resident artist-teacher.

Business helped bring in new people with different outlooks. Then the clinic, long accused of opposing industry in order to keep nonmedical wages down, became in 1955 the largest stockholder in Industrial Opportunities, Inc., which raised $200,000 for an industrial site. A fund drive was started on a downtown intersection with the exuberant firing of a toy cannon. Standing across the street was a site scout for International Business Machines, then looking at eighty Midwest cities. Construction began in July, 1956, of an I.B.M. plant designed by Eero Saarinen and Associates. In a checkerboard of low buildings and garden courts, 1800 men and women make high-speed data-processing equipment and direct Midwest I.B.M. services. Fourteen per cent of I.B.M.'s force are engineers, physicists and mathematicians, helping make this city a professional melting pot.

It still has the peculiarities you would get in any town with nearly 900 doctors' families. "My children were six before they knew some men were called 'mister,'" a doctor's wife says.

The clinic has never really run Rochester, even in its most dominant days. Still, little has been done that the clinic opposed. The Mayos always helped the town grow. Doctor Will and Doctor Charlie, out of their own pockets or through the Mayo Association, financed health, library and park developments in whole or in part. The clinic—with the Mayo Association—is the heaviest taxpayer. The 1960 contribution will be more than $1,150,000.

A clinic doctor now sits on the elected city council. Another heads the chamber of commerce. Rochester is naturally a health-conscious city that fluoridates its water and gives every boy and girl four physical exams during their school careers. A model city-county health program combines school and public-health nursing, nurse training and emergency nursing for the chronically ill. Mayo and other community doctors staff free well-child and maternity clinics. There is also a mental-health unit. Social workers and lawyers call Dr. Paul Wilson, psychiatrist, about problems. He helps train health nurses and elementary-school teachers, and sees as many people with troubles as he can, without charge.

Model city or not, Rochester still has problems that even idealists and I.B.M. haven't been able to solve. Particularly the problem of the surplus blondes. The swarms of efficient girls in white—nurses, technicians, dietitians, physical therapists and ladies of the laboratory, not to mention waitresses, secretaries, salesgirls and teachers—are mostly granddaughters of Scandinavian settlers in Minnesota. Attractive girls, these blondes, but alas! Females under forty years of age outnumber males by an estimated two or three to one. Far more than they would welcome 100,000 new patients, Rochester and its girls would welcome 10,000 new men.

And not necessarily medical men. Even a model medical town can get a little tired of medicine. There is a neat sign to the point in Holland's gaily painted cafeteria: "Of course, we'd dearly love to hear about that very fascinating operation of yours, but not, please, while we are eating."

This is the last of three articles by Victor Cohn. —THE EDITORS

NEXT WEEK

Untold Stories of the Civil War

No. 1: WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

By Ashley Halsey Jr.

In Color:

THE EASTERN SHORE

By Beverly Smith Jr.

THE ORDEAL OF A SOUTHERN NEGRO DOCTOR

By Hodding Carter

Jacques Plante of the Montreal Canadiens:

HOCKEY'S MASKED MARVEL

By Dave Anderson

THE RIDERS OF SAINT NICHOLAS

A Christmas Story by Jack Schaefer

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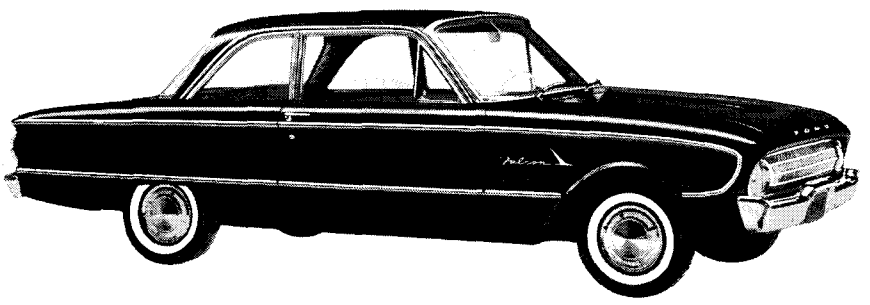
The difference between Falcon and other compacts?
For one thing, many of the others are not compact . . . in size . . . or price! So beware—

What you don't know about the compact field can cost you $505!

In all the confusion of so many new compacts it's hard to tell who's got what. Even more important, it's hard to tell who is *really compact* and who is not.

A good place to begin is price. And the best car to start with is Ford's Falcon . . . because the compact field actually *starts* with America's lowest-priced* 6-passenger car . . . the Falcon!



The Big Compact Difference!

When you sit down and figure out just *how much* lower Falcon's price really is—you discover the first big difference. Falcon is actually priced as much as *$505* less* than comparable new-name compacts introduced just a few weeks ago.

Surprised?

You have a right to be. What has happened in the compact field is this: There are high-priced compacts, there are medium-priced compacts, there are low-priced compacts—and *then* there's Ford's Falcon, lowest priced of all six-passenger cars . . . as much as $505 below the top!

Pay more? What for!

This $505 difference assumes even larger proportions when you consider what it buys. True, these new-name, high-priced compacts are larger than Falcon. But *where* are they larger?

Not inside! They give you no more living room than Falcon. In leg room, hip room, shoulder room—in all these important measurements—Falcon seats 6 big people with *all* the comfort of the highest-priced compacts.

Seats them in luxury, too! Coat hooks? Arm rests? Sun visors? Foam-padded front seats? Magnificent upholstery? Falcon has it *all* as standard equipment . . . at no extra cost!

Where these new-name compacts *are* bigger is *outside* . . . just where you don't want it! Most of them are over half a foot longer, as well as wider and up to 500 pounds heavier than Falcon. With so much excess, they don't handle as easily as Falcon. And they certainly need more parking space. Fact is, they need up to 6½ square feet more parking area.

They also need bigger engines to tote around all this extra weight. And bigger engines need more gas. Falcon has *proved* it goes up to 30 miles on a gallon of regular gas.

Falcon is the True Compact!

To be sure, we could have made the Falcon bigger outside. We could have endowed it with unlimited horsepower. But this defeats the whole purpose of a compact. You lose that unbeatable Falcon gas mileage. You lose that inimitable Falcon handling. And of course, you lose a lot of parking spots.

We felt Falcon was right—right from the start.

We felt this way because we already knew how the American people felt. They gave Falcon the biggest vote of approval in automotive history when 425,000 of them bought Falcon in its first year alone. In 1960 Falcon has actually sold more cars than two of its low-priced competitors combined . . . even outsold an entire corporation singlehandedly! This was the greatest first-year success any car ever had. America *liked* Falcon—and we mean to keep it so!

In fact, America found Falcon so totally dependable, so thoroughly reliable, that we can make this historic announcement:

Every 1961 Falcon is warranted by your dealer for 12,000 miles or 1 full year, whichever comes first!†

The Falcon is *that* good!

If you are in the market for a compact . . . and not a compromise . . . see the 1961 Falcon and see if this isn't *everything* you had in mind.

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

ONLY FALCON COMBINES EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN A COMPACT

- Up to 30 miles on a gallon
- Full room for 6 and all their luggage
- 4,000 miles between oil changes
- A finish that never needs waxing
- Easier handling, easier parking
- Choice of two engines—including the new optional 170 Special for an extra dash of power
- Completely upholstered interiors
- Coat hooks, arm rests, sun visors at no extra cost
- Styling you'll be proud to be seen in
- Warranted for 12,000 miles or 1 full year
- High resale value
- America's lowest-priced 6-passenger car

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FORD Falcon '61

WARRANTED FOR 12,000 MILES OR 1 FULL YEAR!

*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices.

†Each part of '61 Falcons, except tires, is dealer warranted against defects in materials or workmanship for twelve months or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first. Normal maintenance service or routine replacement of parts such as filters, spark plugs, condensers, ignition points are not covered.

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Ohio State's Icy All-American

(Continued from Page 36)

Jerry had. He went on to earn an *A* in the course, then requested Professor Layton's class for the second quarter and again wrung an *A* from him.

Although every inch of Jerry Ray Lucas adds up to a model of poise, there is some argument over how many inches there are of him. He concurs with the official Ohio State measurement—six feet seven and a half inches—but his high-school coach, Paul Walker, believes that Ohio State doth fib a trifle. Walker says he measured Jerry in his stockinged feet three years ago and found him to be six-eight and a half. "The way he's shrunk is the darnedest thing," says Walker, smiling.

On the basketball floor Jerry is anything but a showman. When the Ohio State starting team is introduced to the crowd, the other players race on court one by one and pump one another's hands vigorously, but Lucas—or Luke, as his teammates call him—merely lopes out and dutifully extends a large, limp paw. In pregame warmups a succession of Buckeye players charge the basket and dunk the ball, evoking oh's and ah's from the crowd. But when Jerry's turn comes, he slides off and lays up the ball with anticlimactic orthodoxy. He saves his dunk shots for moments when they are needed.

In a game at Michigan State, for example, the Buckeyes were leading, 82 to 81, with twenty-one seconds remaining. They had the ball out of bounds at mid-court. Larry Siegfried prepared to pass it in while four other Buckeyes lined up neatly across the mid-court line as if facing a military inspection. Suddenly Lucas, perched on the farthermost end of the line, broke swiftly for the basket.

Siegfried fed him a pass, and he swept through the Michigan State defense, sprang to the basket and emphatically stuffed in the ball as though packing an overfull suitcase. Ohio State then was able to lay back, give the Spartans a last-gasp field goal and still win, 84 to 83.

Jerry possesses a stunning repertory of moves which he executes with so little waste motion that Coach Taylor, searching for appropriate adjectives, describes him as "flashy in an unobtrusive way." In the N.C.A.A. championship game against California, he stood at the edge of the keyhole, faked a handoff to Siegfried to the inside, then pivoted to the outside and threw in a perfectly arched ten-foot hook shot. The maneuver seemed effortless, yet it wowed Taylor. "He has more moves than any big man I've ever seen in college ball," declares the coach.

The gift that instantly sets Jerry Lucas apart from most of today's basketball dinosaurs, though, is his fluid speed. He frequently leads the way in Ohio State's fast break, which descends on the enemy from all directions with the fury of a Times Square subway rush. On occasions when he is left behind, he often recovers in time to overtake his teammates and tap in the rebound. He meets the rebound with an uncanny sense of timing that enables him to cuff the ball inches off the hoop. "He plays piano up there," says one admirer, flicking his fingers in the air.

Against Iowa last year Jerry once raced downcourt behind a fast break, approached a knot of players groping under the basket for the rebound, slid his long arm through the wall of flesh and tapped the ball in underhanded. There are few if any other players in college basketball who could perform this maneuver. Jerry Lucas has been doing it since his high-school days.

Lucas plays almost every game at a steady level of excellence. There are no marked peaks or valleys in his performance. 'I'm never 'up' for a big game," he explains. "I always go out to play my best, but I never go out thinking, 'I'm gonna beat this team's head in.'"

Coach Fred Taylor, while asserting that he has never seen an athlete as young as Jerry conduct himself with such composure, believes that Lucas secretly churns inside. "He's just a great big kid who would like to act like a kid," says Taylor, "but he's afraid to let himself go. I think he has almost built a wall around himself."

The Buckeye coaches, refusing to believe that any young man can be as placid as Lucas seems, have searched sedulously for tip-offs on Jerry's mental attitude. They have unearthed a clue which Fred Taylor divulges in a lowered voice, as though he were sharing atomic secrets, "Watch Jerry's hands during pregame meetings. If he rubs his fingers against his thumbs, he is tuned to his highest pitch."

Jerry Lucas has never thought of basketball as life's end-all. "I never had any real desire to be a basketball player," he insists. Mention fishing, however, and he will jabber your ear off. "Two summers ago," he'll tell you, his face splitting into a big grin, "I caught an eighteen-pound pike in Georgian Bay. Know what I used? I used a spinning rod with a six-pound-test line! That fish took me thirty or forty minutes. A lot of guys would have used a thirty- or forty-pound-test line with a casting rod, but I used that pole because I'd get more sport out of it than those other guys would ever know."

Lucas may be a fisherman at heart, but he has done much to boost the popularity of basketball in Columbus, a city already notorious as a football hotbed. In the pre-Lucas era football was so dominant that when the 1957 Buckeye team was invited to the Rose Bowl, Floyd Stahl, then the basketball coach, was torn from his squad and ordered to the West Coast to look after accommodations for Ohio State football fans. For three weeks State's basketball team played without its head coach.

The contrast last season was pointed up by an episode at the Indiana game in Ohio State's $4,000,000 St. John Arena. Football coach Woody Hayes looked on from afar, a lonely standee in the overflow throng, and wryly commented, "My football team built this arena, and I can't even get a seat."

Hayes had plenty of company last year as attendance for eleven home games in this 13,497-seat hall rose from 100,000 the previous season to a record 145,000. This wintertime madness in Columbus is almost guaranteed to continue through this season and next, for Lucas, Mel Nowell and John Havlicek, all first-stringers on last season's national-championship team, are mere juniors.

Jerry Lucas, who stands today as the hottest box-office lure in collegiate basketball, has been getting nationwide publicity since he was in high school. Metropolitan newspapers, including *The New York Times*, dispatched reporters to Middletown to interview the big kid with the sure touch. To all he showed only his façade of poised maturity.

"You know," he said recently when we were holed up one afternoon in a woodland cabin in western Ohio, "I've never told any writers about my dreams." The cabin contained only a small table, a wooden chair and a bed. Jerry, dressed in a blue polo shirt and dungarees, kicked off his shoes and lay back on the bed, his hands clasped behind his head. Analysis commenced.

"I had these dreams since I was a sophomore in high school. Back then, they were happy dreams. First I dreamed we'd win the state championship and I'd get fifty points. I dreamed this over and over, the same dream." Middletown won the championship, and in the semifinal game of the state tournament Jerry scored fifty-three points.

"The next season I dreamed we'd not only go undefeated but in the last game I'd sink a shot at the last minute and win the game. How do you like that? I had this dream all season. Heck, I'm not making this up. I told my teammates about the dream at the time I had it." Middletown went undefeated, of course, and Jerry made it possible by swishing a thirty-five-foot overhead jump shot with two seconds remaining in the next-to-last tournament game.

In his final high-school season his dreams turned sour. He had two recurrent nightmares. "I dreamed I was in a car with a kid named Fred Perella, a pal of mine," Jerry went on. "Fred was driving. Suddenly another car loomed ahead of us, and we crashed head on. I'd tell Fred about this dream, and he'd just laugh. My other dream I told no one about. I dreamed our team would get beat."

Middletown ultimately was beaten—in the tournament finals—but fortunately Jerry's clairvoyance proved incomplete. There was no auto crash.

He moved on to Ohio State where, as a freshman, he had a solid year to dream of the future. Time and again he had visions of becoming a horrendous flop. "I lay in bed tossing and turning, and all the time this nightmare kept coming back to me," he said.

When his varsity debut came around last season—against Wake Forest—he had to take a bromide before the game to settle his stomach. Although his face betrayed no nervousness, he was so rattled he could scarcely lift his arms to shoot. In the first half Jerry was nothing.

"I couldn't get my shots off; I couldn't do a thing," he recalled, sitting up in his cabin bed and scratching his big toe as if irritated by the recollection. He improved in the second half, finishing the game with sixteen points and a whopping twenty-eight rebounds, but left the court under the impression that he had been a crashing failure.

"I was convinced I was going to be the greatest disappointment in the history of college basketball," he said. "I never show my feelings—my folks used to get sore because when I'd come home from a game they could never tell from my expression how I'd done—but after that Wake Forest game, I was convinced my nightmare had come true."

In Ohio State's second game, however, Jerry scored thirty-four points against Memphis State. He has slept like a log since.

Nevertheless, by his own testimony, Jerry still harbors a deathly fear of being shown up. This attitude may account for the fact that in last season's N.C.A.A. championship game against the University of California, Lucas humiliated six-ten All-American Darrall Imhoff by jump-shooting over him, driving around him and, on defense, surrounding him so relentlessly that Imhoff looked like a man groping in fog. He scored only three field goals, while Jerry tried nine shots and connected on seven.

During the closing minutes of that 75-to-55 victory over California, Jerry did a startling thing. Sitting on the bench, he turned to assistant coach Frank Truitt and said, "You have a knife, Frank?"

"A knife? No," said Truitt.

Jerry asked Fred Taylor, but Taylor had no knife either. Then he tried Jack Graf, another assistant coach, and Graf produced a penknife.

The moment the final buzzer sounded, Jerry sprinted to one of the baskets, was boosted to a teammate's shoulders and proceeded to cut down the strings for a souvenir. He was actually laughing. One might as soon have expected to see Herbert Hoover sitting up there laughing and slicing away.

Jerry's subsequent election as the tournament's most valuable player was in keeping with the pattern of his life, which, on the surface, has been just one long success story—and not only in basketball. At high school, in addition to being an athletic hero, he was an *A* student, the president of his class and a member of the National Honor Society. But along with all this, there were pressures and discords that tested his levelheadedness to the full. The truth is that the price of being the great Jerry Lucas was high. His own brother would scarcely speak to him. His basketball teammates declared a virtual boycott on him, refusing to pass him the ball. His mother, on at least one occasion, bickered with his coach.

Then there were the college recruiters and the N.C.A.A. gumshoes who followed in their wake. The N.C.A.A. has dug hard into Ohio State's dealings with Lucas and into the activities of schools whose bait Jerry spurned. Thus far no penalties have been announced, but there are colleges that have been nervously wiping their shoes clean for a possible call to the N.C.A.A.'s carpet.

Jerry Lucas was probably the most intensively (*Continued on Page 86*)

"They have lots in common."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOV. 25, 1950...

ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

Daybreak hesitates. Rain falls steadily. A menacing wind gathers force hour by hour. There is no noon-day sun. Merchants vainly try to erect makeshift protection for store fronts. Pedestrians hug walls as gale force winds topple cornices and wrench roofs from houses. Cars are abandoned and trains stop. Miles and miles of property are devastated as the great windstorm of 1950 paralyzes eleven states in the Northeast.

In its wake, the storm left the largest insurance loss of its kind in history. The Royal-Globe Insurance Group alone paid more than $8 million to over 85,000 policy holders!

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is today one of the largest and most respected insurance groups in the world. In the United States, alone, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to write insurance for every type of risk. *For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe.*

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(*Continued from Page 84*) recruited basketball prospect of all time. The high caliber of his grades and the color of his skin caused him to be coveted by scores of schools that had shown no interest in such Negro phenoms as Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain and Oscar (Big O) Robertson. From the time Jerry was a high-school sophomore, the college scouts were streaming to Middletown to see him.

Middletown is a steel and paper-mill city of 41,000 in southwestern Ohio. Motorists entering the city on State Route 73 are greeted by a sign which reads, WELCOME TO THE BASKETBALL CAPITAL OF OHIO, HOME OF THE MIDDLETOWN MIDDIES.

Middletown may well call itself the Ohio basketball capital. Its high school has won the state championship seven times. The city's 279 acres of park area contain ten turf-surface basketball courts and nine concrete courts. Six of the concrete courts are equipped with arc lights which turn on automatically in the evening—at eight o'clock in summertime, at six in winter—and stay on until ten.

Far out on Central Avenue, a main artery that bisects Middletown, lives a well-to-do dentist, Dr. H. A. Sebald. Doc Sebald is a short, bespectacled, dapper man who resides in an ivy-covered mansion on a grassy, two-acre plot. Avocationally he cultivates roses and young athletes. Since 1927 he has been recruiting the latter for his alma mater, Ohio State.

Thus when Jerry Lucas, the fairest flower of the concrete outdoor courts, began attracting write-ups in the Middletown *Journal* while still in junior high school, Doc Sebald even then started to fire off reports to Columbus. He knew that in the impending recruitment battle it would be Doc Sebald against competitors from all over the nation, for was it not true, as another rose fancier named Browning once said, that "Any nose may ravage with impunity a rose."

Jerry advanced to senior high school, and Doc Sebald rolled up his sleeves. He finagled a season ticket for a seat immediately behind Jerry's parents—Mark Lucas, a burly ex-Kentuckian who is a pressman in a paper mill, and his tall, handsome wife Jean, an assembly-line worker in a box factory. Doc Sebald did not introduce himself at first, but whenever Jerry scored a basket, Doc would whack the Lucases on the back and cry in mock innocence, "Who *was* that? Who *is* that boy?"

Says Mark Lucas today, "Doc's a big talker, I'll say that."

There were a few who did not share Doc Sebald's enthusiasm for Jerry's early exploits. His teammates, resentful that a tenth-grader should dominate Middletown basketball, refused to set him up for his rightful shots. Uncomplaining, he merely waited for them to miss theirs, then tapped in the rebounds.

Coach Paul Walker, an erect, bespectacled man with thick black hair graying at the fringes, recalls the dissension vividly. "The school record was thirty-nine points," says Walker, "and I knew the worst possible thing I could do would be to let Jerry break that record in his sophomore year. One night we were playing at Mansfield, Ohio, and when he got his thirty-eighth point, I pulled him out. But Mansfield cut down our lead, so I had to put him back in, and he wound up with forty-four.

"After the game," Walker goes on, "we were having our meal in a Mansfield hotel when I overheard one of our kids say, 'Aw, we're nothing but twigs on a big tree.'"

One of the Middletown players recalls today that it was not until Jerry's senior year, when he was elected captain, that his teammates fed him all the passes due him. The boycott persisted although Coach Walker lectured his players about it and even benched first-stringers because of it. A North Carolina State assistant coach once traveled to Middletown to scout three players, only to find that all three had been benched.

Meanwhile, Jerry's brother Roy, eighteen months his junior, had developed a deep resentment of him. Roy, a shy boy who was neither as outstanding in his own sport—football—nor as superior in his studies as Jerry, quite naturally acquired a left-out complex. "Why can't you be like your brother Jerry?" demanded one of his teachers.

"All Roy heard about was me and my basketball," says Jerry, speaking with rare feeling. "He'd get disgusted. I never talk about basketball unless asked, but it seemed every time I tried to talk to Roy about anything, he'd get mad. I could never go places with him like brothers should. Whenever we got into an argument, my mother would take up for Roy. Of course, I can understand why. Roy didn't have it easy being my brother."

Jerry's sophomore season ended on a bittersweet chord. He finished with a thirty-three-point average and went on to the state-championship tournament in Cleveland. There his mother accused Coach Walker of holding back tickets she wanted for friends.

Today Mrs. Lucas says, "You couldn't hope to meet a nicer person than Mr. Walker," and Walker himself merely smiles and says, "No comment," when asked about the ticket quarrel.

Young Jerry, troubled by his brother's animosity, his teammates' jealousy and his mother's spat with his coach, was also having to cope with hordes of college emissaries. They came at all hours. Among the most obnoxious, according to the Lucases, were Ivy Leaguers.

Approximately forty out of more than 150 recruiters offered the Lucases a new house. One package bid called for a house, a car, a $15,000 job for Mark Lucas, all the spending money Jerry wanted and a house for him at such time as he got married. Jerry tersely declined the windfall. He knew, he says, that wherever he enrolled he would be intensively investigated by the N.C.A.A., and that any sudden display of lavish living by his family would be suspect.

Not a single recruiter, be he a coach of historic reputation, was able to awe teenaged Jerry the least bit. Jerry was not cocky, but he has never been given to hero worship.

There came a day, as inevitable as the sun's rise and fall, when dauntless Adolph (The Baron) Rupp rode out of the Kentucky hills into the thick of the Middletown clamor. The famous coach of the University of Kentucky broke bread with the natives at a banquet in the local Eagles' Hall, then begged permission of Jerry's father to "shake the hand of the finest player in Ohio."

"Well," said Mark Lucas reluctantly, "I suppose so." But when Rupp turned to shake Jerry's hand, he found Jerry had slipped out the back door.

Baron Rupp, however, had just begun to fight. He made a tactful retreat to Kentucky, then dashed off letters to Mark Lucas's father and brother in Pikeville, Kentucky, pointing out how appropriate it would be if Jerry were to return to the state whence his forebears sprang. Rupp implored them to relay these sentiments to Middletown.

Ever persistent, Rupp himself returned to Middletown one day. Jerry was lunching in the school cafeteria when Tiger Ellison, the Middletown football coach, approached him and told him Adolph Rupp wanted an audience.

"I don't want to see him," replied Jerry.

"Well, give him a few minutes," said Ellison.

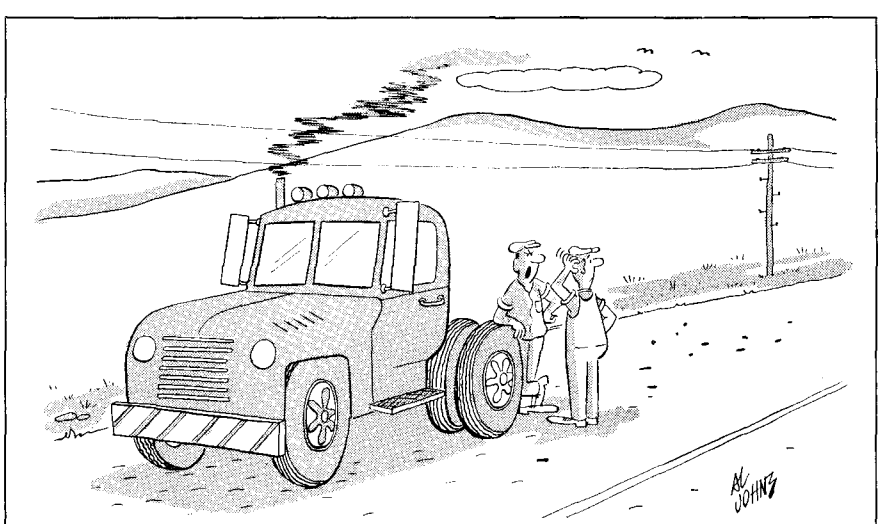
"All right. I've got a class down on the second floor. Tell him I'll talk to him down there before class."

A high-school teammate recalls witnessing the meeting of Rupp and prey. "Rupp came down," he says, "and Jerry walked over and listened to him for ten seconds, then went into class. Imagine! Adolph Rupp, the greatest coach in the world, he gives him ten seconds! If Rupp had wanted to talk to me, I'd have dropped dead."

Meanwhile, Ohio State was tuning up its violins to serenade Jerry in earnest as he neared the end of his high-school career. Floyd Stahl, who was stepping down as head basketball coach at Ohio State to devote full time to his work as assistant athletic director, carefully composed a letter to Jerry's parents. Stahl is a beloved little man esteemed for his graciousness, but in his letter to the Lucases he outdid himself.

He invited them and Jerry to have lunch in Columbus with a group of Ohio dignitaries, among them the honorable John W. Bricker, then United States senator and former governor of the state. Stahl suggested that the luncheon be held at the home of John W. Galbreath, multimillionaire businessman, race-horse breeder and president of the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball club. Galbreath went to Ohio University himself, but he often performs high-level recruiting chores for Ohio State.

The Lucases were told that Galbreath was wintering in Florida, but would surely fly home to have lunch with them at any time that "would fit into your schedule." The only courtesy Stahl neglected to proffer was the privilege of prescribing the menu.



"I thought we were making awfully good time!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

What was the Lucases' reply? They declined Stahl's invitation as apathetically as if they were deciding to pass up a box luncheon planned by the local P.T.A. "No sense in it," Mark Lucas explained later. "It wouldn't have made any difference with Jerry at all."

Clearly the delivery of Jerry Lucas was up to Doc Sebald, the trusty agent in the front lines. On March 9, 1958, Doc filed another report to Columbus that was easily his masterpiece—a 1500-word plan of conquest which he wrote as painstakingly as a general mapping an invasion. Among other things, he analyzed the personality of each member of the Lucas family, delved into their aspirations and stressed Jerry's preference for race-horse basketball—"He has been told that Ohio State University plays a slow, deliberate style." Outlining the hospitality that the university might extend the Lucases during the upcoming state-championship tournament in Columbus, he specified, "They want eight tickets on the Middletown side. . . . They would prefer the first or second row, but anything up to the eighth row will be appreciated. . . . This is important."

The season ended, and days dragged into weeks as Ohio State awaited Jerry's decision. Meanwhile, Floyd Stahl's resignation from coaching had become official, creating still another overtone of tension. Middletown's Paul Walker wanted the Ohio State job and, much to his embarrassment, rumors circulated that he was offering himself and Jerry in a package.

In May Jerry took the heat off Walker by announcing that he was going to Ohio State on a full academic scholarship based on his high marks. Later the university interviewed Walker and two other Ohio high-school coaches, but in June appointed Fred Taylor, Stahl's assistant and heir apparent, to the job. To this day many scholastic coaches across the state feel that Taylor's appointment was cut and dried all along; that Ohio State never had any intention of hiring Walker, but stalled to bring Jerry into camp before closing the door on his coach.

Says Walker, who is a former president and now secretary-treasurer of the Ohio High School Basketball Coaches Association, "I don't feel bitter toward Taylor and his staff. After all, they were looking out for jobs for themselves. But there are a lot of high-school coaches who will not send a boy to Ohio State."

Significantly or not, last year's freshman squad was, by Taylor's own appraisal, second rate.

In any case, the unhappy complications that fastened, like so many thorns, to Jerry Lucas's existence gradually have receded. At twenty he has had two years of happy campus and fraternity life, has been to Rome to star on the championship United States Olympic basketball team and has married an attractive coed, Treva Geib of Columbus. Jerry has buckled down to advanced business courses that will prepare him for a career in sales. He insists he has no interest in professional basketball, no desire to live out of a suitcase, however high the salary.

In the course of advancing toward recognition as one of college basketball's all-time standouts, Jerry has acquired a rooter whom he cherishes more than any other. This rooter is a young fellow now playing football at Morehead State College in Kentucky. Jerry visits him there and the rooter visits Jerry in Columbus. Often they go fishing together. The rooter gabs enthusiastically about Jerry's basketball. "The two of us," says Jerry, "could not be closer."

The rooter's name is Roy—Roy Lucas.

THE END

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Moresby's Goddess (Continued from Page 35)

his parched lungs. "Then I'm in the clear!" he said. "I can hardly believe it!"

Martha Peak, still holding him, shook her head. "No, Wally," she said, "you're not. You were in the clear. Now you're not because Rocco really has something on you."

"Like hell he has!"

"Yes," said Martha. "You set it up for him to kidnap Moresby."

Moresby, Marianne and Niles Gregory finished the last of the cheese and the wine. They were sitting on the earthen floor of the room where Marianne and Moresby had slept. Through the windows they could see the incredibly blue blue of the Aegean sky. Though the early morning air still had a bite to it, their clothes had dried, and they were comfortable.

"And now, professor," said Niles, "would you care to tell us why you think it's possible to get out of here without walking back down that gully into the arms of the enemy? Or are you going to keep us in suspense, building up the dramatic values a bit longer?"

Moresby grinned. "I thought you'd figured that out by now. It's simply that in this part of the world at the time this temple was built, the church, so to speak, was nonmilitant. The armies were left for the various kings to play around with. The church minded its own business, which consisted largely of getting rich. That meant that the temples had all kinds of treasures, but no practical way of defending them against invading marauders. So they had either a secret way of escape, so they could slip away with most of the treasure, or a way of sealing it off from the world—or both. Here they had both."

"You mean they flooded it?" said Niles.

"Like putting the plug in the bathtub with the water running?" said Marianne.

Moresby chuckled. "Well," he said, "I wasn't going to put it quite that way, but you get the idea."

"What makes you so sure there's a secret way of escape?" asked Niles.

"There aren't any human bones scattered around here," said Moresby, "and, except for the gold chalice in Hebe's hand, there isn't any treasure. The chalice was probably a little too sacred to move. I know they moved the treasure."

"Oh, come on!" said Niles. "You think so, sure, but how would you know?"

"Because," said Moresby, "six months ago I found some of it."

Marianne's eyes lighted up. "But of course!" she cried. "The little statue that made you famous. But of course!"

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Niles. He grinned at Moresby. "O.K., you win in a walk. And now, just take us by our hands and lead us out of here, what? I'm perishing for a spot of fresh tea."

"It may not be quite that easy," said Moresby. "This mountain's probably honeycombed with passageways, like the labyrinth at Knossos. We've got to try and find the right one and not get so inextricably lost we can't find our way back here in a pinch."

They got to their feet. As they left the bright, bare room, Marianne reached out and impulsively pressed Moresby's hand. The gesture spoke volumes to him. They went down the steps to the passage they had found the night before and moved along it. They passed room after room, all of them ventilated and lighted by uppointing slotted shafts leading out of the mountain to the sky, all of them starkly empty. They came to a place where the passage forked right and left.

"Now what do we do?" asked Niles. "Flip a coin?"

"No," said Moresby. "We think."

"*You* think," said Niles. "I wouldn't even know how to start thinking."

"Instinctively, people turn to the left—at least north of the equator they do. The incredibly learned men who built this place would have known that. If they were being pursued, they'd count on their pursuers instinctively to turn left. In a sense we're their pursuers, just a few thousand years behind them, of course. We'll bear to the right."

They took the right-hand passage. At every step it grew darker. Presently they came to a stairway. The steps ran steeply down. Moresby sighed with relief. He knew, from having lived on the island, that the rest of it was hundreds of feet lower than the mountainous terrain at this end. The priests would not have had an exposed stairway going down the outside of the cliffs, where they could have been seen. So the passage out would have to descend inside the mountain.

"So far so good," he said. "Let's watch out we don't sprain any ankles."

They went down, counting the steps. Every thirty steps the stairway did a right-angle zigzag, like the stairway leading up from the beach. At the end of 120 steps the passage came sickeningly to an abrupt end. In the cold and darkness none of them spoke for a long minute. Moresby knew that unless earthquakes had obliterated it, there had to be an exit. He knew, too, that whatever sort of door was used to hide it would have been closed from the outside after the priests, and their attendants with the temple treasure, had passed through it, and that it might have been sealed shut, perhaps by heavy boulders rolled against it. Presently Moresby said, "A light would be worth a fortune to us about now. Don't happen to have one around you any place do you, Niles?"

"As a matter of fact," said Niles, "yes."

Moresby's heart lifted, then sagged. "If you're thinking about your cigarette lighter, forget it," he said. "It'll be soaking wet."

"Really?" said Niles. A second later a tiny flame lighted the dripping rocky walls of the passageway. There was a click, and it went out.

"Now how did you do that?"

"Simple, my dear Watson," said Niles. "I thought I might need it in case my cigarettes ever dried out. Just held it in my mouth when I submerged."

"Superb!" said Moresby. "May I have it?"

Niles handed the lighter to him. He flicked it on, let his eyes race over the walls on all three sides of them, but saw nothing that in any way would indicate a possible opening. He flicked it off, squatted, and flicked it on again, holding it near the floor. Disappointed again, he flicked it off and sat on the floor of the passage, motionless. He sat there for minutes, the others standing quietly in the darkness. Presently Marianne said, "What is it, Paul? You have given up?"

"No," he said. "I am trying to place myself mentally in the position of the man who designed this place. To use only the knowledge of scientific principles that he had, to feel as he felt and then to figure out what sort of a priest hole—that's what you call it in England, isn't it Niles?—I would have built under those circumstances."

This was greeted by a disappointed silence. Moresby continued to sit on the floor, an invisible yogi, lost in contemplation. The others leaned against the walls. After a long time Moresby flicked on the lighter again. He moved over to the stairs and began minutely inspecting the edges where they joined the walls.

After a moment he cried out. "Niles, come here! I think I've got it!" Niles Gregory moved to his side. "The second, third and fourth steps. Their front edges protrude, and they don't fit snugly at the back. Catch hold of this edge with me and heave up on it!"

The two men slid their fingers under the protruding edge of the second step and heaved. Before they had applied much force, the left end of the wide step rose in the air on a fulcrum and came to rest against the wall. Moresby and Niles peered into the hole. They could see in very dim natural light, which came from somewhere beneath them, another stairway like the one they had descended, only straight and precipitous. They raised the two other steps and went through the opening to the stairs. An eerie feeling of compulsion made Moresby insist that they lower the steps into place again before they went on.

"To protect your goddess?" whispered Marianne.

He smiled at her. "To protect both of my goddesses," he said. "Those thugs still might find their way here."

They went down the steep stairs. In a matter of minutes, the semidarkness gave way to the same twilight they had found outside the altar room the night before when they had first entered the temple; then to a brighter twilight. The stairs flattened out, and the passageway ended at another wall, but this wall was only a partition, perhaps twelve feet high, with three or four feet between the top of it and the roof of what they could see now was a natural cave.

"Your pants again," said Niles.

Marianne giggled. Moresby slid out of the battered pearl gray trousers. Niles boosted him up on his shoulders, and he scrambled to the top of the wall. As they had scaled the ledge at the foot of the gully, one by one they got on the wall and lowered themselves to the floor of the cave into daylight that came from a natural crevice in the rock above them. Breathing hard from exertion, Niles Gregory turned to Moresby.

"Moresby," he said, "I hand it to you. Neatest bit of thinking I ever saw. In fact, if I believed in reincarnation, I'd say you are the priest who built our temple."

Moresby smiled at him. "Maybe I was," he said. He laughed. "As I was saying to Marianne yesterday about that sort of thing—it would be very hard to prove otherwise."

"By the way," said Niles, "I'm still a bit desperate for that spot of tea. What do we do now, try and shinny up to the crevice the light's coming from?"

Moresby was quiet for a second. Then he said, "No. Listen."

They could hear the sound of running water not far away. They could hear it burbling, and the sound of a small waterfall.

"There's a stream," he said. "We follow it." He shook his head and put his arm around Marianne's shoulders. "Poor kid," he said, "you're going to get soaking wet again." He chuckled. "Sometime when you're thoroughly dry, let's go out someplace together."

To his surprise he saw that her face was suddenly sad with a deep inner sadness. He had a strange feeling of ill portent—as though she were somehow drawing away from him. He thought, "No. Please, God, no! Don't let me lose her."

She smiled at him, but the sadness lingered in her eyes, making them shining and lovely. "I would like that very much, Paul," she said. "But we will see."

They began walking toward the sound of the water, but for Moresby, the sense of ill omen went with them.

It was late in the afternoon, and the sun that had tortured them all day with its searing heat, as they made their way over the twelve miles to the inhabited end of the island, was hidden behind dark storm clouds when they reached the outskirts of the village of Myrrhus. It was a pretty village—of gray slate roofs and blue, pink, and white stone houses—with a wide switchback stairway leading down from the plateau to the sea. There were warehouses, a café, a few dwelling houses, a long quay and a jetty thrusting out far into the sea at an angle that formed an artificial harbor.

In the harbor there was the usual scattering of small fishing boats and one larger sponge boat. Another boat, nondescript, that looked as if it might once have been a small private yacht, lay alongside the quay. Moresby squinted his eyes for better vision.

"That boat alongside the quay," he said, "that forty-foot cruiser sort of job. I've seen her in Candia. You know, I'll bet ——"

He broke off and Niles looked at him sharply. Then he said, "What'll you bet that that's the boat that shanghaied us over to this island in the first place?"

Marianne slipped her hand through Moresby's arm. "Oh, no!" she murmured.

Moresby sighed audibly. "I guess we're not quite in the clear yet. I guess I should have known this would happen."

"Well, don't feel guilty," said Niles Gregory. (*Continued on Page 90*)

"No, he slipped on an ice cube at the bar."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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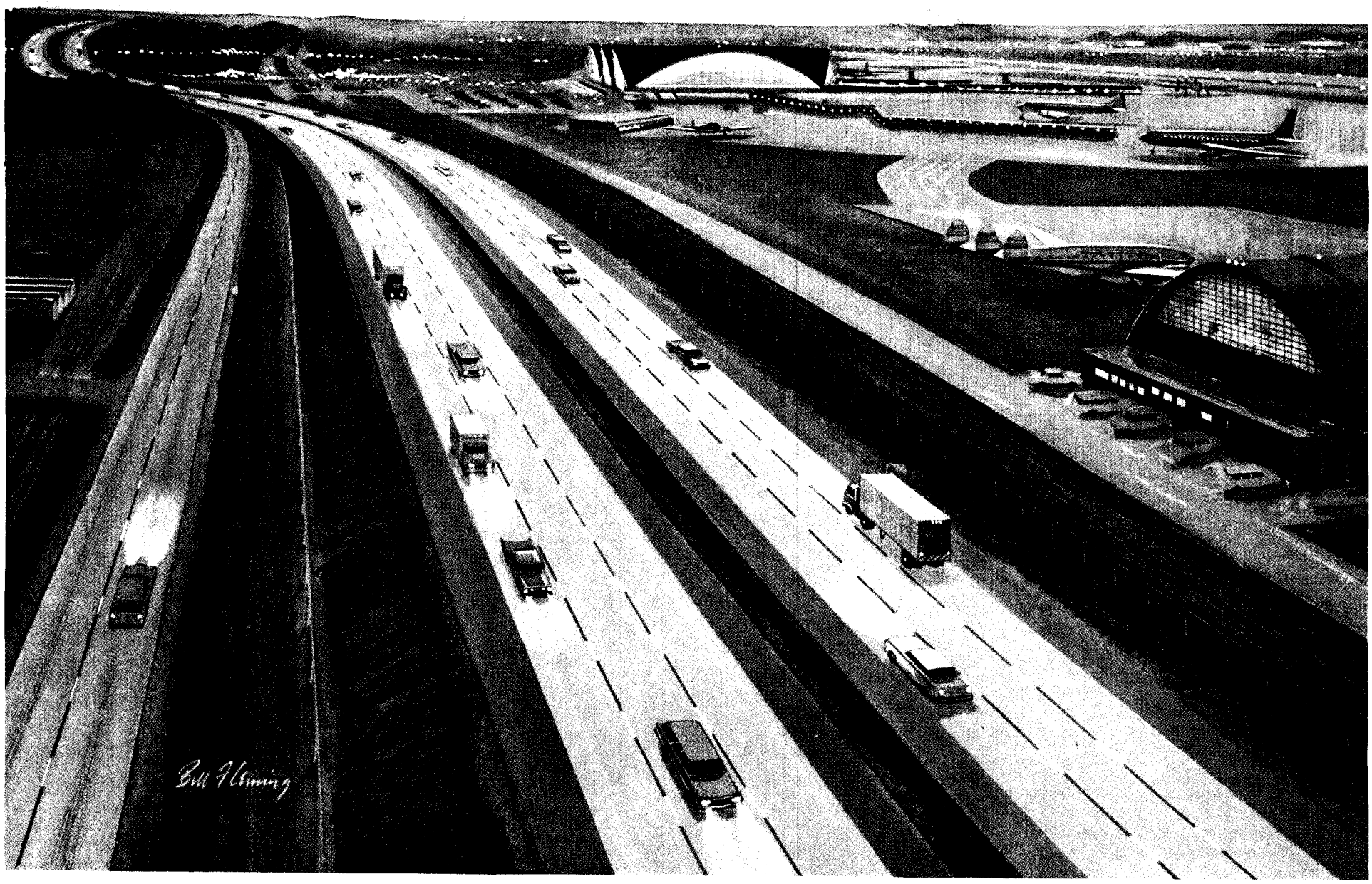

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FOR HIGHWAYS WITH A SOLID FUTURE

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(*Continued from Page 88*) "There really isn't one thing you could have done about it."

"I am surprised that they would be here," said Marianne. "Me, I would have taken the two wounded ones to Candia."

Niles shook his head. "No, you wouldn't," he said. "Gunshot wounds are a bit hard to explain—particularly if you've just kidnaped two rather valuable people like us, to say nothing of the old professor here. And, you know, doctors are forced by law to report them to the police. They are at home. I suppose they are here." He turned to Moresby. "What's the line of march, old chap?"

Moresby thought out loud. "A lot of people here know me," he said. "After all, I spent two months here not so long ago. If I go into the village, Rocco's friends are going to hear about me within five minutes of the time the first Myrrhan spots me." He looked Niles up and down and chuckled. "You know, Niles, I don't believe anybody would recognize our unshaved, unkempt bedraggled beachcomber as Niles Gregory, the handsome movie star." Marianne put her hand to her mouth to stifle quick laughter. Moresby went on. "I don't think anybody'd recognize you either, Marianne. You two slip into the village. Go to the last house on your right before you come to the stairway. A man named Paros lives there. He got to be a good friend of mine. Tell him we want to charter his sponge boat—that's the big one you see down there—to sail us to Crete. Tell him the works about what happened to us, but keep quiet about the temple. You go on board. Tell him I'll hide out here in the fields until it gets dark or until this storm hits. Then I'll make a run for it. O.K., boy?"

"Right!" said Niles. "I'll have him bring the ship in alongside the quay. If it isn't all laid on and in order, I'll come back or have your friend Paros come back and bring you the word. What?"

"The good Doctor Moresby wishes to be alone," said Marianne. "To dream about Hebe, no doubt. He is a very fickle man, the good Doctor Moresby. He pays a girl great attentions, then he dismisses her with a wave of the hand."

"The good Doctor Moresby," he said, "is still working on the job the American Athenian Bank hired him to do."

Niles Gregory's lips lifted in his little twisted smile. "Will you two please quit scrapping," he said, "before I begin to think you've fallen in love or some such nonsense?"

"Niles," said Marianne, "do not be foolish. You know I could never fall in love with such a man."

"Thanks," said Moresby. He bowed with formality. "It's been nice knowing you," he said. "See you around."

He turned on his heel and strode off into the high, yellowing wheat that billowed on both sides of the path they had come by. He walked on a few hundred yards into the wheat, then lay down.

"Damn!" he muttered. "Why did she have to happen to me?"

He knew now beyond any doubt that whether they got safely onto the boat or whether they never saw each other again, his life would never again be as it had been. Depending on the gods, it could be heaven or it could be hell or it could be a sort of empty purgatory in between, but it would never be the same. He pressed his forehead hard against the soft, sweet-smelling earth, seeking comfort, as many ancient peoples had before him, in the great maternal symbol of all fertility.

The storm came out of the Northwest. It struck just at sunset; in the space of minutes the day changed into night. It struck with a crash of thunder, long darting flashes of lightning and big drops of rain driven by gusts of wind that flattened the wheat in the field where Moresby lay hidden. It battered the gray weather-worn sides of Paros's eighty-foot sponge boat as she lay alongside the quay, not a hundred feet from the dirty, one-time yacht. In the tiny wheelhouse on the raised afterdeck, Niles Gregory, wearing a yellow slicker over his once white shirt and shorts, threw the switch Paros had shown him and pressed the starter button. In its sunken compartment, below the main deck just forward of the poop, the big engine growled, then barked into life. He eased back the throttle lever until it quieted to the thumping purr of an asthmatic cat. Niles Gregory came to attention and, all alone in the wheelhouse, gave a British naval salute. "H.M.S. Frightful reporting in full commission and ready to sail, sir!"

He stepped out onto the rainy poop deck. Water was pouring through the

... ...

Evening Silhouette

By Jessie Merle Franklin

These hills hold mammoth
cows against the sky
At eveningtime, as seen
from this valley's cup,
And even the farmer boy
who rounds them up
Runs on twinkling, giant
legs, mile high.
His dog, too, trots on stilt
legs, wading light,
Till, like the sun, all slip
down past the rim,
And you can imagine, as
the light grows dim,
These gentle hills have
tucked them in for night.

... ...

scuppers and cascading down the companionway to the main deck. The thunder of waves crashing against the jetty, hissing up in spray, came clearly to him.

"Why the devil did Paros's wife have to pick tonight to go into labor!" he muttered. "She could have picked any other night just as well. Damned inconsiderate if you ask me! This is a big boat for Moresby and me to handle alone!"

He went down to the main deck, walked forward and climbed onto the forepeak. He peered steadily toward the zigzag stairway, watching for Moresby in the lightning flashes that came now every few seconds as the storm, feeding on itself, grew in violence. He was beginning to worry. From the time Paros had brought him aboard until the storm broke, he had kept to the main cabin, located under the poop deck, so Rocco's men, whom Paros had told him were in the water-front café, wouldn't spot him. He worried because he couldn't be at all sure Moresby hadn't been spotted—by the farmer in whose fields he had hidden, perhaps, then ambushed. With his lame shoulder Moresby would be hard put to defend himself. He leaned over the rail, trying to pierce the darkness with his eyes. A lightning flash revealed the village and the port and the stairway, as empty as on the day after doomsday. He felt a hand on his shoulder and spun round, right arm drawn back to strike.

"Let's go, boy!"

Another flash showed him Moresby, breathless but grinning. He cast off the bow line, ran aft, heaved the stern line onto the quay and sprang to the wheelhouse. Moresby followed him. He grabbed the long-handled control lever and hauled it back. With a clank the engine went into reverse. He swung the big wheel to port, and the stern of the ship swung slowly away from the quay. Clear of the quay and the partial shelter of nearby buildings the high bow caught the wind. As it swung into shore, Niles Gregory flung the gear lever forward and opened the throttle. The sponge boat shuddered, moved forward and gained steerageway.

"Marianne? Is she all right?"

"Sound asleep in the cabin," said Niles. "Wish I were, frankly."

A lightning flash showed an anchored boat just ahead of them. Niles swung the wheel to port, just managed to slip past the boat, but it brought him closer to shore than he felt was safe. He waited for another flash, swung the wheel to starboard and headed for the mouth of the harbor, where the crests of the seas tumbled over themselves as the rocky shoal just offshore tripped them from beneath. The boom and roar of the surf came loud to them. In the flashes of lightning they could see tall columns of spray shooting into the air as the surf slammed into rocks that jutted like a herd of walruses out of the water.

"Where's Paros?"

"Couldn't make it," said Niles. "He turned his ship over to me. Right at the moment I wish he hadn't."

A flash of lightning showed them the end of the jetty just ahead and beyond it the open sea. Niles Gregory swung the wheel hard astarboard. The bow swung slowly into the direction of the wind.

"Hold tight, chaps. Here we go!"

Still turning, they passed beyond the shelter of the jetty, and now the full force of the big storm struck them and careened the ship far over on her side. Salt spray drenched the decks. Huge gray seas lifted the stubby prow high and dropped it shuddering into the trough as the waves raced past to splinter into a billion fragments against the rocks. Then, with agonizing slowness, the sponge boat battled her way off the rocky shore. At times all eighty feet of her would be swept by green water, but mostly she bounced like a fat duck on whose lines her hull was patterned. Once they were clear of the jagged rocks by the jetty head, Moresby and Niles Gregory dared to breathe again. Niles throttled the thumping, shuddering engine to a slower beat, so the ship was just a little more than holding her own against the seas and rode easier. Moresby slumped onto a seat in the back of the wheelhouse.

"Your friend Paros is a nice chap," said Niles. "Speaks very highly of you too. Can't fancy why, myself. He does not, however, speak with much enthusiasm of our favorite picnic grounds at the other end of the island. Says it's haunted."

Moresby's eyes widened with interest. "Just what does he think it's haunted by?"

"A gang of jewel smugglers and dope runners, headed by a guy named Rocco who simply moved in a couple of years ago, took possession of the cove and the stone house and scared hell out of anybody who came nosing around. It seemed one kid from the village went there exploring the way kids do. I don't know what they did to him, but when they let him go, the kid had literally lost his mind. Not nice people, Rocco's pals."

Moresby's mouth firmed in anger. "I wish I'd hit that character in the heart instead of just winging him in the leg. What else does Paros feel that end of the island is haunted by?"

Niles Gregory laughed softly. "He wouldn't say. Just said the whole area was taboo and always had been. Some legend that had been handed down from generation to generation for so many generations that the reason for the taboo had been forgotten." He laughed again. "He said it had something to do with an ancient temple that was supposed to have been there thousands of years ago. He thinks the whole idea is ridiculous, but he wouldn't be caught dead within three miles of the place."

"You didn't tell him what we found, did you?"

"No," said Niles. "I kept faith, old boy. Look, why don't you stretch out there and catch forty winks?"

Moresby yawned. "I think you've got something there," he said. "Yell if I can help you."

He eased himself down on his right shoulder. The gash in his left one was still painful. In seconds he was asleep. The ship drove on rhythmically, rising and falling, but more steadily now as she made her way into the deeper water well off shore. He slept hard, snoringly hard, until the sound of Niles Gregory's voice roused him.

"I say, Moresby! I need a hand here. Right about now!" Moresby sat up, struggled to his feet and stepped up beside the wheel. Niles Gregory pointed into the darkness over the port bow.

"There's a ship out there heading this way. Heading right at us, as a matter of cold fact. I think we'd better show some lights. I didn't have any on because of Rocco." Moresby didn't speak. Niles glanced at him and saw the bandage. "Oh, of course," he said. "I forgot. Think you can hold the old Frightful into the wind? I'll take a shot at getting the running lights glimmering a bit."

Moresby nodded and stepped behind the wheel.

"Just keep her steady as she goes," Niles said and left the wheelhouse.

Moresby smiled. *It was interesting*, he thought, *that the moment the sponge boat was under way Niles had automatically taken command and he himself as automatically accepted orders.* He peered over the wheel at the compass card softly illuminated by a binnacle oil lamp that Niles had lighted. The card was turning to the left. Using all the strength of his one workable arm, he hauled the big wheel to the right. The ship did not respond. A sea crashed onto the starboard side, well abaft the bow, and the ship rolled over far to port, swinging partially into the trough. He located a small lever mounted on a wooden block at his side, thrust it forward and felt the throbbing as the engine speeded up. Another sea canted the ship still farther. Slowly, painfully slowly, she righted and under the thrust of full power crept back into the wind. He released the wheel. It spun like a roulette wheel. When it stopped, he grabbed a spoke. The compass card was steady, and the bows were crashing head on into the seas again. He pulled back the throttle lever, and the motion eased.

"I like horses better," he muttered. "They don't buck as hard."

He lifted his eyes from the compass and stared off to port. As the sponge boat rose on the crest of a wave he saw the lights of a steamer. She was close enough so that he could make out the necklace of lights that would be her portholes. He guessed she was less than a mile away and, as Niles had said, heading right at them.

If she hits us, he thought, *she'll go clear through us and not even know it!*

Suddenly, because he was out of his element, he was frightened close to the point of panic. (*Continued on Page 92*)

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When you find you're going around in circles, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.

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TEA COUNCIL OF THE U.S.A., INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

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(*Continued from Page 90*) This steamer boring at them through the mountainous gray seas wasn't something he could shoot at or attack or even outwit. There was something relentless about its advance that shook him. He was supremely thankful when, a second later, Niles rushed into the wheelhouse and almost roughly shoved him away from the wheel.

"Lights won't work. No oil in them. Where's that ship now?"

"Right there!" Moresby pointed. "Coming at us like all the hounds of hell!"

For the first time since Moresby had known him, the little mocking smile had vanished from Niles Gregory's face. He was grimly tight-lipped. The sponge boat mounted another crest. The steamer seemed almost on top of them.

"Brace yourself," snapped Niles. "We're coming about."

He moved the wheel hard astarboard. The boat immediately fell off the wind into the trough. Keeping the wheel hard over, he jammed the throttle to full speed ahead. The little ship rolled until water poured over her starboard bulwarks. Moresby fell against the cabin wall.

"I just hope we don't run back onto those rocks! Where's the steamer?"

"How can I see where anything is?" shouted Moresby. "The deck's straight up and down! I can't see over it!"

Another sea struck, but the ship, lying on her side, presented little surface to it. It lifted her and passed by and, as she settled into the trough, the dropping motion made her right herself with a jerk, like a roly-poly toy. Moresby peered into the darkness. There was no need. Looming mountainous above them, the steamer was there. Moresby took a long deep breath and held it. There was a grinding noise and a jolt and the steamer's porthole lights illuminated the whole deck. Then she was by. A second later she had disappeared into the storm. Moresby let out his breath.

"Close," said Niles, already swinging the wheel hard aport to bring them back into the wind.

"I don't think I could stand another one like that," said Moresby. He paused. "Niles, should I try and find out how badly we're damaged?"

Niles shook his head. "What's the use?" he said. "In this sea there isn't anything we can do about it except offer up the prayers that seem a constant necessity on this expedition."

"I didn't see anything break."

The smile came back to Niles's lips. "On a ship it's what you can't see that you worry about," he said. "Watch it—here's another big one."

The ship heeled again, but not so badly this time, taking the weight of the sea on her port bow. She was almost back into the wind.

"She's good," said Niles, easing back on the throttle. "She's going to get us there. Take the wheel again, old boy. I'm going to have another go-round at finding some oil for those running lights—and maybe I will do a quick damage survey." He stepped to the door. "Oh, hello, here's an old friend turned up!"

He opened the door. Marianne, wearing a striped sailor's sweater that hung on her like a sack and a pair of rolled-up pants that bagged about her slim hips like a tent, came into the wheelhouse. At the sight of her, Moresby's heart leaped. He forgot the anger of their last parting. She looked from one man to the other.

"Did we hit something, and are we going to drown?"

"A steamer hit us," said Moresby.

"And I don't think we're going to drown," said Niles. "Not for a while anyway."

"Can I do something to help?"

"You can be Moresby's other arm—if he needs one. I'll be back."

He moved out onto the deck and closed the door after him. Marianne stepped forward to stand beside Moresby at the wheel. There was a moment's silence; then she said, "I fell out of the bed and banged my head on the floor. Was that when the steamer hit us?"

Moresby smiled at her. "No," he said, "that was when we started to capsize. We tipped so far over that water was coming in over the side. If we hadn't straightened up before we were hit, the steamer would have ripped our bottom out."

She nodded. "That would have been what Martha Peak calls 'The Endsville.'" She stared at him for a second. "Were you frightened, Moresby?"

"Marianne," he said slowly, "I was so frightened I couldn't breathe."

"I am glad," she said.

"You're what?"

"I am glad," said Marianne again. "It tells me something about you I have wanted to know." There was another small silence; then she went on. "And were you frightened last evening? When you were fighting those men—for the American Athenian Bank, of course?"

He laughed. "Frankly, no," he said. "A man as busy staying alive as I was then doesn't have time to be frightened. Look!"

He pointed upward. At the top of the stubby mast a light was casting a glow over the forepeak. The sight of it was strangely comforting. Now they could see the body of the ship. Moresby had felt as if he and Niles Gregory were sailing the wheelhouse, detached, through liquid space. He sighed.

"Good boy, Niles!" he murmured.

"Your shoulder is bleeding again," said Marianne. "You should go down into the cabin and lie down."

"I wouldn't like the shut-in feeling."

"No," she said, "you are the kind of man who always must go on fighting wherever there is danger—even if it kills you."

"I can't let Niles down," said Moresby.

"My René. He was like that too." Marianne's voice was so soft he could just hear her words. "I cannot stand it again."

She turned away from him. He knew she was crying. He had the good sense to keep silent. A few minutes later Niles came back. His face was stern.

"I didn't have to survey very far," he said. "We 've got a gash as big as your forearm just below the water line. The hold looked like Niagara Falls—Canadian side, of course—until I stuffed some rags into the gash."

"We are sinking?" asked Marianne.

"Frankly," said Niles, "yes."

Moresby bit his lip in chagrin. It seemed such a waste. The fight, the shooting and the danger of their escape through the rocks guarding the sea entrance to the jetty—and now this. He looked at Niles. "How long?"

Niles shrugged. "Two hours at a guess—maybe three."

Moresby was thinking. The island of Thíra wasn't over twenty or thirty miles to the southeast. It was well populated, and ships put in there. They could get from Thíra to Crete. And they could get behind the jetty at Thíra—with luck.

"I'm open to suggestions," said Niles.

"Has the wind let up enough so we can run before it?"

"We can't run anywhere," said Niles. "Waddle, yes. In another hour, unless I can rig up some kind of a pump, the good old H.M.S. Frightful is going to be so low in the water she could pass for a submarine. What's on your mind?"

Moresby told him. Niles listened, nodding. When Moresby paused, he said, "Got any ideas on how we're going to find this particular dot on a fairly substantial body of water? Paros apparently doesn't believe in charts. Just courses he sails from memory."

"There's a lighthouse on top of the cliff there," said Moresby, "and there's a light on the end of the jetty. We have a pretty good idea where the island is because we couldn't have got very far, so we know where we are. As I remember my geography, it's due southeast of Myrrhus."

Niles Gregory was thinking now, forming a chart in his mind. "We don't have any choice," he said. "We'll chance it running before the wind. Better let me bring her around, Moresby."

"I will do what I can to help," said Marianne.

"Thanks, old girl," said Niles. "I'll put your application on file."

Moresby stepped back from the wheel. A moment later there was the sickening roll and lurch they were almost growing accustomed to as the ship fell off into the trough, but the roll back was slower now because of the weight of water that had poured into the hull. The bow swung around to the south. Surprisingly, running before the wind, the ship rode more easily. The squat, low stern inclined to lie to the wind, and the high bows acted like the tail on a weathervane, keeping her from constantly trying to fall off and broach into the trough in the manner of modern boats. Realizing this, Niles's eyebrows arched.

"As we grow older," he said, "we learn many things. We should have headed this way in the first place. You up to holding her on course, Moresby, while I explore the pump situation?"

"Of course."

Bone weary, Moresby stepped to the wheel again. Niles left the wheelhouse. With the wind behind them, the night had become almost quiet. There was the surge and hiss of the seas and the steady thumping of the big diesel, but the howl and shriek of the tempest at its height was gone. He stood quietly for a long while, using only his good arm, watching the compass card and keeping the diamond-like mark over the letters SE even with the black lubber's line on the rim of the compass that represented the bow of the ship, glancing occasionally at the sky, where stars were beginning to appear as the wind steadily lessened. He saw the bobbing of a lantern that Niles had found hovering over the hatchway that led to the engine compartment, saw it move forward to what must be the hatchway leading into the hold and disappear.

"Are you frightened now, Paul?"

He shook his head, managing a smile. "Not very," he said. "I'm busy again."

"You think we will get to the shore before we drown?"

"If we're going to get there at all, yes."

"And if we don't get there?"

"We'll find some life preservers or planks or something to hang onto that'll keep us afloat."

"You do not give up, do you?"

"No, Marianne," he said. "A man—if he's any kind of man—has to keep on fighting as long as there's the ghost of a chance."

He heard her sigh. "Yes," she said. "Paul?"

"Marianne?"

She paused a long second. "What is between us? What is it that makes us filled with tenderness one moment and scratching and clawing at each other the next?"

"I don't know." His answer was entirely honest. There was a long silence.

"Paul, we are neither of us little school children who do not understand about things like men and women being attracted to one another by the lusts of the flesh. We are old enough to know that that is not enough. It is not the end of everything. Do we fight with each other because we are afraid something deeper than that is happening to us?"

Moresby's eyes misted. The thing she was implying moved him deeply; made him realize, perhaps for the first time, the full loneliness of his life. Suddenly he thought he understood what she was trying to tell him.

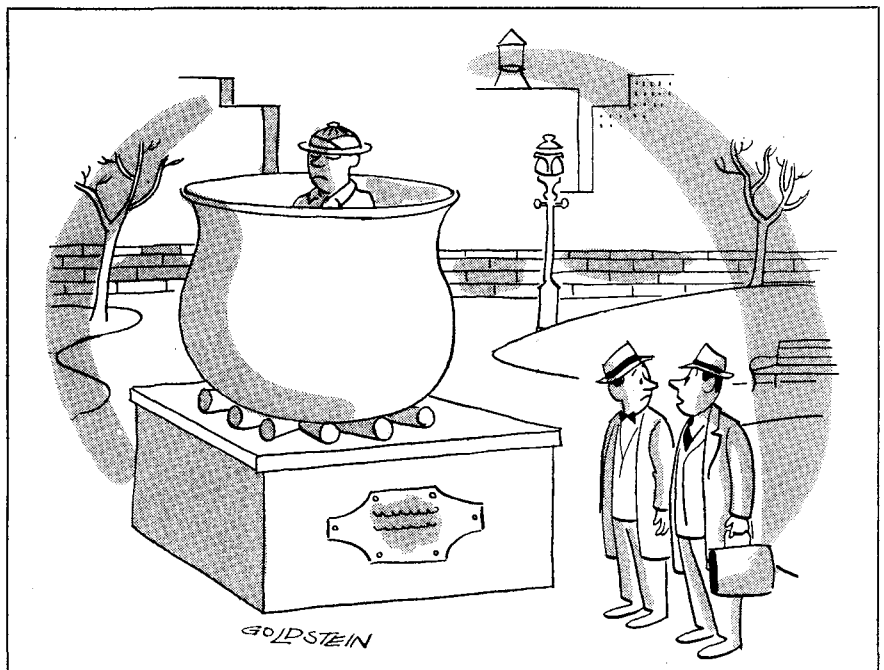
His left hand found hers and squeezed it. "I love you, Marianne," he whispered, as though this were something too private to be spoken aloud. "If we get out of this ——"

Her hand pressed his. "I think I love you, too, Paul, but ——"

She broke off as the door to the wheelhouse opened, and Niles came into the room. He paused for a second in obvious embarrassment and gave Marianne and Moresby time to step apart. Then he cleared his throat.

"No pumps, chaps," he said. "But I found this. Probably do us more good than the pumps." He brandished a wicker-covered bottle of Chianti, tore the cork out of it with strong white teeth and raised it in a toast.

"To the queen," he said and drank deeply. TO BE CONCLUDED



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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It's true that many things contribute to the character, the taste and the consistency of a beer. There is the quality of hops and grains . . . special yeast cultures . . . proper ageing . . . the skill of Master Brewers who guide all of the processes.

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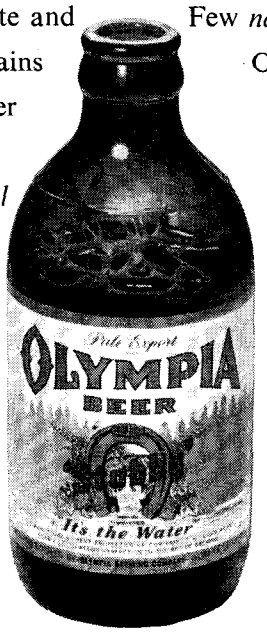

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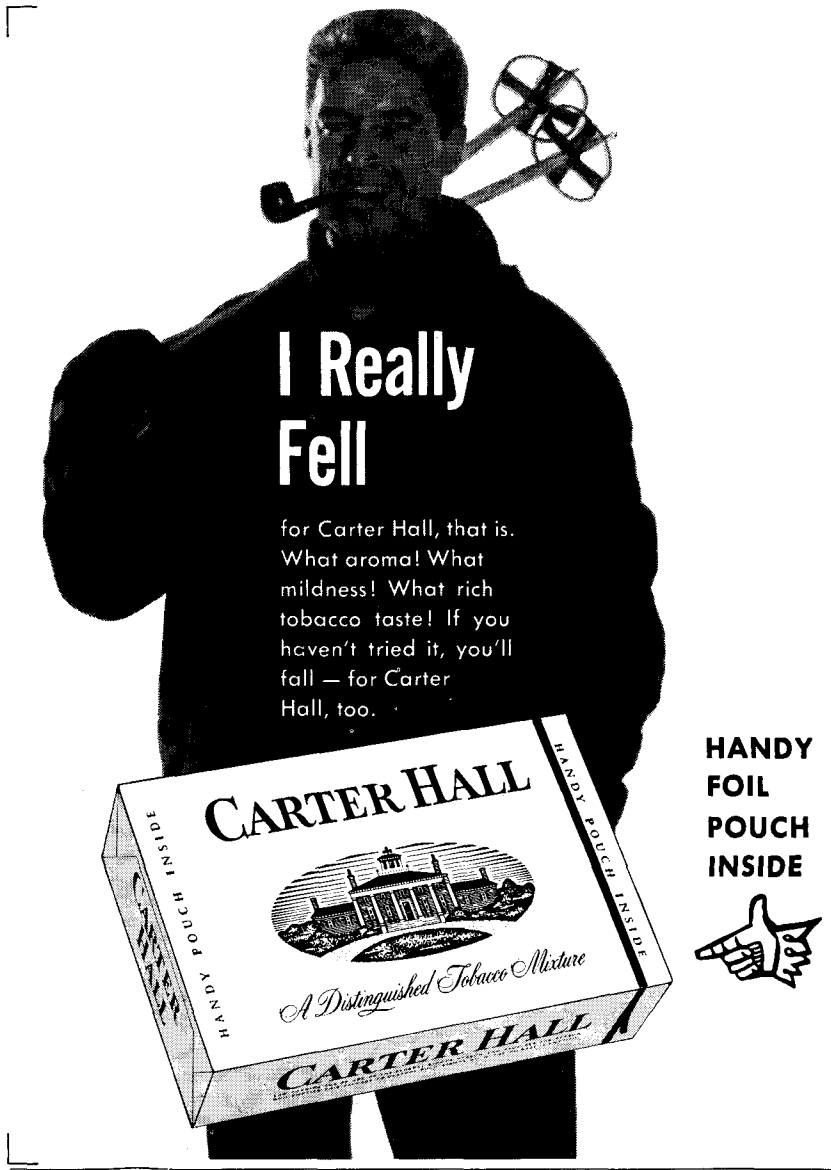
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for Carter Hall, that is. What aroma! What mildness! What rich tobacco taste! If you haven't tried it, you'll fall — for Carter Hall, too.
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Relieves Itching and Pain in Minutes.
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Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so – even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

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The Soldier (Continued from Page 42)

Farralon called, "Kowalski! What's the idea?"

"Huh?" Kowalski said. "Oh, a couple Japs, colonel."

McGuire glared at Kowalski and then at Farralon, then started walking rapidly toward the clump of bushes. Farralon snapped out orders that sent two sailors running forward on each flank and Kowalski running straight ahead. He grabbed a hand grenade and caught up with McGuire.

"Nobody's trying a snow job on you, general," he said.

"Yeah?" McGuire said.

They reached the clump of bushes, and McGuire pushed through and almost fell over the first Jap. There had been two of them. Maybe they had meant to start something and maybe not.

Farralon said, "Sir, if you feel their bodies, I think you'll find they're still warm. We didn't arrange this."

McGuire snorted. They went back to the trail and followed it to the old beachhead, where Farralon pointed out the ravine, some of the Jap defenses and the C.P. where Beckham and his staff had been overrun. Finally he took McGuire to the C.P. from which Captain Ernest was commanding what was left of the two battalions. McGuire talked to Ernest and went down the line talking to riflemen. The photographer took some photos.

Farralon took advantage of the free minutes to drop in on the sergeant commanding George Company, to say that he was keeping Kowalski on temporary duty as a guard. That was fine with the sergeant.

Fox Company dug up some K rations, and the inspection party gnawed silently on the food and headed back across the hill in the early afternoon. McGuire didn't seem to have much to say. They reached the C.P. at the airstrip by 1500. Farralon started to dismiss the sailors, but McGuire halted him.

"Let me borrow a couple messengers," he said. He pointed to one of the sailors and said, "Son, run down to the beach and tell the pilot of the PBY that the other passenger can come ashore. Then guide the passenger back here."

"What passenger, sir?" Farralon asked.

"You'll see. Now I want to send a message to my chief of staff: McGuire to Clement. Let it ride. End of message."

"That's all, sir?"

"He'll know what it means."

Farralon sent off another sailor with the message.

"Now," McGuire said, "let's sit down and talk." He went into the C.P. and stamped around it, pausing to kick an ammo box as if hoping it would explode. "All right," he said finally, "you told me how to run my command and you're getting away with it. I'll use Moon Island as a lever to pry stuff out of the War Department and Joint Chiefs."

Farralon said, "How much are you planning to ask for, sir?"

"A new regiment, a squadron of P-40's, an engineer battalion and a battalion of three-inch antiaircraft."

"Good going, sir!"

"I'm glad you approve," McGuire said coldly. "One of the messages going out from Port Solo in the next hour will be a real arm-twisting McGuire-to-Marshall thing, pointing out that almost nobody is left alive on this strategic island and that the Japs might make another landing if we don't reinforce it immediately. I mention the bad effect on the American public if, after this first land victory over the Japs, we let it slip away. I point out that everything I'm asking for can be transferred immediately to this command from the South Pacific Area."

"General, the South Pacific Area will make peace with the Japs and declare war on you."

"It serves them right. They've stolen enough from me. I bet we get most of what we want within ten days. Can you hold on here until then?"

"We can hold on, sir."

"O.K. That message I sent to Clement releases, among other things, a communiqué announcing the capture of Moon Island from the enemy. I didn't dare put a lot of drumbeating in the communiqué, but we can get it in a news story given to that Associated Press correspondent, Ed Holman," McGuire said. "He ought to be right outside by now. He was the other passenger on the plane."

"Now wait, general. I don't want to go in for a lot of this hero stuff."

"Farralon, you'll go in for it and go in big. This hero stuff is gonna get us a new regiment, a squadron of P-40's, an engineer battalion and a battalion of three-inch AA. You told me what to do, and now I'm telling you how we do it." He went to the entrance of the C.P. and called, "Mr. Holman, we're ready for you." Holman came into the shelter, and McGuire said, "Mr. Holman, here's the officer who is responsible for the first completely decisive land victory of our forces over the Japs."

"Oh, bull," Farralon muttered. "Why don't you talk to the men who did the fighting?"

"Now look, colonel," Holman said. "I did you a favor once, and you promised to return it. Well, this is it."

"What was this favor?" McGuire asked.

"Nothing much, general," Holman said. "More a personal matter than anything else."

"O.K.," McGuire said. "Just so he talks. Now to begin with, Colonel Farralon was sent here merely as liaison officer to help evacuate our troops."

Farralon protested, "You can't say that for publication, general. That tells the enemy we don't hold the island in any strength."

McGuire said, "The communiqué we're releasing points out that we delayed it twenty-four hours so that we could land heavy reinforcements. Do you feel like heavy reinforcements, Mr. Holman? You look like them to me."

Holman grinned. "I get the picture, general. I'll make sure I don't invite the Japs to come back."

"Good," McGuire said. "By the way, I personally will read and clear your story. Now, when Colonel Farralon stepped ashore yesterday morning, he found that the island commander and his staff had just been wiped out by a Jap attack and that our forces were in bad shape. Colonel Farralon took command at once. He learned that a Jap battery on the hill covered the seaward approaches to the island and would cut our men to bits in any attempt to evacuate. So Colonel Farralon sent me this message." He took a piece of paper from his pocket and read aloud, "'Evacuation impossible. Am attacking to clear island of enemy.'"

"That's wonderful," Holman said. "Can I quote that?"

Farralon said, "That message went out in code. Using it would endanger the security of our code."

"We can fix that," McGuire said pleasantly. "Just change the wording to this: 'Cannot retreat. Will attack at once. Signed, Farralon.' I like the literary

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quality of that better anyway. Don't you, Mr. Holman? More zing to it."

"I'm going to throw up," Farralon muttered.

"He's been under a strain," McGuire said. "No time to sleep. No food. Killing Japs every minute. . . . Tell him about the grenades, colonel."

"You didn't pick that up!"

"I picked up everything," McGuire said with relish. "Look, Mr. Holman, this all begins with Colonel Farralon saving my life on a patrol north of Port Solo." He went on to tell the whole story of the one-grenade-to-a-machine-gun remark and how it had been passed around the Lower Pacific Command. "Why," McGuire said, chuckling, "the toughest guy on the island latched right onto Colonel Farralon, knowing that would be the best way to find Japs to kill. The guy's outside on guard." McGuire went to the entrance and yelled, "Kowalski, come here a minute."

Kowalski shuffled up, cradling his B.A.R. "You want me?" he asked.

"I'd like you to tell this man what you do," McGuire said.

"I don't do nothing," Kowalski said. "I just shoot Japs. We go good on the Japs, don't we, colonel? Me with my B.A.R., and you wit grenades."

"Thanks, Kowalski," McGuire said. "That's all."

Kowalski shuffled away, and Farralon said angrily, "I want you both to get this straight. I haven't thrown a single damned grenade since I landed."

"Shy, isn't he?" McGuire said. "Now, about the Jap battery. . . ."

McGuire went on and on, and there was simply nothing you could do to stop him. The whole thing was nauseating. Farralon knew it was going to give him a reputation he could never live up to and never live down.

At last McGuire finished his report. "There may be a photo I'd like taken," Farralon said.

McGuire told Holman, "He's getting into the spirit of things now. He'll end up liking this stuff."

Farralon scowled and went outside and checked with the sailor he had assigned to get Australian and United States flags and a camera. The sailor produced both flags. The Australian flag looked like something a first-grader might draw on a blackboard with colored chalk, but it would do. Farralon asked the sailor to get halyards rigged on two coconut palms that had lost their tops and then went back in the C.P. to explain the photo.

McGuire said, "I don't get the reason for the Aussie flag."

"A friendly gesture toward an ally," Farralon said. "And by the way, general, this photo has to star you. I'm not going to be in it."

"The hell with that. You're the guy who."

"It's a nicer gesture coming from you, sir," he said in a low voice, "this and the eastern half of Zoanga were Australian mandates, sir. The Aussies might help if they thought you appreciated them. Very proud and sensitive, the Aussies."

"H'm," McGuire said. "Fighting fools too. Let's go. For another battalion I'd let you hoist me up the flagpole."

They went outside and got the Signal Corps photographer to stage the photo. It ought to be sensational in color, Farralon thought—the tomahawk profile of McGuire, Kowalski's cold face and B.A.R. and the flags whipping in the breeze, all silhouetted against the blue sky and the clouds of late afternoon.

That seemed to wind up everything, and he walked to the beach with McGuire.

"Oh," McGuire said. "I almost forgot." He pulled a sheet of paper from his pocket and said, "Special Order Number One, dated 25 August 1942. Lieutenant Colonel William A. Farralon, 0-021411, Field Artillery, is promoted to colonel, General Staff Corps." He rummaged in his pocket and handed two bits of metal to Farralon. "Brought some birds for you to wear," he said.

Farralon took the eagles and the copy of the special order. "Thank you, sir," he said. Then he gave way to an impulse and said, "General, may I ask what you would have done if you hadn't found things here on the level?"

"Let's not go into that," McGuire said. "Now, I want to ask a question. On the level, now, weren't you lucky to get away with what you did here?"

He didn't have to think hard to answer that. "I had all the luck in the world, sir," he said.

"O.K.," McGuire said. "You're still a so-and-so in my book, but I'm glad to know you're a lucky one." He started wading back to the plane.

In another few minutes Farralon would be leaving Moon Island. He checked to make sure he had done all the little chores of inspecting his troops and handing out the Silver and Bronze stars. Now all he had to do was wheel to Lieutenant Colonel Evesham and turn over command of Moon Island to him. Evesham had it made—a fresh battalion to garrison the island and root out the few remaining Japs, three-inch AA and 40-mm. Bofors to discourage enemy planes and, within a day or so, a squadron of P-40's.

Wait. He had forgotten one thing. He ought to address the remnants of the two battalions. He ought to say something that would echo in their memories like the sound of trumpets. Caesar would have known what to say, and Alexander and Hannibal and Napoleon and Wellington. But he was an ordinary soldier, and orations were out of his class. However, he had to give it a try.

He faced them and said, almost angrily, "I haven't got any long speech to give you. All I can say is this: You're the best damned fighting men in the world. I'd be honored to serve with you again."

His muscles tensed for an about-face and then froze. A cheer was sweeping down the thin lines. It swelled and beat back from the rocky hill off to the left, the hill that had been so hard to climb. Fox Company's captain, now commanding the two battalions, stepped forward.

Captain Ernest shouted, "Bat-talyons . . . Atten-shun! Presen-n-n . . . Harms!"

This was the old Army game, guaranteed to tie your throat in a knot and make your eyes hot and wet. He gulped, returned the salute of the battalions and wheeled around and turned over command of the island to Evesham.

Now all he wanted to do was to get off the island as fast as possible. Someone came panting up beside him, and a voice said, "How's for me goin' wit you, colonel? The sergeant, look, right here, colonel, he don't care."

Farralon saw that Kowalski had brought the sergeant who commanded George Company. "What's this all about, sergeant?" he said impatiently.

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"It's like this, sir," the sergeant said. "Kowalski here, I guess he don't get along good with us. He's different, see. We're going back to rest camp, but Kowalski don't want to sit around. He figures you can use him and his B.A.R."

Suddenly he wanted very much to take Kowalski. Maybe Kowalski brought him luck. The trouble was, there was no military excuse for taking Kowalski. It was completely out of line. How did you explain or justify carrying a B.A.R. man around as a bodyguard? As soon as he had that thought, he felt his jaw muscles hardening. He had spent a lot of his life trying to explain and justify things to himself. Maybe this was the time to stop and do what he felt like doing.

"All right," he snapped. "Board the plane in five minutes." He was furious with himself, but still oddly elated.

Two hours later the C-47—its only passengers Farralon and Kowalski—banked over Port Solo to make its approach to the airfield. Farralon stared through a window, remembering his arrival four weeks ago. It seemed more like four years.

The plane made its landing, but this time did not trundle after a Follow Me jeep to a revetment. Instead, it lumbered down the main runway and halted close to operations. A crewman unlocked the hatch and lowered the ladder.

Farralon climbed down. The sunlight dazzled him, and he started walking almost blindly toward the building. Somewhere a voice shouted, "Company . . . Atten-shun! Presen-n-n . . . Harms!" Then he saw them. The company was ranked across his path, and he recognized its captain, Kroll. There were others at attention, too, in a line flanking the rifle company—Fikes and Le Moy and some of the others from G.H.Q. In front of everybody stood General McGuire. Farralon glanced around. Nobody else was in sight but Kowalski, swinging apelike down the ladder.

He got it. This was for him. It was one of the ways in which you put a man on the spot and made sure of wringing everything out of him. Napoleon had known the tricks you could do with ribbons. Farralon came to attention.

Somebody stepped forward and began reading one of those citations—crammed with adjectives like a fruitcake with goodies—that the Army loved to produce on such occasions. He caught a few windblown phrases: ". . . rallying tired and decimated troops . . . reviving and inspiring them by the force of his example . . ." and so on. McGuire took a bronze cross on a red-white-and-blue ribbon from a box and pinned it above his left shirt pocket—the D.S.C., no less.

"Congratulations," McGuire said.

"Thank you, sir. You needn't have done this."

"I'm not doing it for you. I'm doing it for the command. . . . There we are." McGuire stepped back, hesitated a moment, then put out his hand. It was the first time they had shaken hands.

Captain Kroll shouted, "Order . . . Harms!"

McGuire said, "Now let's make a quick inspection and get these guys out of the sun."

They picked up Captain Kroll and made a fast tour of the company's ranks and wound up the ceremony and let Kroll march his men off the field.

McGuire got out an old pipe and lighted it. "What's Kowalski doing with you?" he asked.

It was awkward to explain, but there couldn't be a better time to do it. McGuire could hardly decorate him at one moment and chew him out the next. "Kowalski asked to come, sir," he said. "Both his company commander and the acting C.O. of the battalions said it was fine with them. Kowalski didn't want to go to rest camp."

"And on top of that, you wanted him."

"Yes, sir."

"What sort of duty do you have in mind for the guy?"

"With your permission, general, I might have the headquarters commandant fix him up for the time being and maybe give him temporary duty with a rifle company on the perimeter so he can get some action."

"It's irregular. It's a bad precedent."

"There aren't many Kowalskis, sir. It's not a precedent that applies to the average soldier."

"I'm not thinking of the average soldier. I'm thinking of—ah, the hell with it. Do it the way you want. Get settled and report to my office at 1500."

McGuire walked to a waiting staff car, and a driver brought up another staff car for Farralon. Things were looking up. A few weeks ago you were lucky to get a jeep. Farralon climbed into the back of the car, picked up Kowalski and headed for Port Solo.

During the next two hours he noted that subtle changes had taken place in the attitudes that people displayed toward him. The headquarters commandant, Partridge, no longer acted as if whatever he did for Farralon was a favor. Farralon asked him to arrange quarters and mess for Kowalski and told Kowalski to report to G-2 the next morning. Then he went to the adjutant general's office. Four weeks ago Fikes had been somewhat patronizing, but now Fikes had become efficient and impersonal. Farralon asked him to cut orders transferring Kowalski to G-2. Fikes said he would take care of it at once.

When he dropped by his quarters to leave his gear, he found another change. The Zoangese were there, smiling and soft-footed, but there was no sign of the cots and baggage of the two lieutenant colonels who had occupied small private rooms or of the four majors who had slept in the living room. One of the Zoangese said, "House him belong you now." The majors and lieutenant colonels had been moved elsewhere. He would miss them, but when you took off silver leaves and put on eagles, you took off a set of friendships too. The higher you went in the Army, the more sets of friendships you left behind. There was a reason for this. When you had to give orders, you didn't want friendship to complicate either the giving or receiving of them.

He went to headquarters mess and sat down before realizing that, unconsciously, he had passed the table reserved for majors and lieutenant colonels and had gone to the table sacred to bird colonels. Baylor was not present. After mess, Farralon headed for the G-2 office. He was curious as to how Baylor would act.

When he opened the door of the office, Baylor rose and looked at him, a wry smile twisting one side of his face. "Well," Baylor said. "The conquering hero." There was no real bite in the words, and his tone sounded tentative and uncertain.

"You don't have to cut me down to size," Farralon said.

"Maybe not. And maybe I couldn't even if I wanted to. You look pretty good considering."

"I'm fine. Never got a scratch. You look O.K. yourself."

"That's only on the outside," Baylor said lightly. "Inside I'm a seething mass of envy and jealousy."

"You can't be serious."

"Never more serious in my life. Oh, I'm not talking about your promotion and the D.S.C. What kills me is that the chance of a lifetime was waiting for some guy on Moon Island, and I forced it on you."

"I admit I was lucky."

"Well, luck is kind of like a crowbar. It gets tossed to some people, and they drop it on their toes. It gets tossed to others, and they use it to pry things open."

"You handing me a compliment?"

"If it sounded like that, I take it back. I wouldn't want you to think I'm trying to get on your right side."

"Why would I think that? I'm not in a position to do you any good or harm."

"Yeah, sure. Look, Bill, you got a few minutes to sit down and tell me just what happened on Moon Island? I'd get a kick out of it."

That was odd, Farralon thought. Baylor had called him by his nickname. And what did he mean, asking have you got a few minutes? After all, Baylor was his C.O. "You're really interested?" he asked.

"Yeah. And put in all the details—you know, the ones that make a thing come alive, not like an operations report."

He sat down and gave Baylor the full story. The guy listened like a kid hearing for the first time the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.

After hearing the story, Baylor leaned back in his chair and said softly, "Well, I'll be damned." Then he jerked forward and said, "This B.A.R. man—Kowalski. I hear you brought him back as a souvenir."

"How did you hear that?"

"Things get around."

Farralon said with some embarrassment, "I had orders cut transferring Kowalski to G-2. I guess I should have cleared it with you first."

"Don't give it a thought. But what can I do with Kowalski?"

"The guy just wants a chance to use his B.A.R. We can give him temporary duty with rifle companies on the perimeter, and he's likely to knock off some Japs now and then. He doesn't do much thinking, but maybe I can put the idea in his head that he's got to go through their pockets for papers of any kind. Then he sends the stuff back here. That would sort of justify keeping him attached to G-2. How does it sound to you?"

"It sounds like Bill Farralon can get away with it."

"What are you getting at?"

Baylor said, "You don't know what you have yet. You have luck, you have a reputation, you have color. Man, have you got color! Farralon and his one-grenade-per-machine-gun and his cannot-retreat-will-attack-at-once. Farralon and his tame killer, Kowalski."

"Good grief, is it that bad?"

"What's bad about it? Listen, are you sure I'm not keeping you?"

"Keeping me? I work here, don't I? The general told me to report to him at 1500, and I still have half an hour before I see him. By the way, has he given up those patrols he used to go on?"

"Yeah, he gave them up. He's got an interest in life, now that things are looking up. Say, there's a little mail in the top drawer of your desk."

Farralon opened the drawer and pulled out a few letters and stuffed them in his pocket. There wasn't likely to be anything of interest.

"Not reading your mail?"

"I think the top one is from a magazine saying my subscription ran out. The rest are probably worse. I'll go through the stuff later. What's happened about that idea of using the Zoangese to gather intelligence?"

"You want to hear about it?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Well, I thought maybe it wouldn't sound very exciting to you. But if you want to hear. . . ."

Baylor started describing what he had done in the past couple of weeks. It turned out he had done a lot. He spoke hesitantly at first, then warmed up and talked glowingly of the project. The Zoangese were real guys, once you got to know them. He had found one who spoke fairly good English and used him as an interpreter. He had interviewed about thirty of them and picked six of the likeliest as agents. All six were over the mountains now, trying to set up networks in villages where they had friends. Baylor uncovered a wall map of Zoanga and pointed out the (*Continued on Page 98*)

"There's an interesting approach."

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(*Continued from Page 96*) villages where his agents were at work. Nothing had come in yet, of course. It was too early. And when reports did start to come in, they would have to be evaluated and cross-checked carefully. Still, it was a start and it looked hopeful.

"What do you think?" Baylor asked, almost like a boy begging for approval. "How does it look to you?"

"It looks good," Farralon said.

Another thing looked good. The project had done something for Baylor. He wasn't the drained, bitter guy that he had been a few weeks ago. He had come alive.

Baylor drew back suddenly. "Don't give me the credit," he said, his voice going harsh. "Remember, I stole this idea from you."

"Look, Reb."

Baylor tensed. "When did we start using nicknames?"

"You started it a while ago. Maybe you didn't notice."

"Slip of the tongue."

"What I wanted to say was this—someday I hope you'll get over hating my guts."

Baylor stared at him for a moment. "Maybe I already have," he said angrily. "Or maybe I haven't. I don't know." He jumped up and went to the door. "Go see your damned general," he snapped and went out and slammed the door behind him.

Farralon sat for a few moments, thinking. Sometimes it was hard to figure the right way to handle a guy, especially one like Reb Baylor. The guy was a long way from being washed up. If somebody would give Baylor a real break, he could go places.

Sergeant Johnson drifted back into the room, and Farralon checked his watch and saw that it was time to report to McGuire. He went down the hall, and McGuire's aide ushered him at once into the general's office.

McGuire was rocking back and forth in his swivel chair. "Sit down, Farralon," he said. "How does it feel to be back in a rest area?"

"You haven't been taking much of a rest, general. From what I hear, you really raided the South Pacific Area. How soon are they going to start bombing us?"

"Yeah, yeah," McGuire said, trying not to look pleased. "I grabbed a lot of stuff, all right—even a bit more than we talked about."

"Mighty nice to have a new regiment."

"Yeah. Getting the 468th Infantry eased things a lot. Of course, I had to send one battalion to Moon Island, but I put the other two right into the line here and pulled out the battalion we had on the perimeter. Now I have a reserve."

"What about that other regiment of ours? The one training on Samoa."

"Oh, hell, Farralon, I couldn't get the 484th. You know it's been alerted for that Rotai job with the Thirty-third Marines."

"Um."

"What the hell are you saying 'um' about?"

"General, I have no right to make suggestions to you."

"Nothing stopped you from making them when you were on Moon Island."

"Sir, the situation was a bit different."

"Oh, hell." McGuire posted a bit faster in his chair and said abruptly, "Have you taken care of Kowalski?"

"Yes, sir," Farralon said and explained about the assignment to G-2 and how it might be justified by using Kowalski as a special scout.

"What did Baylor say to that?"

Farralon hesitated and decided he might as well be truthful. "I asked how it sounded to him, and he said it sounded as if Bill Farralon could get away with it."

What looked like an unwilling smile twitched at McGuire's mouth. "All right," he said. "If Bill Farralon can get away with that, he can get away with saying more than 'um' about the 484th."

"All I had in mind, general, was that we don't have a very tight hold on the 484th. After that Rotai operation, the Navy may put up a big howl to keep them, to replace the regiment you just snatched from the South Pacific Area."

"Well, how do we stop them?"

He was stepping far out of bounds, but as McGuire pointed out, he had been doing it quite a bit lately. "Sir, I'd suggest asking the War Department for an O.K. to activate a new division out here."

"Hell, Farralon, divisions don't get activated overseas!"

"Sir, there's been at least one exception. Last May the South Pacific Area got an O.K. to form a division in New Caledonia, out of miscellaneous A.U.S. and National Guard units. It's called the Americal Division. It's the only one in the Army with a name instead of a number."

"I did hear of that and forgot it."

"The basic thing you need for a triangular division are three infantry regiments. We had the 477th Infantry from the start. We have the new regiment you just stole, the 468th. Add the 484th, and we have our three regiments."

McGuire said moodily, "Look, this is gonna sound funny, but I might as well put it to you straight. I'm just an old beat-up cavalryman. I don't know the first thing about a triangular division. So lay it on the line for me, will you? How hard will it be to get the War Department

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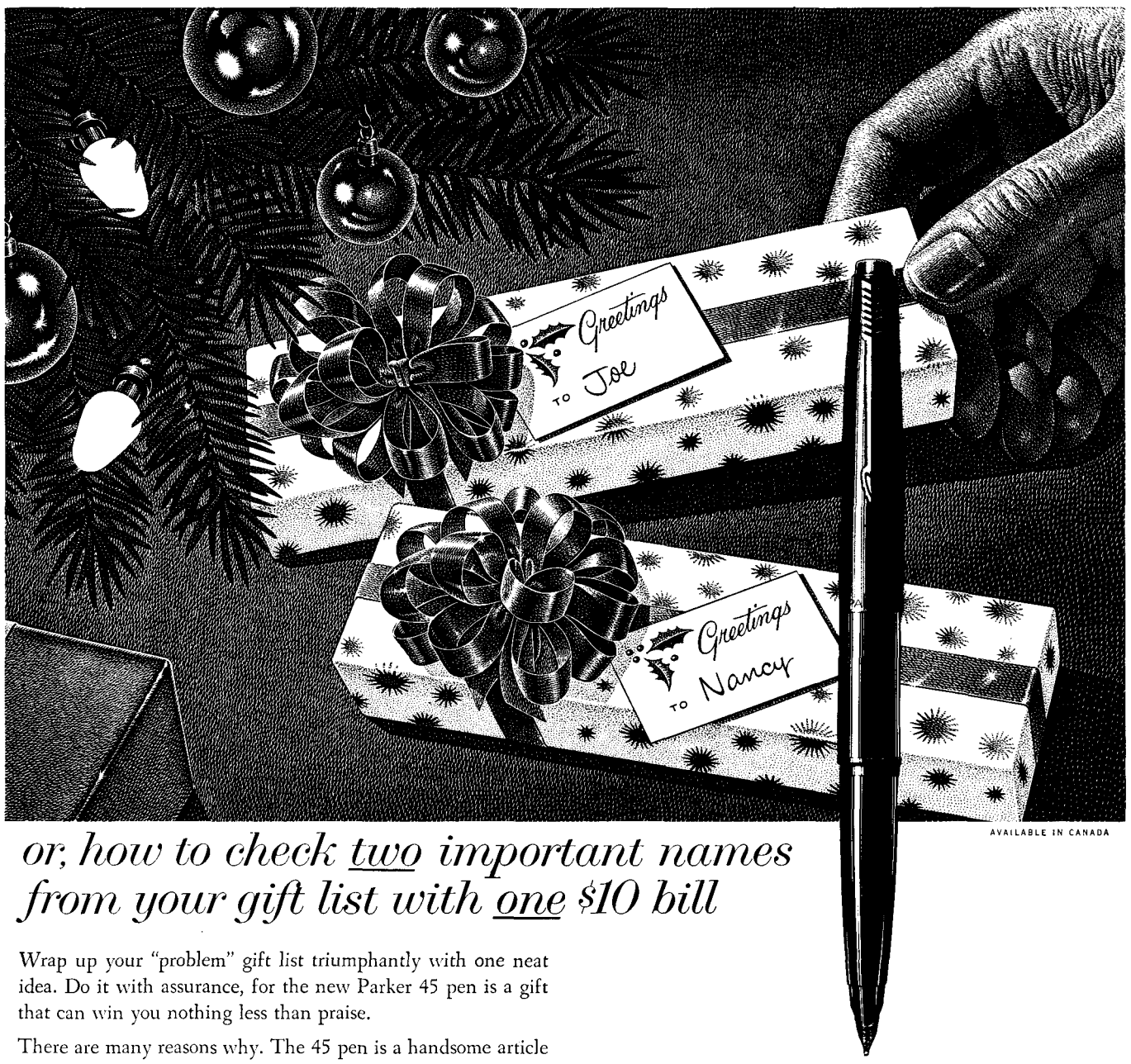

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to say yes? How will that help us hang onto the 484th? What real advantages are there in getting an O.K. to activate a division?"

"Well, sir, it shouldn't be hard to get them to say yes. All we ask, right at the start, is for approval of a situation that already exists. We already have three regiments. And right at the moment we ought to rate pretty high back in Washington. The South Pacific Area is in a jam at Guadalcanal. MacArthur is having trouble hanging onto Port Moresby. The Lower Pacific Command just won the first complete land victory over the Japs."

"Yeah, go on."

"Once we activate the division, it would be a lot harder to steal the 484th from us. A division is a big sacred thing. You don't bust one up just offhand. But an unattached regiment or anything smaller is a sitting duck for a raid."

"I'm still with you."

"Now," Farralon said, "that isn't the only advantage. A division rates a lot higher in getting replacements than an unattached unit does. Then, there are a lot of nice little things that go with a division, like an engineer battalion and a reconnaissance troop and four battalions of divisional artillery. We only have a little of that stuff and we could sure use the rest. Look, general, first we only ask them for the right to activate a division, and then later we remind them that they're automatically committed to send us the rest of what goes with a division."

McGuire said admiringly, "You're a sneaky rascal, aren't you?"

"Sir, I'd pick pockets to get this command what it needs."

"It would be good if we could have a name for the division, not just a number. Like that Americal Division. Got any ideas?"

Farralon thought of the Australian flag they had made on Moon Island. The small white stars on it represented the Southern Cross, the brilliant constellation that could be seen in this part of the world, below the equator. "How does this sound to you?" he asked. "The Southern Cross Division."

"Damned good," McGuire said, leaning back and saying the name a few times like a connoisseur tasting fine wine. "Yes," he said, "I like it very much. I wonder if a guy named Farralon is thinking how he'd like to command the Southern Cross Division?"

"No, sir, I'm not."

"Don't give me that baloney."

"That's the truth, general. I've never commanded any unit larger than a battalion. If you recommended me, you'd never get it through Army Ground Forces and the War Department."

"You're a smart guy. That's what I was going to tell you. But we have to find a division commander. I hate the idea of getting the War Department to send one out. He wouldn't know this command and our problems."

"I'm with you on that, general."

"But hell, who have we got out here?"

Farralon didn't say anything.

"Come on, speak up, speak up," McGuire said. "Don't run out on me now."

Farralon took a deep breath. "Sir," he said, "I recommend Reb Baylor."

McGuire stared at him as if he had started gibbering and drooling. "Baylor!" he cried. "Farralon! You two hate each other!"

"I'm not sure we do, general. Anyway, that has nothing to do with it."

"Baylor's a has-been!"

"Sir, I thought so too when I first arrived here. But I've changed my mind."

"Why, damn it, you were the one who put the skids to him, back in Louisiana in 1940. I know the whole story."

"Sir, Baylor's the kind of officer who'll bust every rule in the book in order to win. He was busting rules in Louisiana, trying to win those war games. My job was to enforce the rules. I had to call him on it. But if he busts rules out here, leading a division, there won't be any umpire."

McGuire growled, "I wish I'd quit getting into arguments with you."

"Who else do we have out here, general? Nobody. Baylor has commanded an armored regiment. He's been in grade a long time. You could recommend him as acting division commander and get him one star. I think McNair and Marshall would go for it. That gives you and them an out if Baylor fouls up. If he clicks, he keeps the division and gets the second star."

"Well, I'll think about it," McGuire said. "Now I have another problem. I shipped Clement back to the States last week—him and his malaria. The War Department hasn't recommended anybody I'll accept as my chief of staff. Got any suggestions?"

A small tingle started at the back of Farralon's neck and worked down his body. "No, sir," he said slowly.

"Going modest on me? Well, I have a suggestion—a guy named Farralon. What do you think of it?"

Things were coming too fast for him. "I think I need a minute to catch my breath, general."

McGuire said, "For once I got the guy off balance. Now let me tell you what it would involve—or rather, what it won't involve. It won't mean another promotion for you. I just gave you one, and anyway Clement was only a colonel. You won't get the full title of chief of staff. You'd be acting chief. To quote somebody or other, I think McNair and Marshall will go for it. That gives me and them an out—if Farralon fouls up."

"Sir, I'd like the job very much."

"O.K. Move into Clement's office right away. I'll call Fikes and have him put out temporary-duty orders for you and I'll get off a message to the War Department."

"One question, sir. Before we talked, did you discuss this with anybody?"

"What makes you ask that?"

"The way people have been acting since I got back today. Almost as if they knew."

"Nah," McGuire said. "I didn't talk it over with anybody. The staff just smelled it out, that's all. I guess they figured that when a guy starts acting like a chief of staff, the way you did in that message from Moon Island, either you break his neck or let him take the damned job."

Farralon moved into his new office as soon as he left McGuire; he went right to work on the draft of a letter to the War Department in which McGuire would request authority to activate the Southern Cross Division. The trick was to choose only the right arguments and to present them in exactly the right way.

Keepsake

By Helen Rittell

It is a fragment of a
memory,
Like a bit of colored glass a
child might treasure
Because it catches light; or
like a song
Forgotten, save for one
clear, lilting measure:
I heard my father's voice
in the next room,
One storm-black childhood
night—so small a thing!
And yet the heart has
wisdom, it sets by
Such moments for its long
remembering
Against a time of loss, as
rose jars hoard
The flower's sweetness, never
its thorny sting.
So let it be with grieving,
lest we lose
In futile tears, the essence
of delight.
There was a storm,
remember? Listen now . . .
Only the loved voice,
speaking in the night.

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He didn't get far with the draft because people kept dropping into the office of his exec, Major Le Moy, wanting to see him and offer congratulations. He had to take time for them. By the end of the afternoon almost every field-grade officer in G.H.Q. had stopped by—except Baylor. He liked the fact that Baylor hadn't come around. The guy had pride.

At mess that evening he found another small change. A special chair had been placed for him at the head of the table for colonels. Now he was entitled to hold court.

After mess he returned to the warehouse and tried to work on the letter. The interruptions continued, but this time they came from within his head, not from outside. One person he wanted to see had not appeared during the day. He scribbled drafts on sheets of paper and threw them into the wastebasket labeled, BURN THIS, and finally rose irritably and snapped out the light and walked to the WAC quarters.

He knocked on the door. One of the WAC's, Moretti, came to the door.

"Y-yes, sir?" she stammered.

"Lieutenant Patrick, please."

"The lieutenant is b-busy, sir."

He set his jaw. "Ask her if she's too busy to see the chief of staff."

Moretti fled. Ten seconds passed, and Claire Patrick marched to the door, putting on her cap. She came out silently and walked to the street with him.

Then she swung around and said furiously, "How could you do that in front of my girls? They know perfectly well you didn't come on official business."

"I wanted to see you, and there didn't seem to be any other way."

"I work in the message center. I saw no reason to join the cheering throngs around your chariot."

"What have I done wrong, Claire?"

"I don't suppose you remember the last words I said to you before you went to Moon Island."

"Not exactly."

"I said I wished I knew whether this is what it's like to hate a man."

"I certainly made progress with you while I was away."

"And on top of that I do not intend to become emotionally involved with an officer in the higher chain of command."

He grinned and took her arm. "Too late," he said. "You're already emotionally involved. You hate me, remember?"

"Oh, damn you!"

At least, he thought, she had not wrenched her arm away. "Look," he said. "I apologize. I admit you have a right to be upset."

"That's so generous of you."

"I've been missing you, Claire—really I have."

She stared straight ahead and said, "You wouldn't dare tell me, truthfully, how many times you thought of me while you were away."

He picked his words carefully and said, "I'm not sure you have to think about something in order to miss it. A man might lose an arm or leg and miss it a lot, without actually thinking of it all the time."

"All you're saying is that you didn't give me a thought. And that's fine with me. I'd like to make the arrangement permanent."

"Maybe you could do it, but I couldn't. You don't realize how much I've come to depend on you."

"That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!"

"I'm serious, Claire. When I first came out here, all I could think of was what a tough time I'd had. But every time I bumped into you, I got a lift of one sort or another. Right at the start I managed to help you and your kids, and that gave me back some confidence. Later on you called me a quitter, and it made me angry and put a little more fight in me. Last time we went walking, you acted so sorry for me that I got irritated and stopped feeling sorry for myself."

"Even if all that is true, which I doubt, you don't need me any more. I have no further value to you, except that maybe you want to wear me around like another decoration."

"It's not as simple as that. I can't explain it, but I depend on you."

"I'm a good-luck piece—like your grenades, or that gunman they say you brought back with you."

"The Kowalski story certainly got around."

"Nobody's done anything today but talk about you. It became a bit sickening. Where do you think you're taking me now? On one of those walks to the harbor where we end up fighting?"

"Where else can we go around here?"

"I have no interest in going anywhere with you."

He said irritably, "I'm beginning to wish I had never changed that sign on the latrine at the airfield."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"That first day we arrived, you and your kids were sitting around operations at the airfield, with no place to wash up. I went outside and changed the sign on the general's latrine to read WAC's."

She giggled suddenly. "You didn't!"

"I certainly received no credit for it."

She gave his arm a squeeze. "That's the nicest thing you ever did," she said. "I just stopped hating you."

"Now I'm her hero. All she wants is a washroom attendant."

"Bill, I wouldn't mind if we strolled like this once in a while and talked. If—if that would be enough for you."

"I'll try to warn you if it isn't."

"Well," she said, hanging back a little, "here's the harbor."

He looked at the hammered silver of the water and at the beach, lying like mist to the right and left. He might be able to coax her to walk a bit farther, perhaps into the shadows near the old lifeboat. But he was not at all sure how she would react. The first time they had walked on the beach, she was drawn to him by gratitude. The second time it was pity. Now she didn't feel either grateful to or sorry for him, and they were experimenting with a new relationship. It was like inching across quicksand, trying to reach solid ground.

"Yes," he said, "here's the harbor. Let's turn back."

"Thank you, Bill," she said and tucked her arm through his. They walked back in companionable silence.

She sighed and said, "Here we are, back at my quarters."

"Did you mind walking with me?"

"I loved it! Oh, if it could just go on like this without any other complications! I wonder how many millions of girls have wished that."

"I'm not interested in millions of girls. Only in you. If nothing busts loose, I'll stop by tomorrow night. May I?"

"Please do," she said and smiled and went into the house.

Back in his quarters he started unloading his pockets and found the mail he had picked up earlier. The top letter, as he had noted, was from a magazine subscription department. Probably the two others were requests for funds or——

He stared at the others in disbelief. One was on pale blue stationery, and he didn't have to see the return address to know who had written it. No one but his ex-wife, Fran, had handwriting that danced across paper in such a delicate minuet. TO BE CONTINUED

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Frances Wages War on the Bureaucrats

(Continued from Page 25)

like Frances, because she is a very smart person and gets things done."

Miss Knight has won praise from Congress, the press and the travel industry and has been given the keys to the cities of New Orleans; Miami, Florida; and Paterson, New Jersey. Yet she has received no public commendation from the State Department. One high officer explains the omission this way: "Frances is not on 'the team' and never will be. She feels everyone is trying to undermine her and she attacks the department every chance she gets."

He cited two instances that rankled. In May, 1957, the department's Bureau of Public Affairs staged a forum on "The Role of Women in United States Foreign Affairs." Among others, Miss Frances E. Willis, ambassador to Norway, gave assurances that there was no discrimination against women in the State Department. Miss Knight followed Miss Willis to the rostrum and spoiled the program.

"There is some considerable discrimination against women as they move up into the echelons of administration and operations which men have long considered their domain," she said. "Let a job get some prestige, publicity and recognition, together with a substantial compensation . . . and you might as well be in the jungle insofar as survival is concerned. This is a subject on which I could speak for a long time—incidentally, making no friends and influencing no one. . . ."

The other dig at the department occurred last June when 238 leaders of the international travel industry gave Miss Knight a testimonial luncheon. Former U.N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie was the guest speaker. Acknowledging the tributes, Miss Knight grieved her superiors by using the occasion to assert that she could not have reorganized the Passport Service effectively without "stepping on some sensitive toes."

"I had to choose between popularity and efficient management," she said. "It is a travesty of our times that so often it is easier to get a job promotion at a cocktail party than it is to earn it at one's desk."

A week earlier Miss Knight had unburdened herself about the bureaucratic mind when she addressed a Brookings Institution conference on administrative problems for state-government officials.

"Government has its share of management experts who operate from 'Cloud Nine' and are superimposed on the shirt-sleeve echelon," she told the conferees. "These are the boys who much too frequently tear down, criticize or obstruct any idea or change they did not spawn themselves. The reason for their almost undeviating negative attitude is a very basic human trait—professional rivalry or jealousy. They fear that someone else will get credit for taking action which is outlined in small print in their job descriptions. . . ."

After Miss Knight departed, some of the state officials said that if they had been her superiors, they would have fired her for insubordination.

It is Miss Knight's inclination to act first and seek clearance later. When she took over the passport offices, she was repelled by the "ugly bureaucratic buff" color which coated all Government walls. Ignoring regulations, she bought twenty dollars'worth of paint and mixed an aqua shade that harmonized with her green rug. She and an aide then spent one weekend painting her twenty-four-by-thirty-one-foot office. When a newspaper photograph showed the passport chief in paint-streaked overalls, wielding a brush, the State Department remained silent, but a spokesman for the Painters International Union telephoned a protest. Miss Knight dared him to picket the building, but the challenge went ignored.

When Miss Knight asked for draperies to complete her décor, she was informed that only assistant secretaries of state—and up—are entitled to them. So she bought green material with her own money and ran up the draperies herself.

Nobody likes to write needling memos more than Miss Knight. Early this year she badgered the State Department into telling Representative Rooney that he had been misled.

This was the situation: Administrator Hanes prefers to keep Miss Knight from appearing before Rooney's subcommittee because the chief dislikes a cat-and-dog fight when appropriations for his Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs are at stake. But the much-feared Rooney ordered Hanes to bring Miss Knight to the February hearing. Representative Rooney then displayed a facsimile of a travel voucher, showing that Miss Knight had spent $99.32 for an unexplained trip to New York City.

In the witness chair Miss Knight explained that she had gone there to select draperies for the New York passport office, which is located in Rockefeller Center. She said the Rockefeller management had offered to provide them free. Representative Rooney dropped the subject, but Miss Knight began to fume.

Subsequently she composed a five-page memo to Deputy Under Secretary Henderson which said in part, "I note an underlying pattern of animosity to the Passport Office which rises and falls with the opportunity to do mischief . . . someone in the department managed to give Mr. Rooney a . . . copy of one of my travel vouchers. Just how my travel voucher got into the hands of Mr. Rooney was of some interest . . . it does seem more than coincidental . . . [but] no one in the department has the faintest idea of how such a thing could have happened."

Miss Knight went on to charge that, for the third straight year, department officials had given Rooney misinformation about her operation which he had tried to use against her. She said she could hardly regard these errors as "mere oversights." She demanded that the misinformation in the 1960 hearings be corrected—in writing.

Henderson soothingly replied by memo that apparently there had been "certain inaccuracies" in the testimony, but that they should be regarded as "honest mistakes." Miss Knight fired back a memo that she would not be put off. Finally, on June twenty-fourth, William J. Crockett, a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, confessed to Representative Rooney in a long letter that the department had regrettably furnished him with a "factual error" about the passport operation.

Crockett thereupon listed two errors. First, the department had testified that it "affixes postage" to outgoing passports, whereas actually no postage is affixed.

About the only minorities an entertainer can now poke fun at with impunity are himself and the Abominable Snowman.

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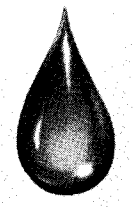

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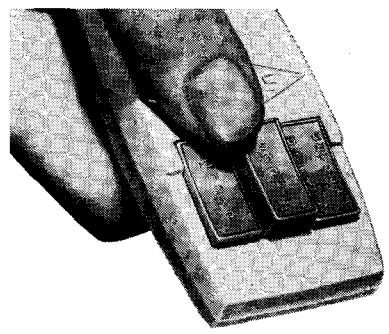

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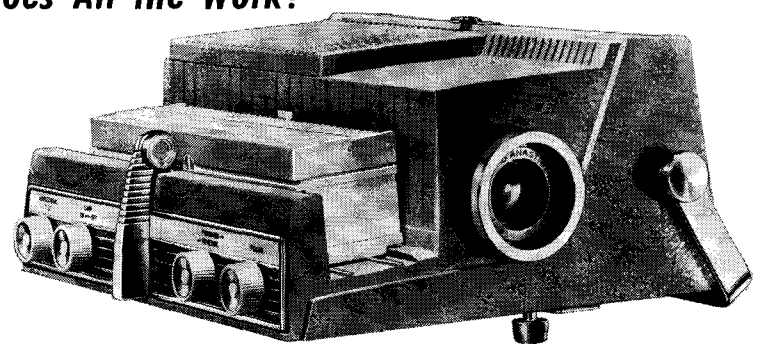

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The passports are placed in envelopes indicating to the Post Office that postage will be paid later on a total volume basis. The other error was a statement that the average cost of mailing a passport—including those which go airmail, special delivery or registered—was twenty-eight cents, whereas the average cost was actually fifteen cents. The misstatements meant that $65,000 in expenditures had been wrongly charged to the Passport Service.

Miss Knight's longest memo campaign began in September, 1954, when she was a special assistant in the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs. After an inspection visit to the United States consular office in Paris, she launched a twelve-page report to Scott McLeod, then chief of the bureau and now ambassador to Ireland. She observed that the office was as "gruesome" as an old-fashioned railway station, sadly lacking in heat, light and privacy. She argued that Uncle Sam abroad should be just as conscious of good public relations as certain other governments whose consular offices were models of organization and decoration.

Two months later McLeod bucked her report on to Henderson's level. When nothing happened, Miss Knight peppered that echelon with more memos. At last, after four years, her report came to Henderson's attention—in the meantime, she had changed jobs—and she was summoned to his office. Her suggestions were approved, and the Paris office was renovated and redecorated.

Appropriately the passport director has a travel-conscious husband. When she married Wayne Parrish in 1935, he was editing the official organ of the National Aeronautical Association. Two years later Parrish left the association and, with his wife acting as part-time bookkeeper, started the semimonthly *American Aviation* magazine (now renamed *Airlift*). Today he publishes fifteen trade magazines dealing with aviation and space, and another on gardening. This year the firm will gross more than $5,000,000. Parrish has logged more than 1,200,000 air miles, many of them accompanied by his wife. They live in a traditional fieldstone house in the diplomatic section of Washington, D.C. They have no children.

Miss Knight's father, the late Frederick Knight, was an Englishman who flew for the Royal Air Force in World War I. Before and after the war he was an international travel agent and eventually visited just about every country in the world. Frances was born in Newport, Rhode Island, because her parents happened to be stopping there at the time. Her mother was a Czech. As a child, Frances traveled on a British passport and she learned to speak Czech, German and French before she could speak English.

She was educated in private schools in France, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Monaco, as well as at Hunter College Model School in New York City. Later she attended Columbia University and the New York University School of Journalism.

Her first job was as assistant editor of a Congregationalist Church magazine in New York City. When the magazine moved to Boston, she went to Washington, D.C., attracted by the New Deal goings on despite her Republican inclinations. There she became a clerk-typist for the National Recovery Administration, at $1440 a year.

In her first week on the job she checked a sum that looked wrong and discovered a $7,000,000 error. She called it to her bosses' attention and soon was assigned to do her typing in the office of the late Gen. Hugh (Iron Pants) Johnson, boss of the NRA. Working for Johnson was the equivalent of taking a graduate course in how to hurdle bureaucratic roadblocks. The hours were long but stimulating. Once she worked all night on a report with Johnson and Bernard Baruch and delivered it to the White House at dawn.

After Johnson quit the Government in 1935, Miss Knight began to broaden her experience. She had become chief of the trade-press division of NRA before the agency's collapse in 1935; she then became deputy director of information for the Works Projects Administration during 1936–39, public-relations consultant for the White House Conference on Children in 1940; during the war she was a consultant for the National Defense Advisory Commission and the Office of Civilian Defense.

In 1947 Miss Knight handled public relations for Rep. John Taber, the economy-minded New York Republican who was then chairman of the House Appropriations Committee. In 1949 she moved to the Office of International Information, forerunner of the United States Information Agency, and a year later became special assistant to the director.

She soon concluded that the agency's *Voice of America* program was blundering and said so. Reed Harris, then the agency's deputy director, suggested that her services might be more useful elsewhere, but she stayed on the job for almost another year.

Miss Knight left the information office in 1953 to become assistant to her friend Scott McLeod, the controversial chief of the newly established Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs. Late in 1954 Mrs. Ruth B. Shipley, who had been director of the Passport Office for twenty-eight years, announced she would retire the following April thirtieth. When Secretary of State Dulles urged her to reconsider, Mrs. Shipley told him that there was a "capable successor" available in the person of Miss Knight, who had been making a survey of the passport operation for McLeod.

Word that Miss Knight was being considered for the coveted post upset liberals, who cited her connection with Republicans of the extreme right wing. A recent magazine article had quoted McLeod as saying that Miss Knight, while at the information office, had "passed along information" to Sen. Joseph McCarthy and Sen. Styles Bridges, the powerful New Hampshire Republican. McLeod denied the quotation. Miss Knight herself scoffed at rumors that she had been part of McCarthy's so-called "loyal underground" when he was investigating the information agency.

Objections to Miss Knight's appointment were overwhelmed by testimonials from members of Congress. Dulles dispatched a high State Department official to Capitol Hill to placate a few senators who nursed lingering doubts. Then Dulles summoned Miss Knight to his office to look her over. According to her, his first remark was, "You know, you're a controversial person."

"But so are you, Mr. Secretary," she replied. "So is anyone who sticks his neck out in government."

Dulles smiled, and she got the job.

Miss Knight had waited a long time to get her hands on a Government agency and she could hardly have asked for better pickings than the Passport Office in May, 1955. The strong-minded Mrs. Shipley had been extremely popular with Congress and the press, whose passport needs she always expedited. But as a whole her office procedures had become obsolete, and she was ill-prepared to cope with the boom in tourist travel.

The passport offices were scattered through a dungeonlike building that had served as a Civil War prison. Miss Knight found that filing cabinets holding 20,000,000 documents were so jammed that no paper could be pulled without tearing it. Approximately 1,000,000 documents, mostly applications, were unfiled. More than 5000 letters were unanswered, and there were not enough telephone lines to handle incoming calls. During the peak travel season—March, April and May—the average citizen had to wait six weeks to receive his passport.

Mrs. Shipley had said that her budget showed an "utter lack of reality" on the part of the State Department officers who drew it up. Yet, as a practicing penny pincher and a favorite of Subcommittee Chairman Rooney, she prided herself on never asking for an extra cent.

To get more funds in a hurry, Miss Knight went before the Senate Appropriations Committee with an exhibit of blown-up photographs, illustrating the sprawling confusion of Mrs. Shipley's antiquated operation. Some old State Department hands grumbled that this "show" was unnecessary and ungracious to the woman who had recommended Miss Knight for the job.

Miss Knight's next move was to call at the office of every senator and as many congressmen as possible. (She is not apologetic about lobbying and, in fact, makes the same rounds at the start of every session of Congress.) As she puts it, "I built my fences and reinforced them with barbed wire."

Then, with the help of the Senate Government Operations Committee, she brought in a task force of experts from other Government areas and turned them loose. "I had learned from experience," she explains, "that one of the surest ways of getting your throat cut in government is to put the finger of inefficiency or mismanagement on any government officials of substantial rank. However, if the facts are laid bare by persons recognized as knowledgeable in their field, everyone involved in the past situations must put up or shut up."

Her experts were specialists from the General Accounting Office, the General Services Administration and the Civil Service Commission. For six months they made time-and-motion studies and watched the "work flow" and every other phase of the passport operation. In consequence, the offices were moved to a modern air-conditioned building. Then came cash registers, adding machines, teletypes, electronic sorting controls and newly invented machines which swiftly stamp, print and number the passports. Now, in an emergency, an application can be hand-carried through this assembly-line arrangement to the completed passport in seven minutes.

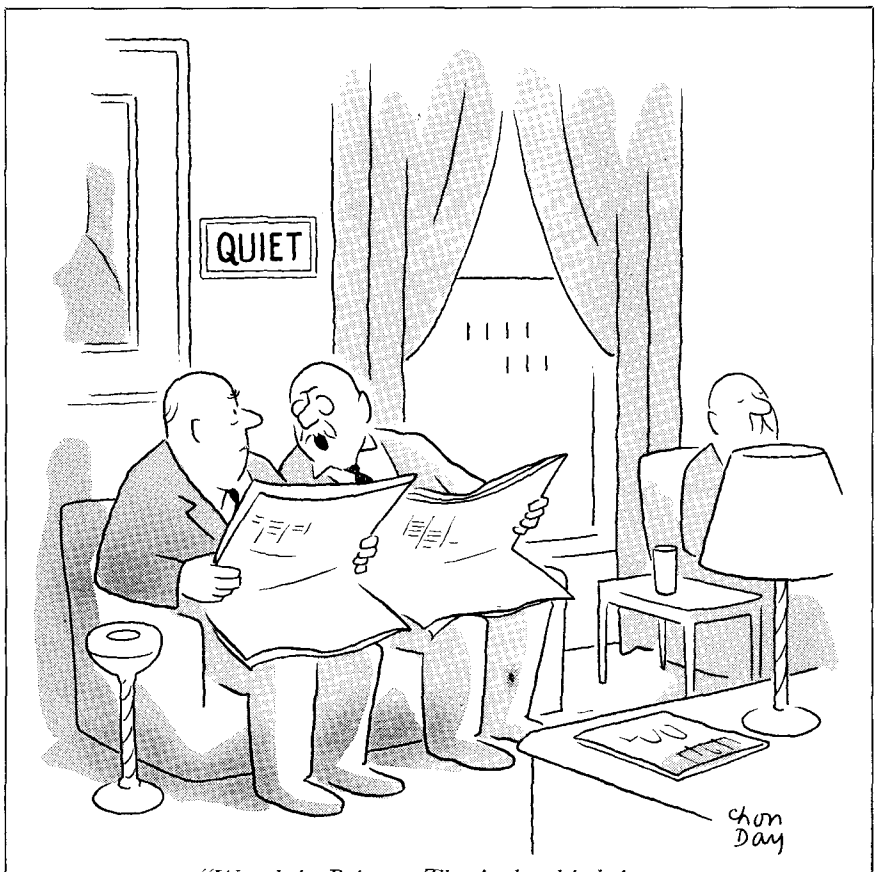
The service boasts that in the last two years every passport has been on its way to the holder within three days after receipt of the application, though the application rate is mounting steadily. During the last fiscal year, 830,034 Americans applied for passports. This is nearly twice as many as applied in 1954 and more than six times as many as in 1938.

Automation has virtually eliminated errors and has saved the taxpayers money—some $709,000 this year—which would have had to be spent on additional employees to handle the present flow of work under the old system.

The Passport Service is one of the few divisions of the Federal Government which returns a handsome profit. During the last fiscal year, the service collected in fees and deposited in the general treasury $6,190,506, while spending only $2,500,000. (The fee for a passport is ten dollars.) The service now has 380 employees in Washington and the nine field offices.

Miss Knight also moved quickly in a more touchy area. Mrs. Shipley, following the temper of the times and her own convictions, had refused passports to Communists and fellow travelers. Some of these rejected applicants had got federal courts to reverse her decisions, on grounds that she had no legal authority to sustain them. Miss Knight and her general counsel, Robert D. Johnson, set up elaborate hearing procedures, so that applicants would not be denied passports without having an opportunity to answer their accusers.

Then, in June, 1958, the Supreme Court held that the (*Continued on Page 104*)



"Watch it, Briscoe. That's the third time since noon you've cleared your throat."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Sweet as sunlight, just tart enough to please – that's the field-fresh flavor of this fabulous DEL MONTE pineapple! It's quick-picked, quick-packed to bring all this flavor to you. Enjoy it soon! Sliced Crushed Chunks Tidbits and refreshing Juice

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(*Continued from Page 102*) State Department had no power to deny a passport because of a person's beliefs or associations. Miss Knight immediately began handing out passports to applicants she had refused on political grounds. Chairman Francis Walter of the House Un-American Activities Committee complained to Dulles that she was issuing them to "outstanding Communists and suspects" even before the high court's decision took effect.

With this action, Miss Knight squelched accusations that she was a McCarthyite. In fact, two of her strongest supporters on the Government Operations Committee are certified liberals, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Minnesota Democrat, and Senator Jacob K. Javits, New York Republican.

Humphrey in 1956 sponsored a bill dear to Miss Knight's heart. It would have taken the Passport Office from under the thumb of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs and made it a separate agency to be called the Passport Service. When the Government Operations Committee approved the bill, the State Department asked to be heard. Its spokesmen came forward at the hearing with a huge chain-of-command chart, pointing out that if the bill were passed, there would be no place to locate a box designating the Passport Service—except under the biggest block of all, that of the Secretary of State.

The Humphrey bill was sidetracked. But this year Miss Knight got her bureau chief, Hanes, to rename her operation the Passport Service, as of last September fifteenth, although it stays under the jurisdiction of his bureau. "Passport Service" presumably carries more status than "Passport Office," but Miss Knight insists she is merely trying to stress that its only function is to serve the public. To that end, she has been issuing a series of pamphlets for overseas-bound Americans, giving tips on how to pack a suitcase, how to behave abroad, how to get the most out of your trip, and so on.

Miss Knight began tinkering with the passport itself in 1956. She reduced the number of pages from forty-eight to twenty after a survey showed that 85 per cent of the regular passports had fewer than sixteen pages used up by visa stampings. In 1958 she announced that passport offices would henceforth "accept and welcome the use of color photographs." She noted that a color photo is more flattering, provides better identification and is now relatively inexpensive.

Early in 1959 Miss Knight's superiors granted her permission to alter the passport document to meet present-day travel requirements. After intensive experiment, she decided to cover it in a new type of plastic which is virtually impervious to liquids, heat, cold, sunlight and smudgy hands and can be wiped clean with a damp cloth. The ink on the present green cloth cover tends to smear when moistened, staining hands and clothing.

For instant identification, she assigned different colors to the three categories of passports—Tourist, Diplomatic and Special. But Special, which is for nondiplomats traveling on Government missions, is being renamed Official. Miss Knight has found that "special" in many countries now connotes something sinister, such as special police or special investigator.

Eliminated from the new passport are spaces for filling in "occupation" and "visible marks," because they are no longer considered significant for purposes of identification. Miss Knight was besieged with requests to drop out the age statistic too. Scanning hundreds of used passports, she had already noticed that "for some unaccountable reason, nail polish, indelible ink or a cigarette burn invariably concentrate their destructive blot right across the year of birth on a woman's passport." But she concluded that age is an essential fact in so personal a document.

The numbering of the passports will start all over with every calendar year; in the past, renumbering was begun only when a new Secretary of State took office. Each passport will be coded by year. The first year of a decade will be coded "A," the second year of the decade "B" and so on. Thus the first passport issued on January second, 1961, will be "B-1."

The other revisions are technical changes designed to make the document easier to examine and more difficult to mutilate or duplicate. Secretary of State Herter approved all of Miss Knight's passport alterations without exception last August. In the same month, he moved the Passport Service to the gleaming new State Department annex a half mile from Passport's former quarters.

This time the department made sure the setting was imaginative enough to suit its amateur interior decorator. Two of the walls of Miss Knight's office were painted in aqua, two in a fashionable off-white. Since the State Department pecking order still forbids Government-furnished draperies for the passport director, she was obliged to shorten her old ones to make them fit the windows.

Miss Knight suffers her critics gladly and is privately scornful of career officials who are "definitely noncontroversial."

"I love a fight," she said recently. "I've often thought that if everything went easily around here, I'd quit.

"Now, don't write that," she added jokingly, "and give them any ideas about getting rid of me." THE END

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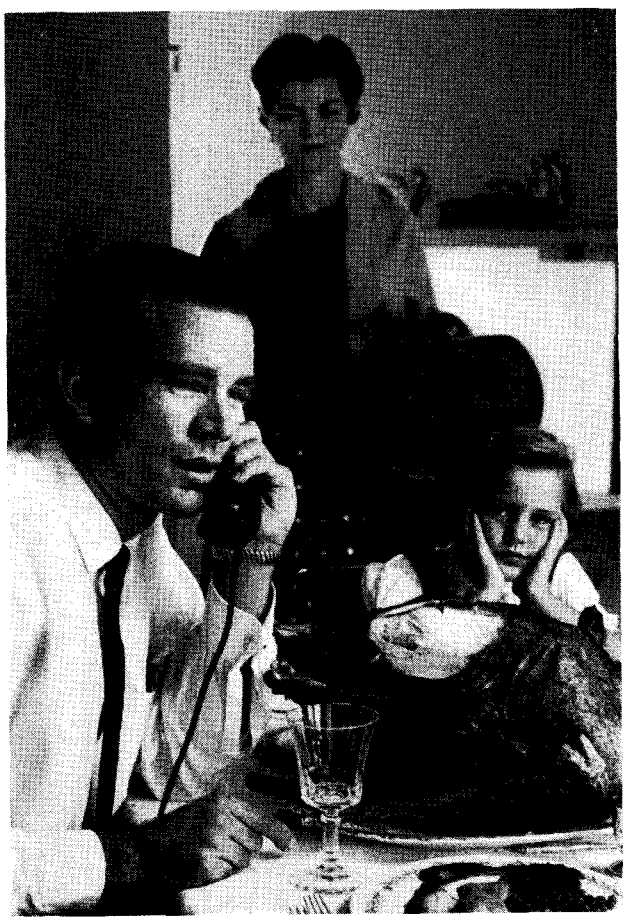

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1:16 PM. The FARMERS representative inspects damages, starts things moving. He gets help fast, takes the burden off of you, gets things done. He can even write you a check. That's the FARMERS way.

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2:40 PM. A long-awaited holiday reunion takes place after all...thanks to the friendly, efficient man from FARMERS. People from FARMERS are ready and willing to serve you, quickly and cheerfully.

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Cloud Over Bethlehem

(Continued from Page 22)

"borrow" her children from the county home. A father of five, hospitalized, lost his job. An elderly woman had no money to buy small gifts for kind neighbors.

A page for sadness. An unseemly cloud over Bethlehem. Holly Wilson read of the crippled and aged, of the orphaned and widowed, of the unemployed and hungry. Last of all she read of Larry and Stevie:

TWO BOYS, TWO SHOES

Case 108—Larry, six, and Stevie, five, take turns attending kindergarten because they must share a single pair of shoes. Widowed Mrs. T. has part-time work, and eldest daughter Carol, fourteen, misses school frequently to care for the younger children. Carol asks only a "cuddly doll" for Laura, three. A toy fire truck would be wonderful for the boys. Some canned goods would go a long way.

A single tear. Holly locked it up in her lace handkerchief and concealed it within her purse. She looked up through mist-veiled eyes and saw that school was out. Gum-chewing, book-carrying, talk-stopping high-school students pushed through the doors and entered the library. Invisible, Holly walked past them to the outside. She resented their polished hair-dos, their lipsticked smiles, their obvious certainty. Certain of Christmas dinner and Saturday dates, of toy fire trucks and getting married, of wearing shoes and living happily forever after.

"Hello, beautiful," the voice said. "Going my way?"

"Matt. Oh, Matthew."

Holly Wilson buried her face in the bulky overcoat and melted in the strength of her own certain certainty. Her tears were warm in the cold of December.

"Are you all right? Is the baby all right?"

She nodded her yes.

"Tell me about it then. Tell me about it as we walk home."

The street lights bordering Main Street blinked on. A policeman walked down to the town dock and back. Santa Claus pushed his cardboard chimney into the shadows. A string of overhead lights flickered perilously near short circuit. The smell of dinners cooking. The sound of mothers calling their children home. The sign, prematurely altered, ONLY NINETEEN MORE SHOPPING DAYS.

Walking through this end of day, Holly told Matthew about the terrible sadness of this, her first real Christmas. A girl who missed school. A cuddly doll and a fire engine. Two boys, two shoes.

"How lucky we are," her husband said.

"How unlucky *they* are."

"But think about our Christmas. Sitting before our fireplace in a new home on top of Laurel Hill."

"But *their* Christmas."

"Unhappiness fills the world," Matthew said. "Let us try to keep it from our family, from our home."

Holly considered her husband's wise words as he shuttered the windows to their three-room rented cottage. Once inside, Matthew drew the green burlap drapes tight. Holly turned up the water heater and the thermostat. Then she fixed the dinner over a small, two-burner stove. Winter and night were locked outside, but she felt unhappiness within. She knew that her husband was wise, but was he right?

"We could adopt the family," she said finally.

There was no answer from the living room. Walking in, she saw Matthew cutting squares of cardboard, patching his shoes for the morning's walk through snow.

"When I was a boy, a boy of eleven, I wanted a red fire engine." Matthew Wilson spoke without looking up. "I picked out a fire engine with a siren, an extension ladder, pneumatic tires. I didn't get it. That Christmas morning I went into the bathroom and cried. First for a fire engine I didn't get. Then for shame—shame because of my wantings. I don't cry any more. A man is better for not having had a fire engine."

"But a boy. Is a boy better for not having?"

Through dinner and into the night the family talk continued. Matthew spoke of the home on the hill and of all the sacrifices shared for the down payment. He told Holly that this time of sacrifice was nearly over.

He said that soon they could leave the heat on throughout the night. (But here in bed we'll always have warmth.) And no more forty-watt bulbs. (So romantic, this soft light.) And never again will we have to collect driftwood for the evening fire. (It was nice, walking along the beach while the wind carried in the night.) And meat, not spices, will flavor our dinner sauces. (But now your woman knows how to cook with spices.) And we will be able to afford the bus into town. (Pity, our legs have become so strong.) And we will see movies, maybe even go dancing. (Life with you is a color movie, a dance until dawn.) And a new house where our child can see Santa Claus. (Move in later and he will see the Easter bunny.) A man should never argue with an illogical woman. (Then why try?)

It was left like that, unsettled as December. Matthew closed his eyes, turned over and then it was dawn of the nineteenth shopping day before Christmas. He walked across twenty-three blocks of untracked snow. He sat alone in the schoolroom and waited for the first yellow bus bringing his students. Removing the wet cardboard from his shoes, he propped his stockinged feet on the hissing radiator. Tears gathered in his eyes. Tears of shame because of his wantings. He blinked them away.

Holly Wilson awakened and dressed quickly in the cold room. She gulped the large maternity vitamin capsule with tap water and walked to the corner coffee shop. She called the newspaper office on the public telephone. She said that the Wilsons wanted to adopt a family, Case 108.

The social worker from the newspaper parked a late-model car in front of the tiny home. She peered out through the tinted windshield as though there must be a mix-up.

Holly studied the woman. High heels softened by the snow. A mink stole, a feathered pink cap over starched hair, a caricature of a smile etched in cosmetics. A woman from Holly's past. Heading crusades, lending hyphenated names to charity balls, shaking gloved hands with Presidential candidates at one-hundred-dollar-a-plate banquets.

Cuticle-clipping, calorie-counting, bridge-playing woman widowed by the demands of the twentieth century. Looking at this patterned woman was like looking at a fun-house mirror. She was a distorted reflection of an unreal past, thought Holly.

The woman glanced uneasily at the interior of the Wilson home. At the roughly stitched green-and-red burlap curtains and slip covers. At the frayed cotton rug that looked like linoleum, at the linoleum that looked like a frayed cotton rug. She had to say something nice.

"Charming," she said. "A perfect doll house."

"We're happy here."

"To be sure," the woman said. "So Christmasy! Red and green—everything!"

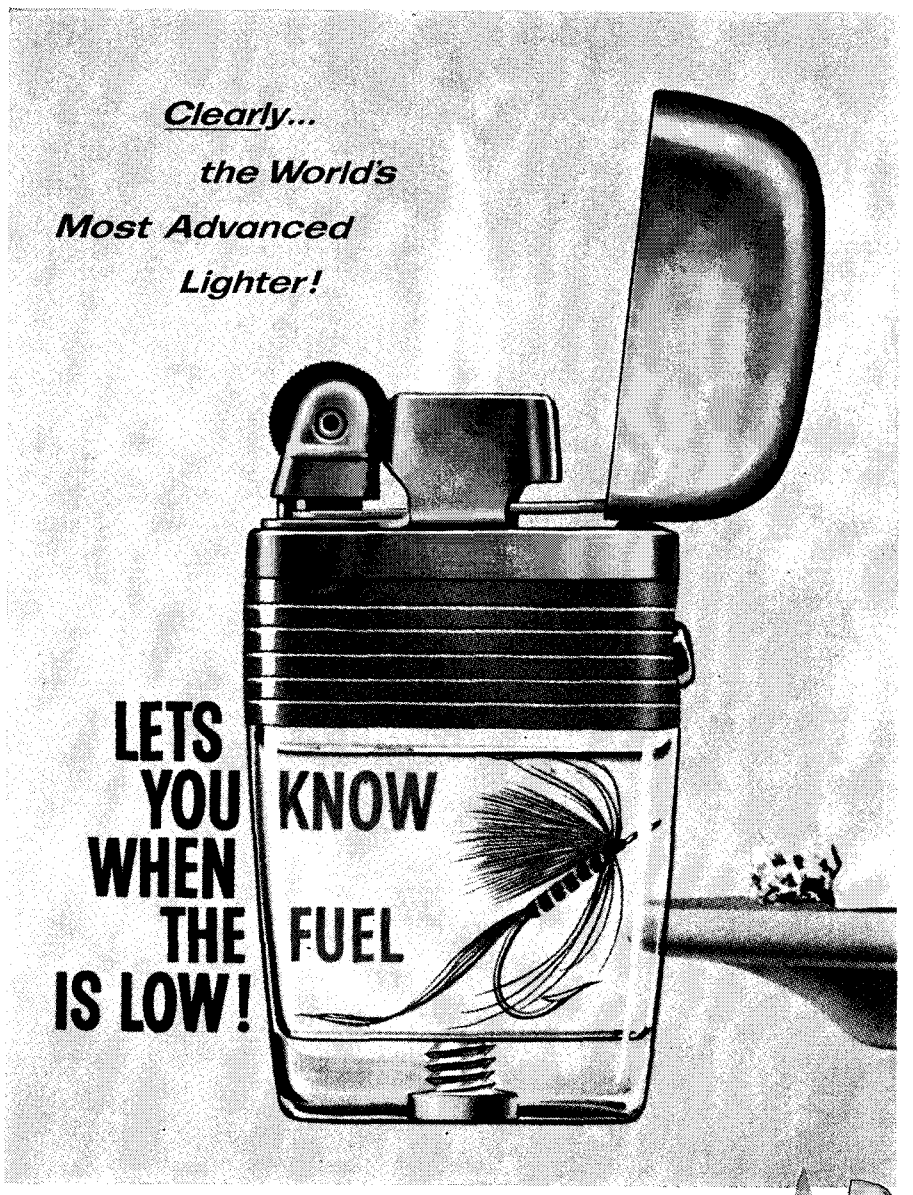
Those Home-Made Christmas Cards

Theirs look merry
And so very
Enviably comical.

Yours look chic
And unique.

Mine look economical.

By Sheldon White



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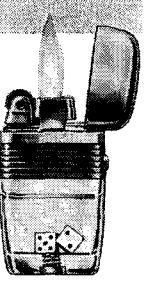

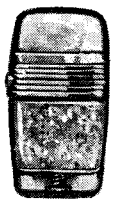

Lady Vu-Lighter with sparkling gem-like inserts.

Scripto
VU-LIGHTER

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She had a breathless way of gathering words together as though she had just walked a great distance. But this woman would never walk farther than from the Wilson home to her motorcar.

"Case one oh eight." The woman checked her notebook. "Oh, yes. That family needs help so badly. They simply tear at your heart. But, my dear, are you sure you can afford it?"

"We'll do our best."

"If you would like another case, perhaps one in a little better shape . . ."

"No," Holly said, "we want this family."

"Of course, my dear."

She handed Holly a carbon-copied statistical study. Carol, Laura, Larry, Stevie. Names, ages, sizes. Attached, the newspaper account, TWO BOYS, TWO SHOES.

Then, long gloves on the rusting doorknob. An automobile roaring in the December morning. And Holly walking to town on foot. Five hours of dimming daylight and a succession of impressive plate-glass doors separated her from nightfall.

First the hard-to-push bank doors between Holly and her two hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars, a fraction of the down payment on a new home. But a full payment on Christmas for an unknown family.

Then, the electric-eye supermarket doors. They anticipated her entrance and opened onto an acre of fluorescence and food. *Some canned goods would go a long way.* Tomato juice, orange juice, prune juice, vegetable juice. Giant size, economy size, family size and regular. Canned fishes, canned meats, canned dinners. Peas and corn and peas-and-corn. Italian, French, Spanish, German, American.

And caviar. What would they think of caviar? Laura, would she sniff and make a face? Would the two boys mix it with peanut butter to kill the fishy taste? So be it, thought Holly. One black and one pink. Powdered soup and powdered spices. Dish cloths and face cloths. Candy with nuts and candy without nuts.

Ninety-four dollars and fifty-six cents. Delivery, free.

The toy store had a bell that tinkled like an off-key music box. And within, a doll that cried, cooed, crawled and cuddled. Books for reading, model planes for flying and a top for spinning.

Then the massive doors to Greenberg's Department Store. Double-paned glass with a crayoned sign, OPEN FRIDAYS UNTIL NINE. And within, women. Pushing, shoving, milling, arm-waving women.

Dining room: The place where the family eats while the painters are doing over the kitchen.

FRANCES RODMAN

Holly took the moving stairway to the manager's office. Nate Greenberg, the manager, was a friend from Matthew's schooltime past.

Nate Greenberg sat in the bird-cage office overlooking the main floor. He answered two telephones. He broadcast sales announcements over the loudspeaker system. He fed the lost boy another lollipop. He bit the end of a yellow pencil. He saw Holly and rushed to the door.

"Come in, sit down, Mrs. Wilson," he said. "You're not having the baby now?"

"Not now," she answered; "eventually."

"That's the spirit," he relaxed. "It might be hours before a doctor could wade through that army of women. You have a problem, Mrs. Wilson?"

"This."

She handed him the list of four names, four ages, four complete sets of measurements. Still attached was the newspaper clipping.

"I want clothes," she said. "Warm clothes."

"Clothes we've got," he said, studying the newspaper story a second time. "Matt, he's still teaching up by the high school?"

"Yes."

"He knows about this?"

"I'm going to tell him tonight."

"Women," he shook his head. "Their generosity is matched only by their courage. Courage should be rewarded. Tell you what, Mrs. Wilson. I personally will select the clothes. You can have them for cost."

"But can you afford to do that?"

"Can Matt, God bless him, afford to do *this?*"

"Thank you, Nate. I want to pick out the shoes myself, but I do need your help with the other things. This is so good of you. I mean, you don't even celebrate Christmas."

"So who's talking about Christmas? Happy Hanukkah, Mrs. Wilson."

Tennis shoes and loafers, work shoes and play shoes, saddle shoes and white bucks. And oh, yes, please, one pair of pink ballet slippers for a girl named Laura.

Holly Wilson counted her change. There was still enough for one last extravagance. A pair of conservative English shoes, lustrous and supple, the color of waxed cedar, molded to fit man-sized feet.

And finally the plate-glass doors that opened onto darkening December. In her purse Holly heard the lonely sound of two final coins colliding. A nickel and a dime—the residue of a thousand sacrifices.

Later, preparing the cottage for her husband's return, Holly warned her unborn child that Matthew might be angry. His words might be pointed. Or, worse, he might be silent and glance quickly in another direction—perhaps backward.

But Matthew was late in returning. The delivery trucks came first and eased their burdens into the too-small living room. A hundred and fifty tins from the supermarket. Toys from the toy store. A mountain of boxes—small and large—from Greenberg's Department Store. Red and gold wrappings, tinsel-speckled tissue paper, blue and green ribbons—Christmas decorations that filled the house.

And then the footsteps, slow and heavy. Matthew Wilson carried a package as large as a casket over his shoulder. He deposited it with all the others.

"Don't be angry, darling," Holly said. "Don't be silent and don't look away."

Matthew did look away, but not in anger. He studied the boxes and the food.

"I didn't know we had that much money," he said.

"*Had* is right," Holly answered. "Had the money and had to spend it."

"I know," he said. "I know."

"You couldn't have known," Holly said. "Last night it was so undecided."

"And today it was decided. Decided rightly."

"You're just saying that," Holly went on. "Just trying to make me feel good now that it's too late to do any ——"

"I got you a present," Matthew interrupted his wife. "I got it because I was ashamed of myself. It will tell you that I know. I know how right you are."

"May I open it now?"

"Please do," he said. "It isn't a present for you alone. It's a gift for the two of us."

Broad bands of crimson ribbon first, then a veil of tissue over a cardboard fortress. And then the gift. It was six feet in length. It had a siren, an extension ladder and pneumatic tires.

"Oh, Matt, it's the nicest fire engine I ever got," Holly Wilson said. "A perfect gift for the woman who has everything."

Walt Disney Shoots the Works (Continued from Page 39)

Corcoran. Britain's Janet Munro is the beauteous Roberta, and Sessue Hayakawa is the chief of the wicked pirates.

Yet to me the real stars of the picture will always be four men who have never been seen on any screen and never will be: Basil Keys, the executive production manager; Leon Davis, unit construction manager; John Howell, art director; and Wesley Dickinson, chief animal handler. Incidentally, Walt Disney himself never set foot on Tobago during the filming of the picture—a fact which was doubtless welcomed by his production staff, since the cost of the movie zoomed a half million over budget, and Walt can become a highly unhappy man under such tragic circumstances.

Tobago is a star of the picture too. Its green slopes swoop toward a strip of white sand bordering seas into which giants have poured tons of green and blue water color. Its edges are feathered with coco palms. Its peaks shoulder up toward a sky whose colors have been sucked up from the sea.

But Tobago can't talk. It can't tell you how it gets its effects, how it does what it does to the eye. Keys, Davis, Howell and Dickinson can. They can describe how they made Tobago look like an uninhabited island, although 25,000 people live in flimsy shacks on its shaggy green sides, hermetically sealed at night to keep out voodoo spirits. They built a full-size wrecked English ship in a Tobagoan bay, faithfully constructed from the plans from which Captain Cook's ship, the *Endeavour*, was fashioned in the 1700's. Using nine thousand feet of tubular steel, they anchored that wreck to a coral reef and to the ocean floor twenty feet below the surface. When they were done, the illusion of a British shipwreck, circa 1800–1810, was so perfect that when the skipper of a coastal schooner sighted it, he pointed his prow shoreward to rescue any survivors who might be on board. As he drew closer and saw that the wreck was like no other ship he had seen before, he turned keel and headed seaward, vowing to go easier on the rum.

Among them, Keys, Davis and Howell also created a split-level tree house with a gangplank raised at night by a ship's windlass to keep away beasts of prey. Water for its kitchen was piped through bamboo pipes so that it fell into a sink made of a single giant tortoise shell.

When I first saw that house, it was dressed gaily for Christmas, with everything which a family of ingenious castaways could have made. The Christmas tree was a central bamboo stem with a few bamboo branches left on it. Its foliage was the ends of palm fronds. It was decorated with home-dipped candles set out in cockleshells. Spanish moss draped over its palm-frond branches resembled Christmas tinsel. The big star on its top was a dried starfish. The crèche, including a manger and three wise men, had been carved roughly from wood, the way a Swiss father with a sharp penknife would have carved it. The straw in the little stable was dried Tobagoan grasses.

Among other things Keys, Davis and Howell had to cope with was a Tobagoan with a team of oxen and a plow, and a Tobagoan who sawed down a tree in front of his house. The company cameraman had his camera mounted high on a rostrum to shoot certain scenes when he noticed a man plowing a field where it would show plainly on the filmed background. An assistant director raced over with a fistful of money, pressed it into the plowman's hand, and the oxen and plow disappeared. A couple of days later the company was all set to use another locale five miles away. Another team of oxen and a Tobagoan appeared and began to plow the background. It might have been the same man. Whoever it was, he plowed all day for nothing. The camera was pointed in the opposite direction, and shooting was not delayed for even a minute.

Later, the Disney production needed to camouflage a village so it wouldn't conflict with the untouched wilderness it was trying to simulate. Unfortunately, a little village on a hillside ten miles away was visible to the camera. Keys, Howell and Davis had someone talk to the owners of the houses and make deals with them to let their homes be camouflaged and covered with foliage. One house was completely obscured from the camera by a tree, so no deal was made with its owner. The next day the owner of that tree chopped it down. A special deal *was* made with him.

It was the first time those houses had been painted in a long time. Most of them had never seen any paint, but the Disney company promised to repaint them any color the owners liked when the film was completed. If the owner preferred, he'd be given the money to pay for having his house repainted himself. Half of the house owners announced they'd rather have the money than the paint. The sum involved amounted to about twenty-five dollars a house.

Production manager Basil Keys has an enormous wild, ginger-colored, toothbrush-stiff mustache. His eyes are china blue. It is no trouble to imagine him as one of Kipling's trio of wild Irish soldiery lifted from *Soldiers Three*. He is the kind of man who, in Winston Churchill's youth, would have stood off the Fuzzy-Wuzzies with a contemptuous flirt of his Irish kilties and a pith helmet set cockily upon his head.

Words, both unrehearsed and uninhibited, burst from Keys in jets and spouts. I had the feeling that I was getting not only the truth from him, but the truth behind the truth. Sometimes this was hilarious. At other times it gave the engaging young man who was handling public relations for *The Swiss Family Robinson* company sharp twinges of pain. When I asked Keys about the Tobagoans' decision to keep the twenty-five dollars instead of repainting their houses, he said, "They figure a camouflage paint job is as good as any other paint job. If it's green and (*Continued on Page 108*)

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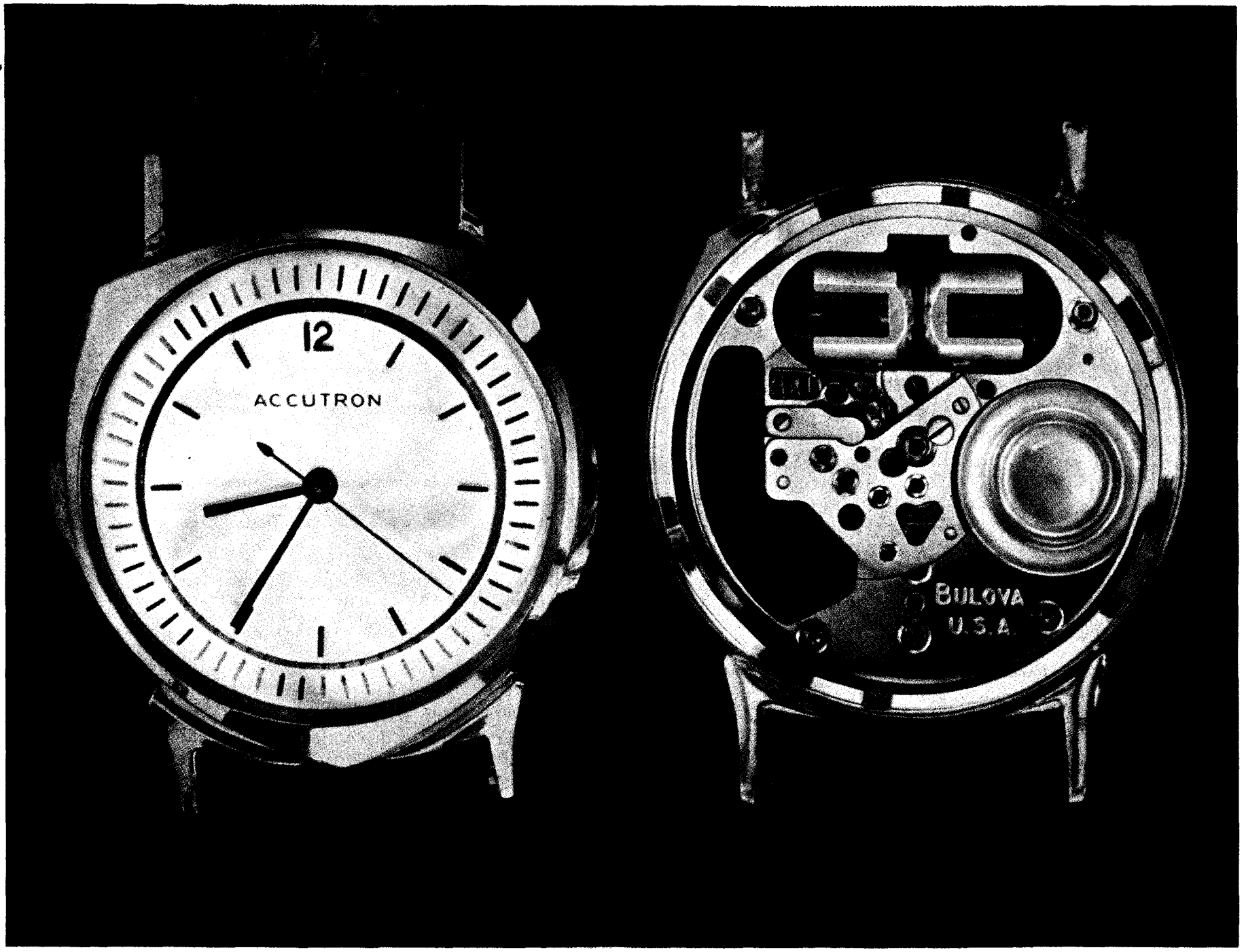

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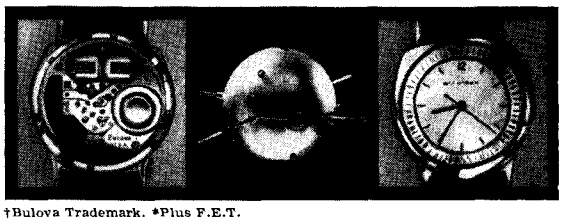

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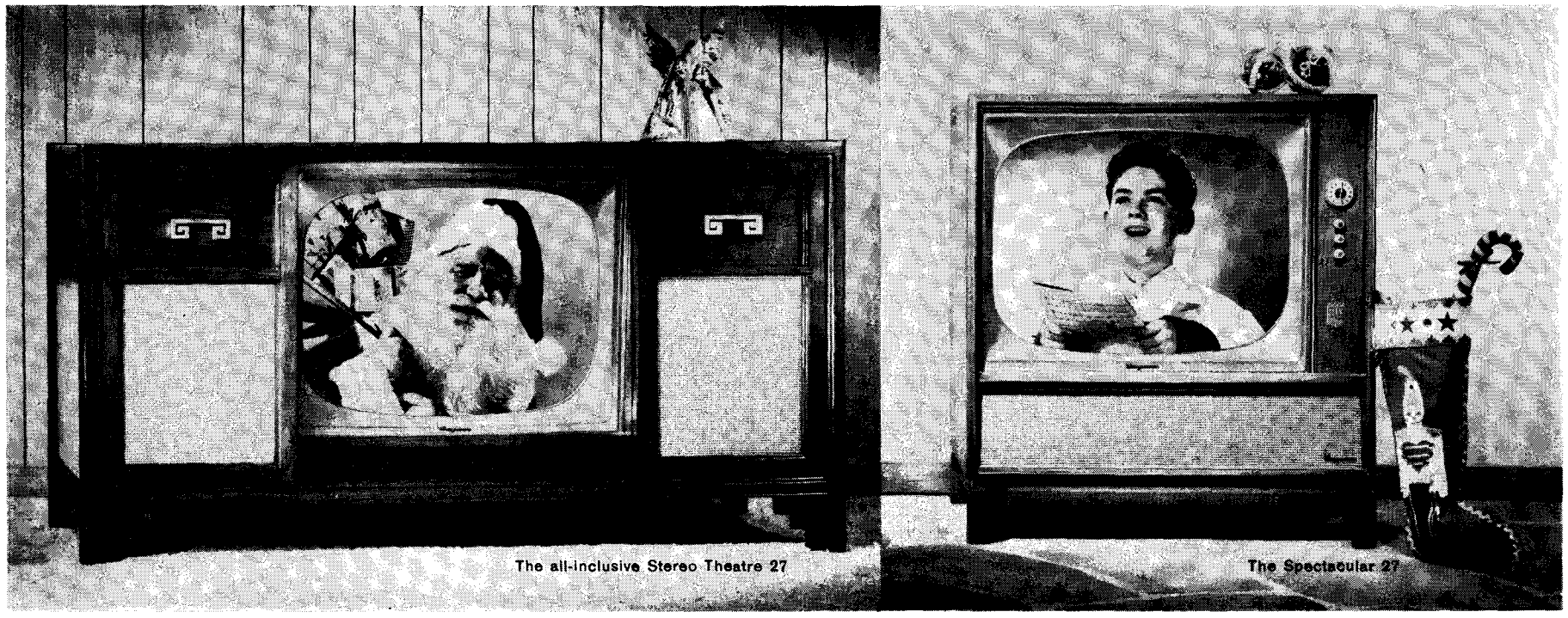

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*Diagonal measure

(*Continued from Page 106*) black instead of pink or blue, so what? Money is beautiful to them in any color."

When I asked Keys, "What period is your film laid in?" he told me, "I haven't the foggiest idea. I take it you've read the bloody book. I haven't, although I've read the script."

I said, "The period of the book is roughly a hundred and fifty years ago—if you are sticking to that."

Keys told me, "All I know is that every blasted thing in our prop department has to match whatever blasted period it is. There are period knives, period forks, period spoons, period lanterns, period candles. There is old brocade, old tables, old chairs, old guns, old books. Some of these things, such as the crystal decanters from the captain's cabin and the silver plate from that same cabin, are very valuable.

"We borrowed them from English museums. I hate to think what will happen to our period leather-bound books in this humid climate. They'll have green grass growing from them, they will."

"Exactly what do you do?" I asked Keys.

"I'm called operations," he said. "Ops for short, when I'm not being called filthier names. Bill Anderson is producing the picture, but there has to be a general manager who co-ordinates the activities of the various units smoothly." He barked a short, high laugh. "Or as smoothly as humanly possible. As for me, I've had it completely. I've been on this picture almost a year. That, my friend, is several lifetimes."

Keys grinned at me toothily and went on, "As far back as 1940 Bill Anderson and Walt Disney decided to make *Swiss Family Robinson*. They made that decision after seeing the first feature film version which starred Freddie Bartholomew and Tommy Mitchell, God help them."

"I saw it," I said. "It was terrible."

"One reason it was terrible," Keys reminded me, "was that it all was made in a Hollywood studio. The shipwreck was done in a miniature tank. The tree house was built in a sound stage. Walt and Bill were determined to make their Swiss Family Robinson the way it really was in the book. And when Disney is determined he's a granite rock you don't cross, to foul up a metaphor. There'll be no interior shots made when we get home. They're all being made right here. We've built our own studio on Tobago. It serves two purposes. It takes care of our inside stuff, and since we can't expect to have the lush, green, tropical vegetation on this island without rain, it protects us in downpours."

"I hear you brought your animals to Tobago by air lift from New Orleans," I said.

"We did that," Keys said. "Our elephant has grown four inches in the few months she's been here. She won't fit the crate in which she arrived any more."

I said, "Yet some of the human beings in your group have told me that they've lost a lot of weight."

"Someone's been pulling your leg," Keys retorted irritably. "We're not exactly walking corpses from Dachau and Belsen, you know. Personally, I've never seen a healthier collection of people."

I asked Keys, "Is this the sort of picture naturalists and zoologists are going to poke fun at and say scathingly, 'You realize, of course, old man, that you couldn't possibly find all of those animals in the same place?'"

"It is," Keys said. "And for once the naturalists will be correct. But after all, motion pictures are essentially entertainment. So is the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. And don't forget, we're also going to have a fascinating picture zoologically. We're filming a story with thrills, laughs, pirates and fantastically beautiful scenery, and the hell with dull facts."

I said: "The book *does* read like Noah's Ark between covers. The author has even put a friendly hyena in his story, and hyenas hate everybody."

Keys agreed with me. "Our vets say that the hyena is the unfriendliest animal in the world. Ours would chew the hide off the hyena in the cage next to him if we didn't put extra heavy screens between them."

He pursed his lips, shut his eyes, opened them and said, "Speaking of headaches, you can't imagine the headache we had finding the right tree in which to build the tree house in which our Swiss Family lives."

I said, "I naturally supposed you'd build it of cement or Fiberglas."

"No," he said. "We actually found a real tree that is big enough and strong enough, which is one of the reasons why we selected Tobago. Our tree grows in one corner of the local cricket grounds, and I'm told the one we're using is really better than the one the Swiss Family used in the book. It's a saman tree, a great spreading hardwood two hundred and fifty feet wide and two hundred feet high.

"Building the tree house was hard enough, but the construction people who put up our wreck had the hardest time of all," Keys went on. "The chief construction manager who was actually responsible for that wreck, as well as his riggers, should get a bonus. The sea in which they worked was so rough that the Tobagoans said it couldn't be done, and the terrible part is they were almost right. On many occasions the sea swept our people away. We posted lookouts to warn us to pull our workmen in with ropes if a big wave was coming, but that didn't keep the riggers from having appalling cases of sunburn which sent them to the hospital, due to the refraction of the sun's rays by salt spray.

"On a couple of occasions we lost a raft when it had people on board. Heavy waves sluiced our actors overboard, and we were really lucky to rescue them. Our head stunt man, Yakima Canute, an extraordinarily powerful man who staged the chariot races in *Ben-Hur*, reached one arm down into the water and pulled a couple of our actors out by the scruff of their necks as they went thrashing by.

"I have a high regard for that second camera unit of ours too," Keys continued. "To me, partially tamed or wild as a hatter, a tiger is a tiger, but apparently to our second unit a tiger is just a larger-than-usual pussycat. A few days ago we were filming near our animal compound, and we wanted our tiger to come out of the undergrowth and head toward the camera. There were concealed fences in the background, so he couldn't escape and devour the local inhabitants, but there was no fence between the camera crew and the tiger, and they stood there unconcernedly while the camera rolled. Crazy, if you ask me.

"They also made a sequence of a man wrestling an anaconda snake in our swamp," Keys went on. "A lot of people are afraid of snakes, and to see our actor wrestling with a huge one in filthy swamp water was a thing I don't expect to forget in a hurry."

"Who did the actual wrestling?" I asked.

Keys's eyes were wide and guileless as he told me, "Jimmy MacArthur, of course. He's faithful and true. The word

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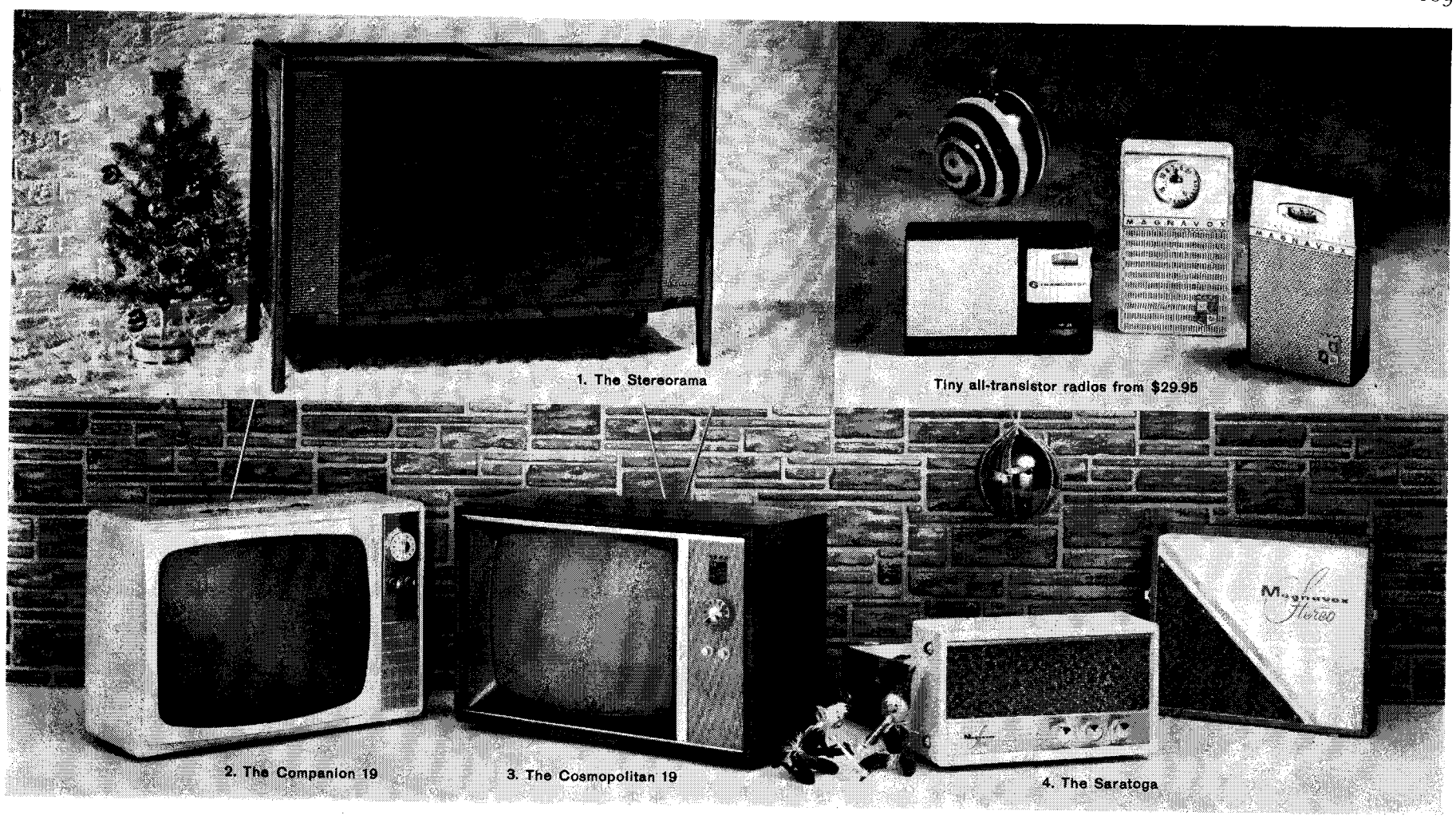

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'double' is not in his language, and you're being nastily suspicious."

I studied Keys and said, "Nobody could pay me enough to lower myself into swamp water with an anaconda. I'm sure no one could pay Jimmy MacArthur enough either."

"Let's put it this way," Keys suggested. "MacArthur is a game kid. He was willing to do this anaconda-wrestling stunt in person, until his young, pregnant bride arrived here. It's hard to persuade a bride that her husband ought to be playing with an anaconda in a swamp full of water, even if there is cellophane tape wrapped around the anaconda's jaw."

I said I'd put it that way.

"Do you have a complaint department?" I asked.

"You're talking to it right now," Keys said.

"What kind of beefs do you get?" I asked.

"Here's an example," he said. "Our construction people have been here for months. They've had their fill of Tobago. Homesickness is eating them like festering sores. This island is attractive for a fortnight or for a three-week holiday. When I first got here I thought it was utterly beautiful, but several months is a long time to be away from one's home, and no matter what food is provided for the people who work with you, sooner or later they become bored with it. As a result, I move in a chorus of irritated bellyaches.

"Another beef which comes to my address concerns the more than one hundred men we brought here to Tobago to play the Malay pirates who try to kill the Swiss Family Robinson. They didn't mind swarming up the sides of cliffs a hundred feet high and clinging with their toenails, fingernails and teeth, but they squawk at having to share a bedroom with another pseudopirate. There's not a great deal to do evenings, and they've grown so sick of each other that their mood has become quite ugly.

"Then, too, there's been some beefing about the Tobagoan way of life," Keys went on. "There's a quaint local sporting event. It's ordering something sent to your hotel room, then sitting back and betting how inaccurately your order will be carried out.

"If you're stubborn, you keep on sending it back until Room Service gets your order right, but that could take hours. There is one thing to be said for it. It's an ideal way to discover new drinks, ones you've never tasted before, for there's no telling what the bartender has mixed for you.

"Signing up our pirates was a problem too," Keys said. "In addition to the stunt men we brought with us that we could make up to look like Malayans, we needed about a hundred more pirates. In the end we decided to use a mixture of people from Trinidad and Tobago." He waved sandy eyebrows at me and said, "Most of them were casual workers, and when we offered them regular pay and regular food for what seemed acting in charades, they jumped at it."

"Were they supposed to look like Malayans?" I asked.

"Perhaps Malayans is the wrong word," Keys said. "What we were really after were late eighteenth-century pirates who conducted their business between the Suez and Australia. They were a mixture of a variety of races, and the population of Trinidad is also very mixed. To make sure of finding the kinds of faces we wanted, we inserted an advertisement in the Trinidad newspapers urging 'the ugliest men on the island' to apply for jobs. A number of Trinidadians competed fiercely for that distinction."

The next man I talked to was Wesley Dickinson, the animal man who was in charge of the Walt Disney zoo in Tobago. His personality was as far removed from Keys as possible. Without wearing either steel-rim eyeglasses or a Celluloid collar, he conveyed the impression of wearing both. His conversational tone was that of a high-school teacher addressing a not-too-bright senior class on zoology.

"What is animal food?" I asked him. "If I've ever thought about it at all, I've thought of it as raw meat and hay."

FIGHT TB WITH CHRISTMAS SEALS

Dickinson said, "It *is* raw meat so far as the lions, tigers, hyenas and vultures are concerned. Since it is mostly horse meat, it is not in short supply locally, but to keep our dogs healthy they must have beef with a high fat content. After a month here, they began to lose weight alarmingly, and we put them on a forced hand-feeding after they'd finished eating what was on their plates. We not only feed them beef from Tobagoan cows, we beg all of the hotels on Tobago for bacon drippings and leftovers from roasts and steaks. We use an oat or a wheat kernel partially impregnated with raw molasses as a basic diet for our elephant and our ostriches. Our domestic cattle and pigs also like it, but it's a little too expensive to feed them.

"Since this is a member of the British federation and we find it easy to arrange Canadian permits, we have Canadian hay shipped here. Canadian hay is also a basic diet for our elephant, our zebras and mules. We were feeding our monkeys monkey chow, which is a prepared mixture in pellet form, but we stopped that in view of the possibility that once an animal is conditioned to a certain food, it switches its diet after that only reluctantly. Pellets are expensive, and we couldn't let the monkeys form such a costly habit."

"I know what you mean," I said. "It was hard for me to get used to the food they serve me here in my hotel. It's a beautiful hotel, but the food all tastes as if it has a mud base. What is the cost per week of feeding your animals?"

He said, "Between eighteen hundred and twenty-three hundred dollars. Our cats alone eat a flat hundred dollars a day!"

"How many?" I asked.

"Three tigers, one lion, two cheetahs," he said. "Our six great Dane dogs eat eighteen pounds of meat a day."

"That," I said, "is a lot of meat."

"Indeed it is," Dickinson said in his flat, prim, high voice, "when you consider that the average healthy human adult in the U.S.A. eats from seven to eight pounds a week."

I asked, "Are any of your cats ever off their feed?"

Dickinson said, "One of our cats—a tiger we use in jumping scenes—quit eating for three days. He was away from his quarters, and it's a peculiarity of animals that it is only with extreme reluctance that they feed anywhere except in their own lairs. They almost never attack someone, decide that he tastes good, then

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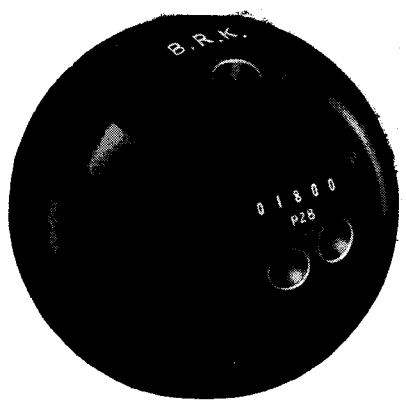

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sit down and make a meal of him. In their natural state they drag their victims back to their dens, where they have cubs to feed. Incidentally, our three tigers are used interchangeably. One is best in jumping sequences; another stars in snarling sequences. Some tigers look better in a profile shot; others look better in a head-on view."

"You make them sound like John Barrymore," I said, but Dickinson was back on the customs and habits of tigers. He went on: "The tiger we use in the fight sequences with our dogs has been taught to work with a muzzle on his face."

"You mean the theater audiences won't know it's muzzled?" I asked him.

"They'll have to look closely to find out," he said. "Peter Ellenshaw, our matte artist, painted over that muzzle, camouflaging it after it had been put on the tiger."

"Did you give the tiger something to put it to sleep while he did it?" I asked.

Dickinson said, "There's a special type of cage, a squeeze cage. It presses a cat so closely that, although it can still breathe without difficulty, you can muzzle it with safety."

"Do you muzzle the dogs too?" I asked.

Dickinson clucked at me reprovingly. "Of course," he said. "We're not here to play favorites among our animals. I won't even let anyone hurt one of our anacondas. When we filmed our swamp sequence, we made ten or eleven shots trying to get him to crawl faster. I could see that he was getting tired, so I said, 'That's enough.' I suppose it was the first time anybody ever told a director that he had to stop taking pictures because a snake was tired, but he stopped."

"It never occurred to me that wild animals get tired," I said.

"I take it you never saw the movie short *The Mongoose and the Cobra*," Dickinson said. Then he remembered something he thought might be helpful. "The value of our entire zoo exceeds forty thousand dollars. Take our zebras. As far as I know, there are no other tamed, trained zebras in the United States."

"How tame are yours?" I asked him.

"Almost all zebras bite and kick," Dickinson said, "but you can ride two of ours without having them turn and bite you. One of our ridable ones, Kitty, is a cigarette bum. She'll come up to the fence and rub her nose against it until I give her a cigarette."

"Do all zebras like cigarettes," I asked him, "or just Kitty?"

"It's her own pet weakness," he said, "although most animals enjoy tobacco."

"Including elephants?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes," he said.

"You may not know it," I told him, "but you have just exploded a myth. Do you remember the sadistic man who was supposed to have given an elephant a cigar or a piece of tobacco to chew, and twenty years later when he came back, that same elephant trampled him?"

Dickinson said patiently, "Your myth is wrong on two counts. Elephants have no aversion to tobacco, and their memories are not that long. Their memory span is only as long as that of other animals, which is about a year. They may remember repeated experiences for a longer time. The memory of an individual who has been kind to them in handling them will remain with them perhaps eighteen months—perhaps as long as two years."

I said, "I understand that you call your elephant Rock 'n' Roll. I have seen a few in circuses and zoos, but I've never seen one with the exaggerated hula movements yours has. Is she exceptionally rocky?"

"It's her way of begging," Dickinson told me. "As soon as you feed her, she stops rocking. Also, when there's no one around she doesn't move. We've watched her from a distance and we know.

"We collected most of our animals in Los Angeles and took them to New Orleans in a rented baggage car," Dickinson added. "That baggage car was equipped with heating arrangements if we hit cold weather. We exercised the dogs at the stations and fed the animals when we stopped.

"We reached New Orleans, moved our passengers to the New Orleans airport and parked their cages in the Pan American hangar. In the meantime, the New Orleans zoo had been loading our elephant, our ostriches and our zebras onto two planes for us. The cheetahs had come from Philadelphia. One of our tigers was from Texas. Our giant tortoise came from Miami. Our tortoise is a vegetarian, and at first we had lettuce flown in for him. But it cost us five hundred dollars a week to feed him, so we switched to banana leaves, sweet-potato vines and papayas.

"Originally we built a pen in the sea for our sea turtles. We keep our land turtles in our animal compound, but our sea turtles tried so hard to get through the wire mesh we found it easier just to put a wire loop on their shells and let them swim around."

"What do you use them for in your film?" I asked.

"They pull the raft which transports the Swiss Family Robinson from the wreck to the shore," he said. "If we used land turtles for that, they'd drown."

"When the great Danes fight with the pirates who attack the Swiss Family Robinson, do you muzzle them?"

"We put padding under the pirates' clothes instead," he said. "Even so, some of our pirates have been badly bruised." He paused a moment, then added, "You'd be surprised how closely animals resemble people. For instance, snakes have their likes and dislikes, like anybody else. They're ticklish. Take a twenty-foot python. When you tickle him, he jumps and flounces around. If you take a feather and tickle his nose with it, he'll sneeze or cough."

"Is sunburn a problem for animals?" I asked him.

"Quite a severe problem," he said. "We dare leave our elephant out in the sun only for short periods. A number of our birds and our monkeys could sunburn badly, and snakes can take only a few minutes of sun. It's an odd sight to see someone holding an umbrella over a snake or a lizard on one of our sets while our human stars and the other actors are standing out in the sun. Speaking of monkeys," Dickinson said, "two of ours escaped. They were both girls. In fact, all of our monkeys are girls."

"Is there some reason for that?" I asked.

"We didn't do it to keep the monkey population down," he said. "We did it to keep them from fighting over sex problems."

The art director of the production, John Howell, is tall, quiet, dark. He is the type who finds solace in sucking away at a briar pipe while he utters level-voiced pronouncements between puffs. "Your shipwreck is the most remarkable movie set I've ever seen," I told him.

"It's the first time an actual full-sized wrecked ship had been actually built on the sea floor," Howell said. "We built it on a large coral-rock ledge which practically fills the interior of the front twenty feet of the ship. The rest of it is built over water fifteen feet to twenty feet deep. That meant drilling holes in the sea bed and inserting a large number of metal tubes for support while the surface was nine feet over the drillers' heads. But while I agree that our wreck is our most spectacular set, the designing of the tree house was my biggest headache. Back in Hollywood I did a sketch of a tree house based on the tree house described in the book, *Swiss Family Robinson*. That tree had a vast trunk. Its lowest branch was fifty feet from the ground. It was hollow in the middle. We did a lot of hunting to find a tree which would match that one. I knew a little about tropical trees myself. The only one I could think of was the silk-cotton tree.

"So I went to Jamaica, to look at silk-cotton trees. They were huge, but photographically they were impossible. Our house would have been so high from the ground we would have had to invent some new way to photograph it. Anyway, we came here to Tobago, and by luck, through a gap in a fence, we happened to glimpse several saman trees. The saman is a fabulous tree. It has tremendous size. It has a vast spread. Masses of wild orchids often grow on it."

"Weren't you afraid that all the weight you put on even a big branch of your saman tree might make it sag?"

"I *was* worried about that," Howell said. "We had ten men working up there, in addition to the weight of the tree house. I suppose it (*Continued on Page 112*)

"I see . . . I see . . ."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 110*) all weighed a couple of extra tons, and rain made it even heavier. We measured the sag each morning, and the branch did dip about four inches. But after the crew stopped working and the wood dried, it returned to its own level and stayed there."

I said, "I've heard that someone substituted real rocks for the Fiberglas rocks you fabricated to roll down the cliff at the pirates."

"I'm sure that's not true," he said, "because even Fiberglas is too hard. We made our rocks out of a material we call 'fluff' in England. Still another name for it is 'styrofoam.' You can carve fluff with a blowtorch and pick up a fluff rock as big as a table with one hand. They look spectacular but can't hurt a fly."

Leon Davis, the construction boss for the company, was next on my list. He had been responsible for building approximately thirty sets as well as a complete studio city and zoo. I discovered that he was a former lightweight boxer who was still in rugged condition although forty years of age. Boxing hadn't spoiled his grin by leaving gaps in it.

It was his job to supervise the riggers, carpenters, plasterers, electricians and prop custodians, to encourage them if they felt downhearted, to spur them on if they grew slack. Knowing he faced real danger, even the risk of death, I asked with what I hoped was some delicacy, "Have you had any, well, mishaps?"

My euphemism was wasted on him. He knew I meant death, violent and bloody. "Early in the operation," he said, "we had a truck roll down a hillside. Although the driver tried to jump free, it ran over him and killed him. Apart from that, there have been no casualties."

I said, "I should have thought you'd have lost one or two men under water, while building your shipwreck."

"We've had some near misses," he admitted. "Obviously no man could climb the cliff to our rock fortress a hundred feet above the sea unaided, so my riggers installed handholds and footholds and rope ladders hidden by foliage. They risked their lives putting up those handholds, but we lost none of them. The stunt boys who did the climbing later were far more highly paid, but that's part of the business. One tries to be philosophical about it."

Davis went on, "When the aircraft animal lift was due from New Orleans, we were apprehensive. We had to have trailers and portable cages ready at the local airport to transport the reptiles and beasts to our zoo. We assembled a fleet of vehicles, and I constructed a ramp so the animals could walk down from their planes. More than a thousand Tobagoans turned out. It was a tremendous social occasion.

"We had a moment of panic when those planes put down. We suddenly remembered we had no lights in our zoo. The planes were due to arrive at two-thirty in the afternoon. Instead, they arrived at midnight. I had men feverishly tying cables to coconut trees while the animals were en route from the airport."

I asked him, "Are you in charge of the demolition squad for your settings?"

"Yes," he said. "It will take several months, although we'll probably restore some property on paper rather than physically. We'll make deals with owners to restore it in their own good time, and with our money."

I remembered having asked Keys, "Is your tree house going to be dismantled when you leave?"

"Yes," Keys said. "They could charge admission to see it, but after we've gone, cricket will come first. It always has."

My Son Was Caught Using Narcotics (Continued from Page 33)

me, and I worried about the matter off and on during the day. Returning home in the evening, I discovered that Howard was out. To my inquiry, one of my daughters said, "Oh, that hophead—he's gone to New York." Even then I did not catch on, although now I realize that both my daughters were aware of what Howard was doing.

Howard came in about four A.M. I met him on the stairway, for I had been unable to sleep. He did not seem to be himself. He was charged up, tense, his eyes very bright, his voice harsh. "How should I know?" he answered my question. "I haven't done anything." He brushed by me and went to his room. I heard his door lock. Probably, I thought, he's had a few drinks and doesn't want me to know. Drinking among teen-agers is common in our county, even among the fifteen-year-olds, and most parents ignore it.

On Saturday Howard slept until after noon. Over his breakfast in the kitchen I tackled him again. This was not easy. Until he was about fourteen, we had hiked, fished and done yard work together over weekends. Then he had become a high-school basketball player, and I lost intimate contact with him. He was always at school, or practicing sports or, later on, having dates or attending parties. I was proud that he was growing up and left his daily needs to his mother. She has a career, too, and the truth is that neither of us saw him very much. Howard was quiet, polite, and seemed to be developing normally. Now, in the kitchen, asking him to confide in me was awkward for us both.

"If you know what this is all about," I said, "you'd better tell me so I can help you. The cops don't fool around."

"I honestly don't know," he retorted. Quickly he gulped his fruit juice and left the house by the back door. About midnight, when my wife and I were snacking in the kitchen after a party, Howard came in. He said one of his friends also had been called to the district attorney's office on Monday. The two boys had arranged to go together, so I wouldn't be needed.

"No," I said. "The police told me to be there, and I will."

Again Howard seemed very upset, but he did not argue with me.

On Monday we drove together to the Westchester County Courthouse. Mr. Gagliardi's office was on the top floor, guarded by a glass-partitioned reception desk. In an anteroom lined with benches enough for about fifty people, I saw my son's friend and his father, and in another group a mother and probably a grandmother with a boy about sixteen. None of us spoke. Soon Howard's friend and his father disappeared inside. We waited for half an hour. Then we were called.

To my surprise, the police chief from my own village was in the D. A.'s office. He introduced me to Mr. Gagliardi, and to an assistant district attorney, a friendly young man named Thomas A. Facelle Jr. On the desk in front of Mr. Facelle was a sheet of paper on which was typed a long list of some kind.

"Do you know why you're here?" Mr. Gagliardi asked me.

Letter to Sir Edmund Hillary

By Betty Isler

Dear Sir, on Himalayan peak,
The abominable snowman whom you seek,
For whom you toil so long and hard,
I see tonight in our front yard,
Behemothlike, as north winds tilt him,
Grotesque, awry—our children built him!

"I'm very anxious to find out," I replied. "Howard doesn't know."

"He doesn't?" Mr. Gagliardi eyed Howard sharply.

"No, sir," said Howard.

"It's about what you've been doing in that basement on —— Street, Howard," Mr. Gagliardi explained. When Howard made no response, the district attorney added, "With Danny, and Tony, and Robert and some others. You left burnt matches all over the floor. We found the spoon and the syringe in the wall where you removed the plaster. Now do you know?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Howard insisted.

It meant nothing to me, either. I was annoyed at this hocus-pocus. "If you are accusing Howard of something, let's get it out in the open," I suggested.

Mr. Gagliardi closed his eyes for a moment, as though bracing himself. "I hate to be the one to tell you this," he told me, "but your son is taking narcotics—the worst kind of dope, heroin!"

"I am not!" Howard shouted. I was too stunned to say anything.

Now Mr. Facelle began to talk. He had before him on paper the names, dates and intimate details of marijuana and heroin parties in which he said Howard had participated. He read out the exact times and places at which the narcotics had been bought, and from whom. "We've had a twenty-four-hour-a-day tail on you for five months, Howard," Mr. Facelle said. "You're not kidding anybody." Mr. Facelle did not seem to be ready to throw the lawbook at my son. He seemed intent on getting a confession of guilt purely as a preliminary to something else. Under the barrage of facts Howard wilted.

"O.K.," he said, "so I did a few times."

There was a knot as big as a grapefruit in my stomach. I was afraid that I might be sick. My throat tightened so that I could hardly breathe. "Son!" I said. "Where have I failed you?"

Instantly I realized that this was the first time in several years that I had addressed my boy by any but his formal given name. I had failed him, all right.

Sheriff Hoy, who had been standing in the doorway for some time, now stepped forward and began to talk. He said that with the evidence they had on Howard, they could send him to reform school as a youthful offender, and his older pals could go to prison for five or ten years. But they were only interested in helping Howard, the sheriff explained. He reminded Howard that until the dope hit him he had been a big athlete, but that heroin had ruined his co-ordination so that he had been dropped from all the teams. It was the dope, the sheriff went on, that had caused Howard to play truant and finally to flunk two subjects at school. (All this was news to me.) Howard could be a big man again, Sheriff Hoy pointed out, and go on to college and a successful life. Or he could continue to use narcotics and wind up in a living hell. What was his choice?

"How far along is he?" I asked.

"He's a frequent user of heroin," Mr. Facelle said, "but he's not yet hooked for life. He can quit—if he wants to—and if you help him."

I arose and put my hand on Howard's shoulder. I wanted him to know that I was with him before I asked my next question.

"Are you arresting my boy?"

"No," the district attorney answered. "We want to save Howard, not to ruin him. You're free to go. But if we pick him up again, it's for keeps."

Some days passed before Howard would tell me how he had started to take narcotics. He avoided me, refusing my offer to accompany him to a doctor or to our clergyman. But I knew he was fighting a lonely battle against the habit. One night, lying awake, I heard him pacing his room. He tiptoed down the stairs. Instantly I arose and followed him. He went to the back porch and stood there, fidgeting, staring at his car in the driveway. Bracing himself, he returned upstairs without seeing me. I do not exaggerate when I say that he repeated this routine nearly fifty times.

Finally I could not stand the strain any longer. I followed him to the porch.

"Having trouble, son?" I asked.

"I'll lick it," he said, and jammed one fist into the palm of his other hand.

We talked then. He told me that one of his friends had offered him a marijuana cigarette one evening while they were hanging around an ice-cream parlor. Howard had refused. He was in training for school athletics.

"Ah, don't be chicken," his friend said. "It don't hurt. I've done it before. It's no worse than your ma's happy pills. It will send you, man, send you."

Rather than appear a sissy before his friend, Howard went to a car with two other boys. They closed the windows so that they could reinhale the fumes, and lit up. It was just a lark. Howard got a kick out of experimenting with something that he knew was wrong. Under the spell of the narcotic all his troubles vanished. He forgot the pressure of winning the next basketball game, the low history mark at school, the arguments with his mother about coming in late and the split with his "steady" girl friend. Everything his pals said seemed uproariously funny. A couple of weeks later he smoked marijuana again. Soon it was a regular weekend amusement.

Then came the time of midyear school examinations. The friend who had introduced him to marijuana suggested a shot of heroin to "wake you up, make you sharp so you'll pass your exams." Howard might have resisted this, but under the influence of marijuana it seemed a good idea. On Sunday night they went to the basement of a vacant house, and Howard received the injection from a (*Continued on Page 114*)

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Days of happiness, painted for the De Beers Collection by Leona Wood

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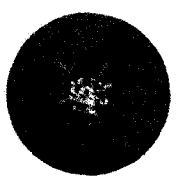

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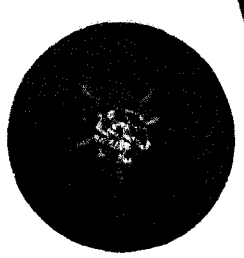

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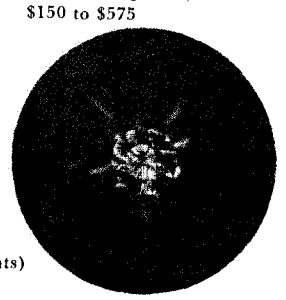

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A Diamond is FOREVER

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(*Continued from Page 112*) syringe directly into a vein in his arm. The heroin had been dissolved in water in a spoon, and heat applied to the spoon by matches to hasten the solution.

The result was not what Howard expected. He got a tremendous kick of some kind that lasted perhaps twenty minutes, and then, he tells me, for a long time he "just floated." He didn't care whether he passed in school or not. He didn't care about anything. The next day he failed two examinations.

Over a period of several months he returned to heroin when his problems crowded him. And his problems multiplied. He was dropped from the track team for "not trying." Schoolwork was more difficult, his friends dull and uninteresting. Soon he sought exclusively the company of a few boys who, like himself, took narcotics. At this point the police intervened.

The first tip the authorities received, I have since been told by the police chief of my own village, came from a girl whose boy friend had jilted her. In revenge she told one of her school teachers that "lots of the boys are taking dope." School authorities notified police, who alerted the district attorney. A twenty-four-hour watch was placed on the erstwhile boy friend.

Soon the authorities were horrified by the mushrooming of their inquiry. Until then narcotics had never been a law-enforcement problem in the county. Now one boy led to another, until users were being watched in the wealthy Long Island Sound neighborhoods of Port Chester, Rye, Mamaroneck and New Rochelle, with a generous spillover into nearby Greenwich, Connecticut. Police assigned to the undercover investigation were hard hit personally, for many of the teen-agers involved were the sons of friends or club acquaintances, and many were from their own churches.

Only three girls were involved, although dozens of others knew what was happening. One girl had even made up a song, to a popular tune, about "taking pot," the vernacular for smoking marijuana. Girls do not respond readily, as do boys, to dares and taunts of being "chicken," and their school-health classes have warned them that narcotics would ruin their beauty.

This epidemic was primarily a boy "kick." It was a clandestine thrill in dark alleys and cellars and parked cars by youngsters who had become so surfeited socially that now the only excitement left was antisocial behavior. I am told that many of the youngsters have admitted that they were tired of being crowded beyond their emotional capacities. They had been harangued constantly to make friends with the "right" people, to date the "right" girls, to attend the "right" parties and to get top scholastic marks so that they would be accepted by the "right" college. They were sick of being right. In defiance and frustration they went wrong.

The principal concern of the police was to locate the sources of supply. If a criminal syndicate was at work, ruthlessly "hooking" teen-agers in wholesale numbers, the authorities knew that they had an immense problem. Soon they could expect also an epidemic of crime, as the youngsters sought, by even the most degraded means, to get the money they would need to support their addiction. New York City and Federal Narcotics Bureau experts were called in. Sheriff Hoy's agents alone logged 2250 hours of surveillance. Nearly a million words of shocking reports piled up.

This police activity pointed inexorably to four pushers. With great relief, the authorities confirmed that all of the sellers were local residents with no previous records and no gang connections. They had no organized source of supply. Tempted by the immense profit, they went to New York, got the junk at wholesale and returned to peddle it at retail among their intimates. In almost every case, the youngsters had originally been induced to try marijuana cigarettes by their own companions.

One frightening angle of the investigation gave it great urgency. During the seven-month inquiry, about fifteen of the marijuana smokers had begun to experiment with heroin. And the age of the marijuana smokers was dropping into the thirteen-year-old group. Although the investigation was not completed, the time had come to take action.

". . . Should have my head examined!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Arrested were Charles Messina, twenty-two years old, a junior at Iona College in New Rochelle and a nominee for president of the senior class; Peter Furano, a sixteen-year-old high-school boy; Donald Delchrico, a twenty-three-year-old high-school graduate who ran his own automobile painting shop; and Alfred Michael, a thirty-six-year-old unemployed butler. Police charged that the youngest three had worked together, with Messina employing Delchrico, who in turn enlisted Furano. Michael had worked alone. All four pleaded guilty. Michael was sent to prison for from five to fifteen years. Delchrico went to a reformatory for five years. Furano was paroled as a youthful offender. Messina awaited sentence as this was written.

After the arrests, District Attorney Gagliardi faced the problem of what to do about the users. Under the law, all of them might have been arrested for illegal possession of narcotics, a very serious charge. Those under eighteen, as youthful offenders, might be paroled. A good many were young college students whose lives would be ruined by a prison term. Mr. Gagliardi, who has five children of his own, would not take the responsibility for wrecking the lives of 151 teen-agers by nailing them down with criminal records. Far better, he thought, to stop the use of drugs. In the case of marijuana, which is habit forming as is nicotine, but is not addictive, parental co-operation probably would end the problem. As for the heroin users, he could only hope for their welfare. He called a conference of all the law-enforcement officers who had been involved in the investigation. All of them agreed with him that rehabilitation was the answer. The technique for summoning parents and the offending children for individual conferences was developed. These interviews consumed four months.

Oddly, four sets of parents refused to appear. Even under the weight of overwhelming evidence, they declined to face the fact that their children were implicated. All of them were warned that if their offspring were caught again, the offenders would be arrested.

Most of the parents interviewed apparently have co-operated, although no checkup has been made. At least thirty-three boys have left their colleges, presumably for medical treatment or to make a new start elsewhere. Four have entered hospitals for treatment of heroin addiction, and four others have left town, their whereabouts unknown. Three have joined the armed forces. One family has uprooted itself from its neighborhood and moved to another environment. The police had nothing to do with any of these actions.

There is little evidence, police say, of marijuana smoking, even though the weed grows wild in the county; evidently most of the youngsters involved have broken the habit. But there is an ominous backwash. Eight of the boys called in the inquiry were in jail on other charges as this was written. And detectives are beginning to report that a few of the marijuana users are at it again.

As for my son, I decided that the first necessity was to bring his fight against heroin out into the open where we could discuss it. I got books and pamphlets on narcotics, chiefly from Dr. Rafael R. Gamso, medical superintendent of Riverside Hospital in New York City. Riverside is the only hospital in the world which treats teen-age narcotics users exclusively. Studying together, Howard and I found that while narcotics addiction among adults is dropping—the 46,000 known United States addicts are less than half the number counted sixty years ago—the addiction among teen-agers is increasing so rapidly that it is now called epidemic.

We also learned that heroin inevitably causes chemical changes in the body so that the user cannot do without the drug. He becomes "hooked," as the addicts say. Then he must take ever-increasing doses, no longer for kicks, but to prevent reactions when the narcotic is withdrawn. The tortures of withdrawal are so violent that they can be described only as a living death. To prevent them, the victim will do anything to get the thirty-five dollars or more a day he needs for drugs. He will steal from his parents and neighbors, shoplift, pander, and even pawn his own clothes and schoolbooks. His compulsion makes him helpless. He is doomed.

There also seems to be no sure cure for addiction. Howard and I read several reports by doctors who have studied hundreds of addiction cases. They all agree that not more than one victim in ten is cured even after long hospitalization. The body can throw off the effects of heroin in a few days. But the mind still begs for escape from the pressures and troubles which caused the addict originally to seek forgetfulness in drugs. It is the mind that must be cured.

For my son, not yet "hooked," but nearly so, the course of action seemed clear. He must never touch the stuff again, no matter what his mental torment might be. And he and I must face the fact that his desire for the drug indicated a mental disturbance, and this is what we must cure. As for me, I had to face the brutal truth that what Howard needed most were the only things his busy mother and I had not given him. These were loving attention, a vital concern for his development and a personal anchor against insecurity so that he would have the confidence to solve his problems.

All this is easier faced than carried out. Howard returned to school. But the word has spread that he used narcotics, and "nice" parents refuse to let their children associate with him at a time when he needs new companions desperately. He is back in athletics, but on the scrub teams. His school work has not improved appreciably. His mother and sisters, and even his pastor, do not take his affliction seriously. "He'll snap out of it," they say.

I have thought of selling my house and moving to another town. I have considered a boarding school for Howard. We have tried psychiatry briefly, but it did not seem to reach Howard. My son thinks he should enter the Army. There, under military discipline, away from his old associates and temptations, he thinks he can make a man of himself. But I don't know. I just don't know.

All I am sure of at this point is that I thank God the law-enforcement officers of Westchester County broke up the epidemic as promptly as they did, before my son was lost. I am thankful that Howard—and I, the delinquent father—have been given a second chance.

Shortly after Howard and I were called to the district attorney's office a letter to the editor was printed in one of our county newspapers, the Yonkers *Herald-Statesman*. It could only have been written by another parent like myself. It said, "Parents of Westchester can get down on their knees and thank the good God, Who inspired the man who has so carefully handled this serious situation right here in our very midst."

Howard and I will both say "Amen" to that. THE END

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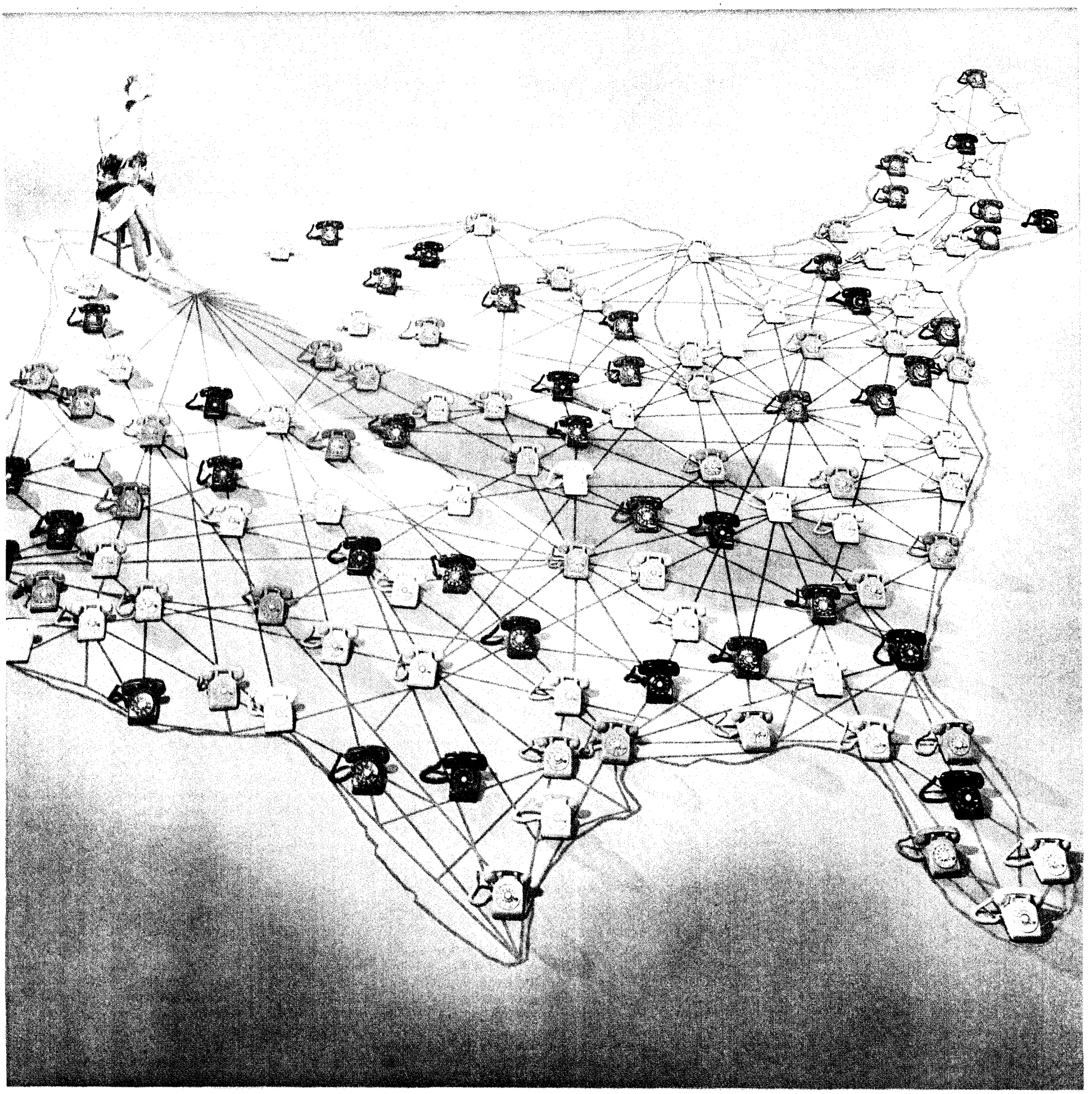

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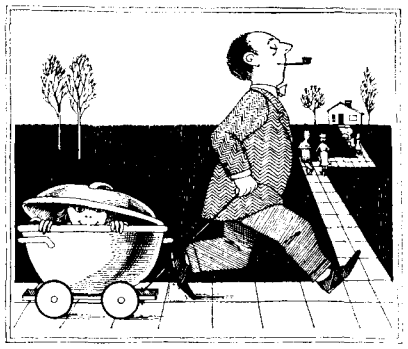
Keeping Posted

Hurry Up and Eat

'Tis the season to be jolly; and as has been our jolly custom these past six years, we are donating our POST SCRIPTS page (page 40) to **Peg Bracken**'s yuletide reminder, LETTERS YOU'D BETTER WRITE RIGHT NOW. If this year's batch of letters isn't the funniest yet, don't blame that coed from Ivy Hall—the one who writes like this. The girl has been cooped up in Ivy Hall for six years. When, we wonder, will author Bracken let her graduate?

There are some things about author Bracken (resident of Portland, Oregon, and wife of *Post* author Roderick Lull) that make us wonder. Her attitude toward food, for instance. In our July-thirtieth issue we published her far-out notions on dinner-party etiquette (LET'S EAT AND RUN); now we're confronted with *The I Hate To Cook Book*, which Harcourt published this fall. This literary casserole offers easier-than-pie recipes heavily peppered with the author's unique philosophisms, such as, "If you find you are serving the same thing too often to the same people, then invite someone else instead. It is much easier to change your friends than your recipes."



"Potluck Suppers"—a Hilary Knight drawing from Peg Bracken's *The I Hate To Cook Book.*

We're quite eager to meet chef Bracken's friends, now that we've read some of her recipes—Hurry Curry, Bisque Quick and Stayabed Stew, not to mention Beetniks. (Only the names are gags. The recipes really work.)

Stuck in Ohio

THE PROGRESSIVE APPROACH (page 30) is our first short story by **Dick Ashbaugh**, a fellow who likes to progress, but at his own slow pace. Dick broke into *The Post* in 1946 with a POST SCRIPTS feature. Since then we have published an even 100 items under his by-line. He worked his way forward onto the article pages several years ago (GANGWAY! THE KIDS ARE ROLLING!, December 1, 1951), then scurried back to POST SCRIPTS, where he remained until his recent fiction sale.

The Ashbaughs—"in a neighborhood oasis."

Author Ashbaugh hasn't moved far geographically, either. He was born in Xenia, Ohio, now lives in Columbus. Why has he never left Ohio? "It's a nice state, and close to schools and churches. Anyhow, who needs the East? I've never been to Philadelphia, but understand things have been fairly quiet there since the Revolution." No doubt Philadelphia would seem quiet to Ashbaugh, who has two school-age daughters.

By a curious coincidence THE PROGRESSIVE APPROACH features two school-age girls. Ashbaugh's oldest daughter, now a Sister of Notre Dame, likes to say she fled to the convent to escape being featured in any more of her father's manuscripts. Poor Mrs. Ashbaugh (see photo) is the inspiration for most of her husband's POST SCRIPTS gibes. She has appeared in *The Post* more often than Tugboat Annie.

In conclusion, and all seriousness aside: "*The Post* is a dear name around our house because those prompt checks have provided a lot of protein for growing daughters. They also are appreciated by my wife and me, who need our minerals to face old age."

Making Movies on the Move

"It used to be fairly simple to cover the movie business," says entertainment editor **Pete Martin.** "You just boarded the *Super Chief* and went to California." Nowadays Hollywood movies are made in all corners of the world; Hollywood stars establish residences in Europe, where the tax climate is more comfortable; and European stars are lured to Hollywood, where movie budgets per picture are bigger than ever. Consequently Martin has interviewed America's Lerner and Loewe on the French Riviera, and France's Maurice Chevalier in Seattle. To get his current Hollywood article, Martin flew to Tobago. For a front-line report on Hollywood's invasion of that West Indian island—and for an explanation of our silly picture of editor Martin—see WALT DISNEY SHOOTS THE WORKS (page 38).

Pete Martin.

Lest we give the impression that movie people never can be found in the movie capital, we present veteran actress **Renie Riano,** whose photograph (the one at right) caught our attention in a recent issue of *Publishers' Weekly*. Between acting assignments Miss Riano sells books, in Hollywood's Pickwick Bookshop and in a Doubleday shop in New York. She was working in New York two years ago when cover artist Dick Sargent saw a picture of her as a bellowing Maggie in the Maggie and Jiggs movie series and asked her to pose for his March 7, 1959, cover. The reproduction of that cover on the jacket of our current *Post* fiction anthology came as a complete surprise to cover girl Riano, who reports that saleslady Riano has been pushing the book and that sales have been brisk.

Cover girl Riano.

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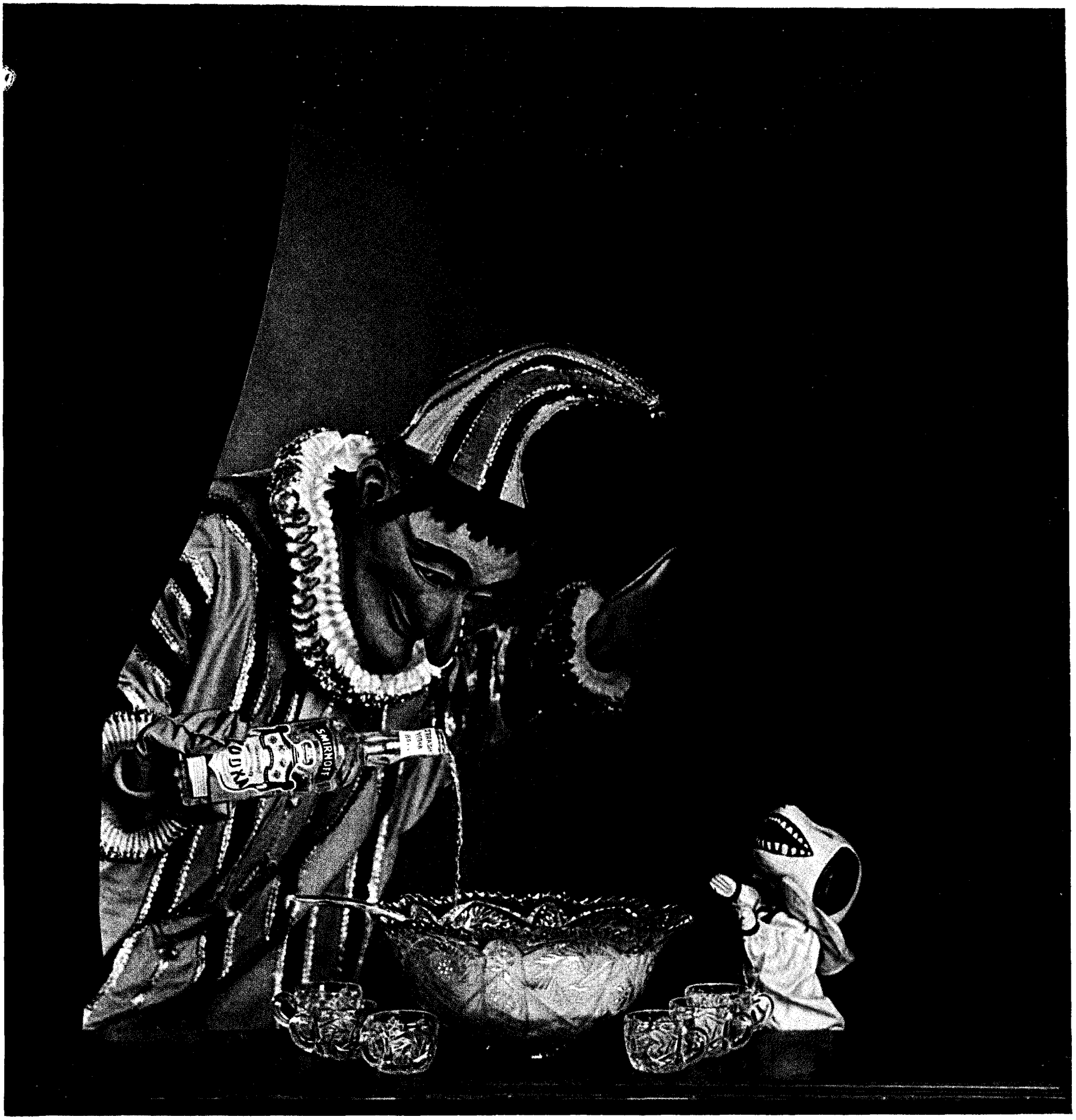

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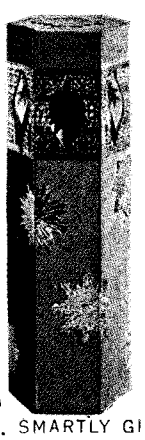

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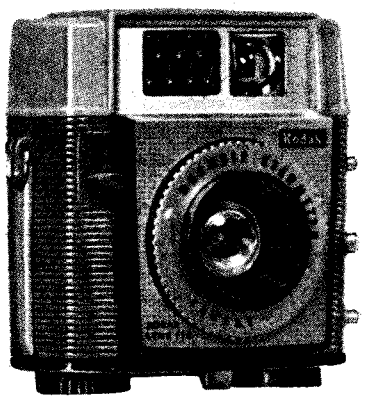

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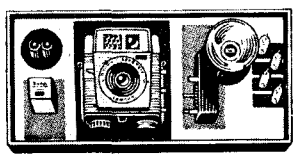

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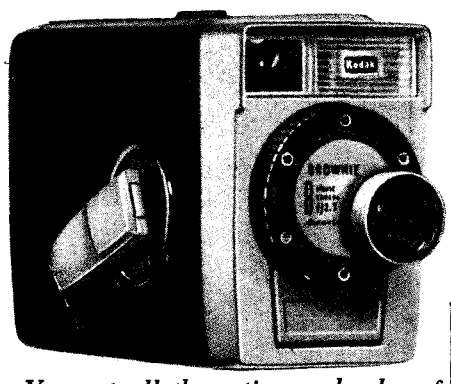

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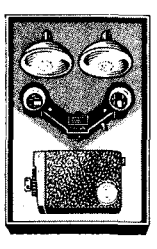

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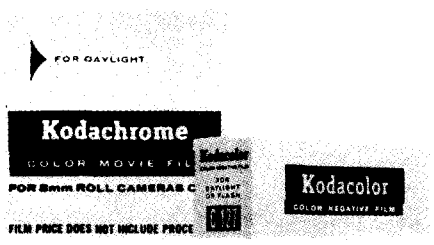

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